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TURKEY AND ITS DESTINY:

THE RESULT OF

JOURNEYS MADE IN 1847 AND 1848 TO EXAMINE INTO THE STATE OF THAT COUNTRY.

BY CHARLES MAC FARLANE, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

'CONSTANTINOPLE IN 1828.'

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IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

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PREFACE.

I WOULD not, knowingly, have made a long journey to witness the dying agonies of an empire. I never should have thought of going to Turkey in 1847 if I had not been induced to believe that, since my last sojourn there in 1827–8, the Government and the condition of the people had been greatly improved; that an equality of rights had been established between the Mussulmans and the Christian and the other Rayah subjects of the Sultan; and that the tyranny, oppression, and corruption, on the part of the men in office and power, which had been so revolting during my former residence, had almost ceased since the accession of Sultan Abdul Medjid, and the rise of his present Vizier Reschid Pasha. Without believing *all* that was told to me by persons in the service of the Ottoman Government, and closely connected with Reschid, I felt confident, from their assurances, that Turkey had made, and was then making, a considerable progress in order, justice, and civilization. I went honestly in search of this improvement; but to see and judge for myself. The state of things which I found is explained in these volumes.

My wishes, my *interests*, would have been best served if I could have found the very opposite of that which

I have described; but, finding things as they were, I could not report them otherwise—nor would I have done so for all the diamonds the Sultan has ever given away in nishans and gold snuff-boxes.

At this moment I consider it of the highest political importance to England that the *true* condition of the Ottoman Empire should be made known. I devoted eleven months, and no small labour, to the collection of the materials which I now offer to my countrymen. I occupied myself mainly in studying the condition of the people, or the various peoples, nations, or races, that live under the rule of the Ottoman. I have discharged this work of almost everything that does not bear upon this one point. I have experienced a difficulty in suppressing, or leaving for some future publication, many pages of my journal which relate to scenery, antiquities, architecture, Turkish history and legends; and I still regret having been obliged (for the present) to pass over in total silence several subjects which deeply interested me, and upon which I collected information from the best sources. Among these last I would mention the Armenian schools established by the American missionaries at Pera and Bebek; the missionary labours and scheme of Bishop Southgate; the case of Dr. Millengen, of Constantinople, whose children were kidnapped at Rome, and kept from him ten years (by the *liberal*, reforming Pope Pius IX., as well as by his predecessor Gregory XVI.) solely and avowedly *because he was a Protestant*; the

trade and resources of the island of Mitylene, concerning which much curious information was communicated to me by Mr. B. B——, one of the oldest and best of my friends at Smyrna, who had been residing some years in that beautiful island; and, lastly, a very curious and able (but long) paper on the deplorable state of agriculture and the vices of administration in the country round Smyrna, which has been sent to me since my return to England by Mr. J. Wilkin of Smyrna, a member of a family from which I received numerous kind offices in 1827–8.

I trust, however, that all these subjects will be delayed only for a few months.

People seem more than ever disposed to say that a great book is a great evil. I was afraid of making this too long, as also of spoiling its unity of design.

Canterbury, Feb. 1*st*, 1850.

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TURKEY AND ITS DESTINY.

CHAPTER I.

Voyage to Constantinople — Splendid Steamer — An Armenian Priest: his Scheme of Amalgamating *all* Religions — Cape St. Vincent and a narrow Escape—Gibraltar — Souvenirs—The late General Sir George Don — Our Colonial *Reforms* — An old Friend — Malta — Beggars — Maltese Newspapers — The Grave of Sir Ralph Abercromby — The Doro Passage — Smyrna and its Changes — Turkish Recruits — The Golden Horn.

It was on Tuesday the 20th of July, 1847, at 9·25 A.M., that we weighed anchor at Plymouth, and made a fair start for Constantinople. We were on board the Vassitei Tidjaret, a splendid new steamer, built for the Sultan or for a Turkish-Armenian company, patronized by His Highness (and in which his mother the Sultana Validé had an interest), by Messrs. White, of Cowes, and fitted up in the London river, at Blackwall, under the care and active superintendence of Mr. Edward Zohrab, the Ottoman Consul-General.

Messrs. White, though famed for the beauty of their hulls and for the many model-yachts and ships they have built, never launched a more graceful, beautiful vessel than this steamer. At the launch, and afterwards in the river, she attracted universal admiration; and this was bestowed upon her at every port we entered during our

voyage. She was fitted with beautiful engines (containing all the recent improvements), by Messrs. Maudslay. The Vassitei Tidjaret was too good and far too beautiful for the service to which she was destined; she ought to have been kept as a royal pleasure yacht. We had her after-deck and elegant cabins almost entirely to ourselves, there being no other passenger admitted aft except a little Armenian priest. These floating apartments were infinitely more comfortable than any we ever found on shore, either in the Sultan's European or in his Asiatic dominions. Captain R———, the most watchful, most active, most cautious, and *safest* skipper I ever sailed or steamed with, was the son of a worthy admiral in Her Majesty's service, was a gentleman and a pleasant companion. Good, hearty, merry Mr. H———, who acted as first mate, was also an excellent sailor, a man of superior condition, and altogether as pleasant a comrade as well could be met with afloat or on shore. With both of them it was more a summer trip of pleasure than anything else. They were to deliver the ship up to the company at Stamboul, and the amount of their reward would about pay the expenses of their homeward journey through the continent of Europe.

Our little Armenian priest was a more complete *character* than I had met with for many a long day. *Narses* L—— (Narses being Armenian for *Narcissus*, although our mate would have it that the English of the name must be "*Nasty*") was the dirtiest of all dirty little Oriental priests. He was very short in stature, very thin and wizen, very sallow, much wrinkled, and very grey about the beard and mustachios; but he had a quick, cunning eye, a most fawning address,

and an expression of countenance which said, in a manner not to be mistaken, "Beware of me, for I am a deep one." He had been passing six or seven years in England, and had contrived to make a good deal of money by doing odd jobs about the Turkish Embassy, by helping such of the Ambassadors as were true Turks to kill time during our long winter evenings, by giving lessons in the Turkish language to Englishmen, by working upon the credulity and generosity of some of our Dissenting sects, and by writing and publishing what he called a "religious work." Yes! Narses was one of our guild! Narses was an author—and the author of one of the strangest books that were ever written. The then Ottoman Minister, Prince Callimaki, who knew not what to make of it, had shown me this precious production in London; and, before we were well out of Plymouth Sound, the author presented me with a copy, and earnestly entreated me to read it and ponder well upon it, admitting that it was abstruse, difficult to be understood by cultivated intellects, and not to be understood at all by the vulgar herd. The title of the book was 'Analogical Conversations.' The purport of it was to recommend, and in fact introduce and impose, a mixing and blending of all the confessions and beliefs of the world into one composite religion, wherein every man, whether Christian, (Protestant, or Catholic, or Greek,) Turk, Chinese, Hindoo, Budhist, worshipper of the Delhi Llama, or pagan of the South Sea islands, or of whatsoever corner of the globe, or of whatsoever faith, should find his own belief together with the beliefs of all the rest of mankind. Men were to take and swallow all this together, just as the Chinese are said

to mix and gulp down all the medicines prescribed by conflicting physicians. A revelation from Heaven had assured him, in his London garret near Bryanston Square, that the great and glorious mortal had come into the world who would bring about and see fully accomplished this fusion of beliefs, faiths, and confessions, and that this glorious mortal was Queen Victoria's eldest son, the little innocent Prince of Wales. The greater part of the small volume was occupied by extravagant and almost blasphemous laudations of the young heir to the British crown; and His Royal Highness's effigies figured in the rudely engraved frontispiece, with the sun and moon at his feet, and the stars of the firmament at his right hand and at his left, like balls for him to play with. Narses complained that the artist had not sufficiently embodied his ideas, and said that, if properly executed, that little engraving on wood would have explained nearly all his mystical meaning. I describe from memory; I have not the strange book. My copy was lost during the confusions and purloinings of one of the many fires at Pera. He had engaged some desperado in literature to help him to put it into English. This translator must have been a congenial spirit. Between them they had invented a variety of the longest and most astounding and unintelligible of words. Few were of less than ten syllables. The words had no discoverable roots or types. Narses and his colaborateur must have made them as they did terms and sentences at *Laputa*. Of the last paragraph of all in the book our little priest was uncommonly proud, boasting that *that* one thought would give immortality to the name of Narses L. The preposterous, irreverent, sacrilegious

idea was simply this—That Eternity was greater than God, and more than God, as it comprehended *Man* as well as God. He thought that all the passages about the little Prince of Wales were very fine, and that they ought to have procured from Her Majesty Queen Victoria a reward very different from that which had been meted to him. It was quite clear that he had written those extravagant, revolting passages in the hope of obtaining much money. He told us that he had sent three copies, beautifully bound, to Buckingham Palace; and that all he had received in return was a letter from the Lord Chamberlain's Office acknowledging the receipt of the books. Day after day, week after week, he had expected to be summoned to the palace, there to obtain his due reward from Majesty in person.

The 'Analogical Conversations' were not likely to dispose me very favourably to the society and conversation of their author; but we were in the same ship, and he fixed himself upon me as a fellow-craftsman. As we were steaming fast away from the shores of Cornwall, and beginning to lose sight of the Land's End, I asked Narcissus to what church he belonged or had originally belonged. He shirked the question, and referred me to his book, telling me that there I should find that in the eyes of philosophy all religions were pretty much alike, and ought to be one and the same. "I will read your book to-morrow," said I, "but you call yourself a priest, and say you have been brought up as a priest. Do you belong to the Eutychean or ancient Armenian church, or are you a Roman Catholic Armenian?" His answer was now very quick and sharp: "No! no!" said he, "not Roman! not Catoleek!

Catoleek not good! Bad by self; possible, good when mixed. See my book."

"Then," said I, "you are a priest of the ancient Armenian church."

Narses turned his cunning eyes from me as he said, "Good! your understanding good! Ancient Armenian church very good. No pope! More like as good English Protestants. Priests have wife. Good ting priest have wife. No touch other man wife. Old Armenian church, English church much same—soon be all one. I am clergimanno in old Armenian."

The little rogue was bold in his mendacity. He had evidently taken it into his head that Papistry was generally unpopular at that moment among Englishmen, and that he should occupy a better place in my good graces by passing himself off as a member of the Eutychean church. Yet was his falsehood sure to be followed by almost immediate detection. When I spoke to him of that ancient Oriental church—a curious subject, on which I had bestowed some attention while residing at Constantinople in 1828—I found he was totally ignorant of its history, doctrines, and ritual. His English was very imperfect, but he had wandered a good deal in Italy, and spoke Italian very fairly. I therefore conversed with him in that language, when questioning him about the Eutychean Confession. The ignorance he betrayed was not therefore through misconceptions of language. To mask this ignorance he flew off into a lamentation about the intolerance and hatred of literature and philosophy of priests in general, and of those of the ancient church of Armenia in particular. Part of this speech sounded very like a translation from Voltaire or Diderot. The

plain truth was, that Narses our priest had no religion at all. To the Eutychean church he certainly did not belong. Soon after our talk on the quarter-deck, I learned in the cabin that on the preceding day he had gone eagerly in search of a Catholic chapel at Plymouth; that he had genuflected and crossed himself, and done all that Catholics do in a chapel; that in a school attached to the chapel he had examined some children in the catechism of the Roman faith, and that he had taken leave of the two respectable priests there, as a co-religionist and brother—as a wandering, much-enduring, afflicted member of the holy Roman Apostolical church in the East. C——, a very intelligent young man, who had served at the Ottoman Embassy in London seven years, who was now acting as our cabin steward—going to Constantinople in search of an improvement in circumstances, which, poor fellow! he did not find, although his integrity, industry, and talent well merited it—told us that he had always known Narses as a Roman priest, and that he had more than once seen him publicly officiate in a Roman Catholic chapel at the west end of town. C—— said, *de plus*, that he was the most perfect parasite living. One morning when this priest was wearying me with his 'Analogical Conversations' and his brazen efforts to extort some praises of his book, I asked him what he was going to do at Constantinople. He replied that he intended to disseminate among all classes the amalgamation doctrines contained in his book, and to open a school, or academy, or COLLEGE for the education of young Armenians of both churches. I hinted that the first might be found to be a dangerous process; that the Turks might lay him by the heels,

that the Greeks would be sure to take up the cudgels against him, and that neither the Roman Catholic Bishop of the Armenians nor the Patriarch of the ancient Armenian church would ever allow him to keep such a school. He replied that the Turks had lost their fanaticism; that he had many great friends among the Turkish Pashas of the new school, who, as was well known, had no religion at all; that the Grand Vizier, Reschid Pasha, was his friend, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs likewise, and that they were no more Mussulmans than he was, and cared no more for Mahomet and the Koran than he did. "Besides," said he, "the Vizier is all for *amalgamation*—an amalgamation of races as well as of religions." [Of this amalgamation scheme I had heard something before, and I was soon assured, at Constantinople, that it was the *one idea* of Reschid Pasha.] "But," said he, "if I cannot make way with my doctrines, if I cannot keep a school at Pera and turn it to profitable account, I will soon go back to England. *There*, a man with a new scheme of religion is pretty sure to find listeners and friends and protectors, and *there* there is no fear of his being persecuted or imprisoned. *Quelle care ledi!* those dear ladies! they do so like religious discussion, and are so very liberal. An Oriental priest, if he only has a beard and practice, and knows how to manage matters, need never want for anything in London!"

I had never before crossed the Bay of Biscay without a storm or a terrible tossing. This time the Bay was as smooth as the estuary of the Thames; and the Vassitei Tidjaret glided across it in charming style, making her eleven knots an hour, without any rolling, or strain-

ing, or effort of any kind. On the fifth day, at dawn, we were off Cape St. Vincent, and rather closer to those stupendous rocks and mountains than we calculated, or than was altogether pleasant or safe, the strong current in the Bay having carried us some three miles farther to the eastward than we looked for. There was a thick fog on the land, with the rising sun looking pale on the edge of it. We neither saw the land, nor knew that it was there, right before us! But there was a most rapid, magic-like raising or withdrawing of the misty curtain. It was opened like a drop-curtain at a theatre, and gave us a glorious view of the cape, and tower, and light-house. Helm a-port! If we had continued our course for another quarter of an hour, and the curtain had not been withdrawn, we should have gone right upon the rocks—and then farewell Vassitei Tidjaret and to all on board!

That night—about midnight—we brought up in Gibraltar Bay. On the following morning I was on deck at daybreak to see the sun rise on the hoary old rock and that varied scene of the commingling of Europe and Africa, which my memory had always treasured as one of the most striking and beautiful panoramas upon earth. We landed at an early hour. After examining the town I hired a queer Spanish cabriolet, in order to make the most of time, and to show my son some of the haunts of my boyish days. We drove out of the garrison, and under the perpendicular northern face of the rock to Catalan Bay, and thence across the neutral ground to the Spanish lines. Instead of the tattered, squalid scarecrows I had been accustomed to see here, mounting guard, I found a very fine set of men—mostly

young—exceedingly well dressed, in simple, elegant uniforms, well armed and equipped, and incredibly *clean*. This improvement, which is said to be general in the Spanish army, is of very recent date. We went on to the little village of El Campo, where we refreshed ourselves with some sweet Andalusian bread and some light wine of the country, and where I sat under the same vines and fig-trees which had sheltered me from the scorching summer heat thirty-two years ago. Returning into the garrison, we drove to the new Alameida or promenade, and on to the South to Europa Point, which looks across the noble Strait, and directly faces Mount Abyla, that other Pillar of Hercules, whose name has been sadly vulgarised into "Apes' Hill." The place was full of recollections. There, on the utmost point of the Point, on that farthest battery, on that rock projecting into the sea towards Africa, I used to resort frequently on the summer nights, and never failed being there when my poor friend Ensign T—— had the guard. We sat on the guns, or leaned over the ramparts, plainly hearing the drums beating the *retraite* over in Africa, in the Spaniards' fortress of Ceuta, watching, when the night was dark, the bright fires along the mountains of Morocco, (where the swarth Moors were making charcoal,) speculating on the transmission of sound, and on the possibility of getting to Timbuctoo, and indulging in dreams of African travels far more extensive than it was ever our lot to be able to realize. Poor T—— went with his regiment to the West Indies, and there the yellow fever gave him to the land-crabs many years ago. I was alive, and here again; but—the dreams were all vanished, the age of adventure was

past! In the Alameida I found the saplings planted by that best of good governors, old General Sir George Don, grown into fine large trees. I was present when most of them were put into the ground thirty-two years ago, with much rejoicing, yet with many doubts whether they would ever thrive in that rocky, arid soil. They have thriven admirably; and so has *everything* else which was undertaken by that amiable, virtuous, exemplary veteran. There was a blessing on all the good man did. It seemed to me, on a cursory glance, that little or nothing had been done at Gibraltar, in the way of civil improvement, since Sir George's time.

As it was a Sunday, the Spaniards and all the un-English part of the dense population were abroad and in their best attire; and as the weather was excessively hot, all the English were in their houses—the soldiers in their barracks. The usual guards were on the batteries and along the ramparts; but, except a sentinel here and there, one could scarcely see an English soldier or any other species of Englishman. It looked as though the place entirely belonged to the Portuguese, Spaniards, Catalans, Genoese, Barbary Jews, and naked-legged Moors from Tangier and Tetuan, who were thronging all the streets and outlets, thrusting us from the wall, and otherwise behaving somewhat less than courteously. The swagger and insolency of these people did not seem to me an improvement on the past. There never was a juster, milder, more gentle ruler of a colony than Sir George Don, yet I well know that in his days these things would not have been tolerated. But our reformers must be perpetually encouraging changes—called reforms—and granting privileges and

immunities to the foreigners in our settlements, and *liberalizing* until nearly all civil power is taken out of our hands, and Englishmen are the persons least considered, and having least influence, in English colonies. It is at Malta as it is here. If our precipitate reformers fancy that the foreign populations have been conciliated and rendered loyal and affectionate by these concessions and absolute surrenders of right, let them go for a few days to Malta and Gibraltar and make a proper use of their eyes and ears. Discontent or loud murmuring has increased in exact proportion with our concessions; and the Government, by granting the full liberty of the press to the Maltese, who cannot make a proper use of it, have put a scourge into their hands, the strokes of which, dealt with a mad fury, and with hardly any discrimination, have caused more strife, more animosities, and more feuds than ever before prevailed in that island. Judging from all that I saw of them or their writings, the Maltese journalists have two capital objects —one to indulge their private spites by publishing indecent personalities, the other to bring the British government into contempt with the islanders.

At Gibraltar I heard two complaints: one of a decay of trade in the town; the other of a great increase of robberies and assassinations outside, in Spain. Owing to the enormous duties and the actual prohibitions of the Spanish governments, the best customers of the Gibraltar merchants were always the contraband adventurers. These fellows came, dollars and doubloons in hand, for the tobacco, the Manchester goods, &c. &c., which they afterwards smuggled into Spain. The quantities they could "run," in my time, were immense.

By making extraordinary efforts, and employing great bodies of regular troops against it, the present Spanish government has spoiled this pretty trade. Many of the smugglers have therefore left the sea and taken to the road—have turned highwaymen.

My old friends were dead or scattered long since. I however succeeded in finding one, the kind, most hospitable Mr. S——, who had been settled nearly half a century on the Rock. With this early friend and schoolfellow of Robert Southey, I used to ride to St. Roque and pic-nic in the cork woods, and sketch, while he shot all about the country, without any thought of robbers or other dangers whatsoever. He assured me that it was not now safe to ride five miles from the guns of Gibraltar, unless you went well armed and with a goodly company. He complained of a visible decline of morality and principle among the poor Spaniards. The Andalusian peasant was no longer the trustworthy fellow he had been. The *liberales* and constitution-makers, in suppressing the monastic establishments and expelling the monks, had taken no adequate care to provide the people with better teachers. In becoming less reverential and superstitious, the peasantry had become less honest and less confiding. It is the same story everywhere, or wherever these Continental reformers have succeeded in establishing their sway. Those who sympathize with them tell us that better times are coming—that their world is now only in the "transition state;" that we must wait a few years longer to see the effects of these liberal institutions; that it is a positive good to knock down superstition; that unbelief, even though it approach to atheism, is better and

surer ground whereon to build up a rational faith than that which is afforded by a perverted and false belief; that they have already got a free press and plenty of newspapers, and are beginning to print many new books; that they will soon have an abundance of schools for all classes of the community; and that the free press, newspapers, new books, schools and schoolmasters, will gradually set all things right, and establish a pure and high morality throughout these lands. I doubt. I think that the teachers want teaching, and that their character and entire philosophy (which is French and materialist) ought to be changed before any rational hope can be entertained of so happy a reformation. These "drivers" are ultra-democrats all, and can use no engine or vehicle but that of an unbridled democracy. I believe with Sir James Mackintosh that a mob can never govern a mob: and do what we will, the mass of mankind must and will remain a mob. In old Europe, where we cannot find means of well feeding our populations, how are we to find the means of well educating them all?

Our steamer having taken in a supply of coals, we left Gibraltar at midnight, having been there just four and twenty hours. We reached Malta early on the morning of Friday, the 30th of July. I had last left this island in July, 1827. Here were a few very obvious improvements. The streets of Valletta were neater and cleaner than ever; most of the new buildings were, at the least, picturesque, and well adapted to the climate; and there seemed to be a great activity and well-doing among the Maltese. But oh! the beggars—the swarming—importunate beggars! Go where I would, in the streets, in the square, on the ramparts, or outside

the gates—I was enveloped by a cloud of beggars, turning up their sightless eyes, holding out their gangrened limbs, and exhibiting disease in some of its most revolting forms, and poverty in its most abject conditions. The *Casa d'Industria*, and one or two other charitable institutions, in which the Marchioness of Hastings, and Lady Emily Ponsonby, and the late Lady Errol, and the late Right Hon. John Hookham Frere took so much interest, have been allowed to fall into decay since the departure or death of those true friends of Malta, and professional mendicancy and street-begging have increased proportionably, or, rather, out of all proportion. The Maltese, of themselves, will do nothing to remedy this evil, and the local English government is doing nothing, or nothing effectually.

There appeared to be no government in Malta. All the chiefs were away. I hardly remember such an official absenteeism! The Governor, Sir Patrick Steuart, had just started for England, having resigned in consequence (it was *said*) of being refused a temporary leave of absence. The next most important functionary, the Government Secretary, had been appointed eight months ago, but had not yet made his appearance on the island. He was reported to be at Paris. The Collector of Land Revenue, the Chief Inspector of Police, the Head of the Customs, and the Director of the Post-Office, were all away in England. It was said that the four last-named officials had been sent for in order to give *vivâ voce* information, and to be examined with reference to some extensive change of system contemplated by the Colonial Office. But they and the rest of the authorities ought to be speedily

returned to their posts, for the Maltese were beginning to proclaim very loudly that they had no government at all, and that they ought not to be taxed to pay for one. From all I heard, and from the little I saw, I much doubt whether the Whig changes recommended by Mr. Charles Austen and his brother commissioner have been improvements. The course of justice is said not to have been so direct and pure since Englishmen have been driven away, and the courts have been filled with native Maltese judges. The police, which has been thrown almost entirely into the hands of Maltese, is shamefully mismanaged, and has become inefficient. Three murders, accompanied with revolting circumstances, have been recently committed, and nobody has been brought to justice for them. In two of these cases suspicions and circumstantial evidence are so strong against certain individuals that it is thought that any properly conducted trial would end in their conviction. But no such trial has been held; and the repeated murderers walk about in public, and live much as they lived before, except that the finger is cautiously pointed at them now and then to note that they have blood upon their hands. Fourteen or more years ago it was rather pompously announced that the system or no-system of Maltese law was to be amended by the most competent persons, and that a model specimen of codification would soon be ready. Yet, at this day, the courts of Malta present a jumble of conflicting laws and opposite procedures. The old Roman law, the Code Rohan (the most approved code of the Knights of Malta), the Code Napoléon, the English Common Law, and fragments of half a dozen more laws make up that precious

confusion of all law and all right, which goes by the name of "Legge Maltese."

These new, free newspapers of Malta are, indeed, excessively licentious and essentially anarchic. Nothing so deplorable as the English and Italian in which they are written, except the deplorable tone and temper, philosophy and reasoning of their articles. It is a liberty of the press nearly all on one side. Generally, the native journalists have it all their own way, for, although the local government gives its patronage to the "Malta Gazette," its patronage is stinted, and it takes no care to see that the articles inserted are appropriate and ably written. Then, the "Gazette" is in English, which the mass of the people do not read. The Maltese take the poison in Italian, and cannot take the English antidote. It was the Duke of Wellington who said (when the scheme was first broached) that we might as well have a free press in a "seventy-four" as in Malta. Having given it, Government ought to provide against its unfairness and excesses.

Our garrison is very weak; but we are repairing, beautifying, and strengthening the fortifications. The work is not yet finished—there are delays arising from want of money—but a great deal has been done upon Castel Sant' Elmo. Probably but few at home will now remember that the body of the brave and good Sir Ralph Abercromby lies interred within these truly warlike works. It was buried on a bastion, which, ever since that time, has borne the honoured name of "Abercromby." Lately while working at the repairs of this bastion, the soldiers came unexpectedly upon the hero's coffin, which they treated with reverence, and presently

buried again. The coffin was in almost as perfect preservation as it could have been when first put into the earth. A good English eighteen-pounder passes immediately over Sir Ralph's monumental tablet, and shows its adamantine mouth seawards. The noble veteran could hardly have had a nobler or more appropriate place of sepulture.

As at Gibraltar so at Malta: the old respectable *English* mercantile houses have one and all felt the adverse effect of altered circumstances and systems of business; and the really prosperous men are to be sought for among the native shop-keepers and the little traders of all nations. The vast influx of travellers going to or returning from India, by itself, supports a very large portion of the inhabitants of Valletta, and enriches not a few of them.

We dined and slept at the house of my old friend J. R., at La Pietà. The next day, at noon, we quitted Malta.

On the morning of the 2nd of August, on going upon deck, I found we were abreast of the Malæan promontory, or Cape Matapan. That evening we crossed the mouth of the Saronic gulf. A wondrous evening and a glorious scene! We saw the sun set behind the purple heights of Egina, and the bright crescent moon rise above Andros. Most beautiful and most rapid was our moonlight voyage through the Doro Passage. It is in summer time, and in these seas, that one truly feels the value of steam navigation. This time twenty years ago, in a tight good sailing vessel, we beat and tacked four days and nights to get through this strait in the teeth of the Etesian wind; and we were

obliged to give it up at last, and bear away for Milo, in the land-locked port of which island we were shut up fourteen days without the possibility of getting out to resume our voyage to Smyrna. The Vassitei Tidjaret went through the passage in three hours. By an early hour of the following morning we were close to the island of Ipsara, and in the midst of capes, rocks, and isles, and enchanting scenes, that were familiar to me long ago. We glided behind Scio—in my apprehension the most lovely of all these islands, and turning its northern point and the broad shoulder of Cape Karabournou, we began to enter the gulf of Smyrna about noon. The mysterious, the sublime Mount Sipylus and all that noble scenery at the end of the gulf was soon again before me. I felt as if I had never left the place, or as if I had been asleep and had suddenly awakened from a dream of twenty years. It has been said, by Mr. Hope and by many others, that we sometimes live over again a former and long antecedent period of our existence.* There can be no doubt of it. I now, for a few short moments, lived over again that happy period of 1827, when I first sailed up this bay. We were snugly at anchor at Smyrna before five o'clock in the afternoon.

Having dined, we hurried on shore to look for some few of the many good friends I once had in this place. Death had carried off too many, some had returned to England or Scotland; but I had reasons to expect to find three or four yet in Smyrna. Upon inquiry we were positively assured that they were all out at Boudjà, passing the summer at that village according to the old custom.

* Anastasius.

One should never believe in the accuracy of any information in the Levant. We procured horses about sunset, and rode to the village, where I had passed many happy days, as fast as an execrably bad road would allow us; and then found that not one of the friends of whom I was in search was there. Two of them were in Smyrna, from which we had been making so much haste, and had not been at Boudjà this year; one was at the village of Sedikeui, far away across the plain; and my choice, true-hearted, American ally—who *ought to be* United States' consul at Smyrna and *is not*—my best of all old friends, Joseph Langdon, from Boston, was up at Constantinople, engaged in a desperate and all but hopeless struggle to obtain satisfaction or compensation for some claims he had on the Turkish government. Mrs. Langdon was, however, my old friend too, and she was here with the children, and most kind was the reception she gave us. We slept at Boudjà in a pure atmosphere, and free from the persecution of musquitos, which at this season renders the town of Smyrna a perfect purgatory to strangers. The next morning we rode back to Smyrna under a most broiling sun. Nothing was moving along that road, or rather that rough path, except ourselves and horses, and the lizards and the noisy cicale. The plain and the near hill sides were parched to the colour of very light brown paper; but the charming valley of St. Anne, sheltered and shaded by Mount Pagus, was fresh and verdant as it always is. In the town we spent a pleasant day with Henry Borrell, now so well known as an antiquarian, numismatist, and collector, looking over his coins, walking about the place, and talking, now merrily and now sadly enough,

of those bygone times when he and I scarcely knew what a sad thought was. We passed another day on shore, employing it as actively as the excessive heat would permit. I again lived back. In the bazaars I bought some attar of roses from the very same old man I dealt with on my first arrival in 1827. I found him seated cross-legged on the identical boards, at the very same corner, in the same snug little stall where I first saw him twenty years ago. He looked as if he had never moved from the spot since then, but had grown older and greyer *in situ*. The great bustle in the bazaars, the crowded streets, the quantity of shipping in port, the activity that was reigning all along the quays, betokened an increased population and a thriving trade. Outward appearances were in part delusory; but, since the cessation or suspension of the deadly ravages of the plague, which annually carried off its thousands or its tens of thousands, the population of Smyrna has perhaps somewhat augmented. The increase might have been greater but for the cholera, which was very fatal here in 1835, and which, at the time of our present visit, was hovering round the country, and preparing to descend upon Smyrna, as it did with terrible effect in the course of the following year. Everybody knows how difficult a matter it is to get even at an approximation of the actual population of any city or town in Turkey, where no census is taken, and no registration of births and deaths established. It is said that the Porte now has a pretty accurate knowledge, but this may very well be doubted. A recent examination to ascertain the number of "protected subjects"—that is, not only foreigners living in the country, but of Rayah subjects of the

Porte, as Greeks, Armenians, Jews, &c. enjoying the protection of Frank embassies or consulates, was thought to have afforded the government some opportunity of making a rough calculation. Moreover, the Porte had resorted to another measure, which was truly oriental. Every Mussulman subject, in whatever part of the empire, was commanded under the severest penalties to go to his mosque on a certain day and hour. I believe the same day and hour was fixed for the whole empire. The Mollahs, it was said, had counted all the Turks in their several mosques, and had sent their totals to their pashas, or local aghas, who had remitted the lists to Constantinople, where the learned effendis employed in the Porte would only have to perform a long sum in the first rule of arithmetic! I was at first misled by some very inaccurate information, and by my own anxious wish to find that there was some substantial improvement in the country, and that the reports which had induced me to undertake this journey were substantially true. Whatever increment there might be at Smyrna had not been owing to the increase of the Mussulman part of the population. Although many villages had been completely emptied, and some towns in the interior almost abandoned by people who came to this trading sea-port to seek a better subsistence or to escape from their petty local tyrants, the Turks had not kept up their numbers in Smyrna. In my time they formed more than one-half of the entire population: according to old travellers, they formed more than two-thirds at the early part of last century; at present they do not form much more than one-third, being far outnumbered by the Greeks alone. I will by no means guarantee its

accuracy, nor was the paper given to me for anything more than an approximation; but notes before me state the number of Greeks at 80,000; of Jews, 15,000; of Armenians, 12,000; of Franks of all classes and protected subjects, 5,000; and of Turks, 50,000. There are a few rich men of both classes; but, taken altogether, the Turks and the Jews are the poorest people here.

They kept to the richly coloured, flowing costume rather longer at Smyrna than at the capital; but now, the loose long robes of the East, and the turbans, the calpacks, the caouks have almost entirely disappeared from the streets. You only get glimpses of them in the bazaars, and in Turktown. The calpack—that enormous, ugly, balloon-shaped hat, of which the Armenians were so very fond—is now seen nowhere. The Armenians now wear the fezz or red cloth skull-cap, with blue silk tassel, like the Osmanlees; and the Greeks, and all the Rayah subjects of the Porte, without even excepting the Israelites, wear the same head-gear as the Mussulmans.

The fezz, like the *bonnet rouge* of the French republicans, is the great symbol of equality. But it is only a symbol, and the equality is only a theory. The change of dress has not at all improved the looks of the men. There was something picturesque even in Oriental rags. But great and truly lamentable has been the mistake of the fair Smyrniotes in abandoning their beautiful, antique, truly classical style of head-dress, and in adopting the coèffure, the hair-flattening, and plastering, and the caps and bonnets of Europe! In taking those exquisitely light and graceful turbans from their brows they have

uncrowned themselves! They are no longer Ionian queens—they are little better than Marseilles *modistes*. Even the admiring author of 'Eōthen' might now-a-days walk all through Smyrna without one rhapsody.

Here also trade or its agencies had changed hands. Of the thriving European houses of my time scarcely more than two kept their ground. Nearly all the rest were broken, sunk, or utterly swept away. The now flourishing men were the former native clerks and brokers of those respectable but unfortunate houses; or the backals (little shopkeepers) of my day; or pushing, intriguing, grasping, spare-living Greeks and Armenians, who had visited London, and Birmingham, and Liverpool, and Manchester, and Glasgow, and learned the advantages of buying directly of the manufacturers, or who had now brothers or cousins resident in England, and corresponding and doing business with them without any *intermédiaires*. I would not take pride in the fulfilment of a prophecy, which (the fulfilment) has ruined or impoverished a good many estimable Englishmen; but I cannot but remember that twenty years ago I foresaw and predicted that nearly the totality of the business of this country would pass into the hands of the Greeks and Armenians; that the trade with England might *possibly* be increased, but that it would be a *direct* trade, which would and must be fatal to the European houses in the Levant. The man who pretends to love all the world is likely to love no one part of it. I love the country that gave me birth, and as an Englishman I grieve to see my countrymen being gradually driven out of all these foreign parts, where for centuries they had occupied the foremost posts.

Surely, when this process is in active operation in Gibraltar and in Malta, when British merchants and agents are being overridden in our own colonies, and in nearly every colony we possess, there must be something wrong, and much to regret. The recent alterations in our Navigation Laws appear to me the most dangerous of the many perilous experiments tried within the last twenty years. I venture upon another prediction:—in ten years there will hardly be an English vessel carrying a cargo to the Levant, or bringing home a cargo from that part of the world. The carrying trade will be monopolized—or nearly so—by the Greeks or by country vessels, under the Russian flag, but navigated by Greeks. Having lost our commission business, there will be nothing to be done by Englishmen on shore, and, losing our carrying trade, there will be nothing for them to do at sea. The British residents will be confined to the various members of a too-expensive diplomatic corps, and to a dozen or so of consuls and vice-consuls, who, generally speaking, are useless or inefficient enough already, and who will then have no duties to perform. Our influence, which has ever owed very much to our direct commercial intercourse, and which never can be supported by mere diplomacy, must go down with a run! The love of travel and of classical antiquity will continue to carry some English gentlemen to the East (so long as we have gentlemen left among us), and our ships of war will occasionally show themselves in those seas; but this will not recover our lost influence. And when we shall have been deprived of the carrying trade of nearly all the rest of the world, by the Americans of the United States—whose ecstatic

joy at the projected repeal of the Navigation Laws ought to have made our Ministers pause—by Swedes, Danes, Norwegians, Dutch, Italians, where will be the nursery of our seamen, and how is our national navy to be manned and supported? The moment we cripple our commercial navy our supremacy on the seas is gone. And then? . . . . Good night not only to the greatness, but also to the liberty and independence of Old England.

It did not appear that the honour or morality of trade had been improved in Smyrna by the change which had taken place. I was told that most fraudulent bankruptcies were very frequent among the Greeks and Armenians, and that even the Turks, who had been such honest traders, were beginning to be seduced by the example. In London, I am assured by a competent City authority, that the Levant trade is becoming slippery and unsafe—a trick and chicane—that no English house can compete with the sharp Greeks and Armenians established among us, or continue any time in the Levant trade without being ruined or reduced to the necessity of *Levanting*. One respectable house after another has entirely given up that branch of commerce within these last two or three years.

Even at a glance I could discover notable changes in the society of Smyrna, which, if not very intellectual, used to have a certain ease and elegance about it. A man may make money much more quickly than he can make himself a gentleman. Gentility may be, in some rare instances, as it were innate; but it is never to be acquired in a hurry. Hence one of the reasons why

those who have it not hate, in their despair, those who possess it, and affect on all occasions to despise them. These Smyrniote brokers and backals, who now take the lead, have certainly vulgarized the place. Elated by their commercial success, they thrust themselves into all the highest or foremost places, without any regard to the feelings of those who held them so long, and whose humble, crouching servants they were only a few years since. Modesty and diffidence were never distinguishing qualities in the Greek character; and ingratitude, purse-pride, sullenness, arrogance, and *grossièreté* are but too common among the Armenian race. These uneducated Greeks and Armenians, with their wives and daughters, have cleared the CASINO or Assembly rooms of the old Frank families of the place. They have it all to themselves now; they have thoroughly democratized it, and—if my fair informants were correct—a pretty bear garden they must have made of it! In that Casino in 1827, and particularly at the balls given by Lord Prudhoe (now his Grace of Northumberland) I have seen among the Frank Smyrniotes and some few of the Greeks of better condition, as much beauty and grace as ever I saw united under one roof in England, or any part of Europe. The fathers of some of those fair Franks belonged to families which had been settled in the country for a hundred years and more. There was a Dutch house which counted, I believe, an antiquity of a century and a half at Smyrna. It was one of the two which as yet survived; but in the course of a few months more it fell, as did also the other old house which had hitherto escaped bankruptcy.

In Radical philosophy it is always the mass of the

people who are to rise in these "transitions" and to benefit by these changes. The "greatest happiness of the greatest number," or change is nought, and even revolution not worth making! Yet I could not see at Smyrna that the masses were better off, or that the poor were so well off as they were twenty years ago. Mournful were the complaints I heard of house-breaking, robbing on the highway, stabbing, and throat-cutting! Not a night passed but one, two, or more houses were broken into and robbed in Smyrna! This is no improvement on the past. Twenty years ago house-breaking was unknown, and so little was thought of any other kind of robbing that few of us ever took the trouble of locking our doors at night. Many of the robberies have undoubtedly been committed by poor Greeks of the town, or by Dalmatians, or other Sclavonians, or by Hellènes from the kingdom of Otho. But it is affirmed by nearly every one here that the perpetrators of all these offences are our subjects, the Maltese, and our protected subjects, the Greeks of the Ionian Islands. Truly they are a desperate rabblement and a numerous! When they make Smyrna too hot for them they take a run up to Constantinople; and when inquiries after them become too pressing in Constantinople they take a run back to Smyrna. Of the two the Maltese are esteemed the greater and experter thieves, and the Ionians the readier stabbers and assassins.

A good many murders had been committed in the villages in the plain between Mount Sipylus and the sea; and here the murderers had all been Mussulmans. The wretches who had robbed and murdered Sir

Lawrence Jones, having been caught and subjected to a loose sort of Turkish trial, were expiating their offence by a gentle and precarious imprisonment. Unlike his father Mahmoud, Sultan Abdul Medjid shudders at the thought of blood; and in the philosophy which Reschid Pasha learned in Paris and London, is included the idea that capital punishments are to be reprobated. For nearly every kind of murder, fine and imprisonment are now considered punishment enough—at least at Constantinople, or in the Palace and at the Porte. "These scoundrels," said a friend, "will soon be set at liberty. The Sultan carries his mildness to an injurious and ridiculous extent. When one of his favourite women is delivered he clears the prisons of malefactors, who are turned loose upon society to commit more crimes. One of these days he will have another son, or some other auspicious event will happen to him, and then you will see that the prison doors will be thrown open to the murderers of Sir Lawrence Jones."

And, in effect, five short months after this conversation, we learned at Constantinople that the murderers were all set free, and that Her Majesty's consul at Smyrna had been about the last man to learn the fact, or to take any care about it. My old friend entertained no very good opinion of any of the recent reforms in the Turkish empire. "Let some people talk or write what they will about it," said he, "other people must still eat much stick: there is still a great part of the world that can be governed only by the stick. Take away the stick and you bring in a contempt for the law. In Turkey the bastinado was the one great principle and instrument of government. It is falling into disuse;

and you see the consequences. These people care very little for imprisonment, especially since they know that it will not last long. But they did stand in awe and terror of the bastinado, which used to be administered to them at once, and on the spot, when they were caught in *flagrante delicto.* A devidji of a Turk has not imagination enough to apprehend or fear a punishment which is to be delayed for weeks or for months, and which very probably will never be administered at all. Summary justice, after the old Eastern fashion, and the bastinado, as the head of the police used to apply it when you were here before, might put a stop to these robberies, burglaries, and murders; but the present system will never do it! They will go on increasing."

Though not entirely concurring with my old friend, I am inclined to the opinion that a barbarous or even a semi-barbarous people are not to be governed by mild, relaxed laws.

Having taken in a fresh supply of coals, and about 350 recruits for the Sultan's regular army, we left Smyrna on the evening of Friday the 6th of August. These recruits, who were a source of amusement and interest during the rest of our voyage, were from the towns and villages situated round Smyrna and Magnesia, and from the mountains farther in the interior of the Pashalik, beyond Sardes. Tattered and torn they were, yet were they scarcely more ragged than the Irish recruits we had been accustomed to see brought into the depôt of Canterbury in the spring of this year. There were many wretched objects among them, but the majority were well-limbed, broad-chested young fellows—

not tall, but sturdy, and very active, considering that they were Turks—in fact they were excellent raw materials for soldiers. They were as merry and playful as kittens, although nothing had they to drink but water, and nothing to eat but coarse bread, garlic, and a few onions. They looked with amazement, and with many "Mashallahs!" at the repasts of our gentlemen engineers and stokers. No three hundred and fifty poor fellows of any country or faith could have behaved better than they did while they were with us. Yet it appeared that some of them had not led a pattern life up in their mountains. A Turkish officer who had taken chief charge of the squad at Smyrna, asked two of them who were particularly ragged and thin, what they had been doing at home. They replied very good-humouredly that sometimes they worked in the fields, and sometimes stopped travellers in the mountain passes; and one of them played off a little pantomime with his pipe-stick to show how they rested their muskets on a rock and fired from behind it, being well covered and concealed. Some of them contributed to the amusement of the party on board by playing a rude sort of guitar (made of a hollowed gourd, with three thin tinkling wires passed over it for strings), by singing long, low, monotonous songs to this accompaniment, or by dancing to it some very primitive and grotesque dances. As I knew the reluctance with which the Turks entered the regular army, and submitted to discipline and the restraints of a barrack life, I was somewhat surprised to see these poor fellows so very cheerful. I found upon inquiry that this did not all arise from their being reconciled to the service. The year before last the

districts of most of them had been visited by scarcity and absolute famine; great distress still prevailed up there (though hundreds of thousands of acres of rich, productive land lay untilled, and for centuries untouched by the plough), and they were in a half-starving condition when they were enrolled. This hard brown bread, these heads of garlic and few onions, were to them a feast—abundance and luxury! The Sultan, too, had lately limited the military service to five years, after which the soldiers were to be free to re-enlist, or to return to their own homes with such little savings as they might have made. Then they were going to Stamboul, to the great capital of the Osmanlees, to one of the holy cities of Islam; and, to these provincials, Stamboul is invested with more glories and more magic than is the city of Bagdad, in the days of Haroun-al-Raschid, in the imagination of our young readers of the 'Thousand and One Nights.' When night came on, our recruits stretched themselves on the smooth hard deck, and slept as if they had been upon the best of beds. On the following morning, when we went upon deck, we were off the coast of Troy, and saw the sun rise from behind Mount Ida.

At 10 A. M. we were abreast of the Turks' historical town of Gallipoli, where, in the month of May, 1828, I was detained three days by adverse winds and the always contrary current.* I bowed to my old acquaintances,

* I then embarked in the old "Hilton Jolliffe," the *first* steamer ever seen in these seas. She was going up to Constantinople to be offered on sale to the Sultan. The Turks along the coast knew not what to make of her, and some of them were greatly alarmed at her appearance and performance. Mahmoud bought her, and the "Hilton Jolliffe" was for a few years the *only* steam-boat in the Ottoman empire.

the islands, and jutting capes, and steep promontories of the Sea of Marmora or Propontis as we passed them at the rate of good nine knots an hour, in spite of adverse wind and current. Towards sunset I saw once again the long rounded summits of the Bithynian Olympus. Night closed in upon us as we were off Buyuk Tchekmedjé or Ponte Grande; the moon was late in rising, and the sea was covered with a haze which had travelled down from the Euxine. A small Turkish steamer, which was steering everywhere, and which would not be warned or attend to the ordinary rule, nearly ran into us. If a collision had taken place, the Turks would have gone to the bottom, not we—which would have been some consolation. But as we were off San Stefano, we ran the narrow chances of another and more equal collision. The haze had thickened, and we had a blunder-maker on board. At Smyrna we had taken up a skipper called Captain C——, who was to assume the command of the vessel so soon as she was given up to the company at Stamboul. As Captain R—— had never been in these narrow seas before (though Mr. H—— had, and repeatedly), he allowed C—— to give him a little advice, and C——, in the manner of his country, encroached, and almost assumed the command from the moment we got to the mouth of the Dardanelles. C—— was a native of Pera; a born and bred Perote. When I have said this I have said almost everything. He had had some practice on board of coasting steamers, and knew his way, in clear weather, from one headland to another; but if he was a sailor, then would I have undertaken to eat the Vassitei Tidjaret. The creature was bearded and mustachiod,

and uncommonly fine. He wore kid gloves on deck, and a figured silk waistcoat; he had a gold or gilt chain round his neck big enough and long enough to have hanged him; and he had tight pantaloons, tightly strapped down under a pair of high-heeled boots, in order to display his calves, which were with him the favourite parts of his frame. He had picked up a little English, for hardly any of these steamers in the Levant can be managed without English engineers; and English passengers had been frequent on board. But his knowledge of our tongue was very imperfect, and apt to be dislocated by any sudden shock of the nerves. When the haze was heaviest we made out a steamer even higher and larger than ourselves coming right upon us, with the full force of the downward current from the Bosphorus aiding the power of her engines. C—— being disturbed, gave a wrong word of command in English, and was on the instant obeyed; and we were going slap into her, to meet shock with shock, when Captain R—— rushed forward towards the engine, and Mr. H——, taking a leap and sundry springs which never could have been made by our kid-gloved, tight-breeched Perote, was on the paddle-box in a trice, and letting off blue lights. Our adversary also let off blue lights and backed her engines. Yet was it a close shave after all. That vessel was a large, powerful French Government steamer, on her way to France. If we had struck, together with our *three* boats and our *three hundred and fifty* Turks, we must, according to probability, have all perished together in the Propontis, opposite San Stefano. The moon rose as we neared the Seraglio Point, and was shining out beautifully, and

brightly illuminating the broad grey domes and the slender, tapering, white minarets of the mosques at 10 o'clock, when we let go our anchor in the inconveniently deep water of the Golden Horn. It was Saturday, the 7th of August. Deducting the stoppages, we had had, of actual navigation, thirteen days minus two hours. I heard again the familiar music of former days; the muezzins chanting on the tall minarets, and the countless unowned dogs barking, yelping, and yelling in Constantinople, and in the Christian suburbs of St. Dimitri, Pera, and Galata, and round the corner of the harbour at Tophana, and across the Bosphorus in the Asiatic suburb of Scutari. That night we slept quietly on board, and so did our Turks, though they were exceedingly eager to land in a place which they considered as an earthly paradise.

CHAPTER II.

Constantinople — Landing Recruits — Cleaning a Steamer — Hadjá the Aleppine — Old Tahir Pasha — Pera and its Abominations — Active Trade in Slaves, *white* and black — Reschid Pasha, the Grand Vizier and great Reformer — Fashionable Promenade — Fire! — Fires! — Antonio Stampa — New Bridges across the Golden Horn — Altered Dress and Appearance of the Turks — Armenian Arrogance — Pleasures of a Pera Lodging — The Princes' Islands — San Stefano, Dr. Davis, and the Sultan's Model Farm — Deplorable State of Agriculture — Insane Attempts at Manufactures — The Dadians — Mr. Carr — Bishop Southgate — Perotes — Therapia — A Russian Monument.

OUR sleep was a short one. It commenced after midnight and concluded at the first peep of day, when the Turkish recruits began to land in great confusion and not a little noise. As soon as they were all over the sides, it was found that they had left the decks in a most filthy state, and had colonized all the fore part of the ship with vermin. All hands were instantly had up to cleanse and purify, and about a dozen Maltese from shore were taken on board to assist in these operations; for some of the Turkish grandees are rather early risers, and Captain R—— wished the vessel to be in her most perfect order before any of them came off. Brooms, buckets, and holly-stone, and a great many tons of the water of the Golden Horn, produced a magical effect; the steamer was cleansed inside and out, and in two hours she was as smart and clean, and looked as trim and elegant, as when she had first slipped away from her moorings at Blackwall. I believe this

was the last time that the Vassitei Tidjaret was seen in all her neatness and beauty. The Turks soon made her as filthy as an Irish swine-boat, or as an old Newcastle collier. Before 7 o'clock, when persons connected with the company began to come off, with sundry other natives from Galata and Pera (who had all an unmannerly impatience to get breakfast on board, and a marvellous appetite when they got it), the hot August sun had perfectly dried the decks and every plank and stick about her. At about 8 o'clock there was a grand note of preparation; a big boat full of unshaved Armenians came off to announce that the great Hadjá, the director or manager of the company, was coming. One of these fellows carried a portable leather English writing-desk and portfolio, to show that he was a *katib* or scribe, and two others carried long tchibouques. They were presently followed by their chief, who came alongside in a caïque, pulled by three pair of oars. Old Hadjá bore his history and his character in his countenance. He was an Armenian from Aleppo—a place in which the meanness and rapacity, and the other vices of the Armenian character are said to attain their fullest growth. Even a Jew of Salonica, or a jobber and trafficker of Pera, will find his genius rebuked by an Aleppine. Hadjá had been a trader and a seraff, or banker or money-lender, and had made himself famous in Turkey by the sharpness of his practice. The Aleppine said that the vessel had cost a deal of money—a very great deal of money—and then he asked how many passengers she could carry on deck, and how many in the cabins; and how many sacks of horse-beans she could bring down in her hold from Trebizond. I

could not help saying to the Perote skipper C——, that it was a pity so beautiful a craft should be employed for such common purposes; that the Sultan, who, or whose mother, had paid part of the money for building her, ought to purchase the Vassitei Tidjaret, and keep her as a pleasure yacht. "He not will buy," said C——, "he not will go to sea one, two days."

"Why not?"

"Because he not can leave his womans."

In about an hour a six-pair-oared caïque pulled alongside, and a very fat and old Pasha came up the gangway, supported on either side by a sturdy Turk, who held him under the armpits. This was the great Tahir Pasha (the *buyuk* or big Tahir, as he was called, to distinguish him from another Pasha of the same name). This ancient, who had filled some of the highest offices of government, was said to be a very ignorant man, and looked a very coarse one. He at present managed the affairs of the Sultana Validé, and was otherwise interested in this Turco-Armenian company. An essay was made to lead him over the ship, and to explain her beauties and her improved machinery; but he knew no more of a ship than was known by our poor puzzled recruits; he would see nothing but the cabins: and, when he had seen them, he seated himself on deck near the poop, and asked whether our people had not some good English cheese and English beer; and whether they had not brought up some good Cassabà melons from Smyrna. There were of all these things on board and in high perfection; and abundant specimens were soon brought to him, the Perote skipper C—— insisting on acting as waiter to his

Excellency, and going down almost on his knees as he presented the well-covered tray, and set it upon a low camp-stool. Heavens! what a fawning and cringing and crouching there was! Even the great Hadjá bent to the deck, and touched the hem of the Pasha's garment, and put the hand, which had so touched, to his lips, when Tahir first came on board. Our English sailors and stokers looked on with open mouths and wondering eyes. Meanwhile Tahir Pasha, with an appetite as astonishing as that of the Perotes who had been breakfasting below, proceeded with his déjeuner. It was a sight to see! He looked like a Delhi Llama at breakfast, surrounded by his worshippers and administering priests. An attendant with an awful black beard held a large light blue silk umbrella over his head: Hadjá scooped out the cheese, and cut it into pieces to fit the mouth; a Perote merchant drew the corks, and filled the Pasha's glass with creaming brown stout, C—— cut up the melons into the nicest slices, other volunteers performed other offices, and about a dozen attendants, with their hands crossed before them in sign of reverence, stood round the great man. When Tahir had eaten an incredible quantity of cheese and sweet melon, and had emptied about two bottles of the beer, he performed (in a very audible manner) certain indescribable operations, and then the tchibouquejee presented his narguilè or water-pipe, which was as big and as bright as a portable altar. When he had smoked and hubble-bubbled for a quarter of an hour, he went over the side, and away in his splendid caïque to his yolli or marine villa on the Bosphorus.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon before we landed at one of the filthy feculent wharfs at Tophana. We had been given to understand, and we had read in newspapers, that wonderful local improvements had taken place of late. Our first step on shore rectified this error, and rudely dissipated the beautiful illusion which the external aspects of Constantinople almost unavoidably create. Everything was as dirty and disordered as when I had left the place; there seemed, however, to be an increase of population, and as it was a Sunday afternoon, all the Christian Rayahs were abroad, or thronging the open coffee-houses, singing and drinking, or smoking. We took horses to ride up to Pera. Most difficult was our navigation through the narrow, crooked, roughly stoned streets, which were all crowded by an insolent looking rabble, that would hardly move to the right or to the left; and when we came to the steep ascent of the hill, by streets equally narrow and slippery—having lost the habit—the journey appeared to me quite perilous. In one of the very steepest and narrowest of these streets we met a long train of horses and asses, descending with loose badly packed loads of fire-wood and of timber, the upper end of which projected into the air above the beasts' heads, while the lower extremity dragged along the ground, clattering over the rough stones, and making a noise most distressing to unused nerves. There was scarcely room anywhere to pass them. After one or two narrow escapes from blows on the off knee, we dismounted from our sorry hacks, to walk up the rest of that infidel hill, through the carcases of dead dogs and dead rats and other abominations. Nothing, absolutely nothing,

had been done to improve the place or to facilitate communication; the streets, being more worn and frequented, were decidedly worse than they were in 1828. To novices it was really difficult to avoid falling or stumbling at nearly every step. The streets looked as if they had been paved by having loose stones thrown down haphazard; most of the stones had their roughest sides or sharpest angles uppermost; many of them were loose and rolled as we trod upon them, and every here and there were gaping interstices or deep holes between. They were never swept, and never could be swept: the dust was almost suffocating, and it annoyed the eyes as much as the stenches did the nostrils. We ran through a gamut of stinks: when we got past the carrion, an odour would come out of some of the houses too pungent to be borne with any patience, or a crowd of garlic-feeding Armenians would send whiffs at us that made us stagger as though we had been hit by grape-shot. We groped our way through void spaces left by some recent fires, and whereon they had left all the unsightly ruins and the cinders and pungent ashes which affect a stranger like cephalic snuff. This outset was rather discouraging to one who had come in honest search of improvement. But I was determined not to judge hastily. They had not improved the streets here, but they might have improved them over in Constantinople Proper; and if they had not mended their pavements, they might have mended other matters.

On reaching the crown of the hill at Pera, we took up our quarters in a rickety, noisy house, overlooking the smaller burying-ground, the arsenal and part of the

port, and kept by a woman of portentous dimensions, the well-known Madame, or Signora, or Cocona G——. At the table d'hôte we found three French officers. Monsieur le Colonel very soon told us that he was on a sort of tour of inspection, a *mission extraordinaire*, that he had seen very extraordinary scenes since his arrival, and that he thought Turkish reform was all a mere flam. He and his two attachés had come up some two months ago from Algiers, where they had been serving several years. They had been up to Trebizond, and had returned thence in a steamer with fifteen young Circassian females under the charge of two old slave-dealers, who were bringing them for sale to Constantinople. "*On nous donne à croire joliment*," said the colonel—"They make us believe fine things! The Sultan has ordered the public slave-market to be shut up; and upon the strength of this ordonnance the newspapers here have proclaimed that there was an end to slavery everywhere in the Sultan's dominions, and Europe has been silly enough to believe—*l'Europe a eu la sottise de le croire*. I have known the country many a year. The slave-trade, black and white, was never, within my knowledge, more active than it now is." Another Frenchman, a civilian, and a very quiet, gentlemanly man, who had no mission either extraordinary or ordinary, but who, after having travelled in England and over a good part of the Continent, was travelling in Turkey for his amusement, more than confirmed the assertions of the colonel. He too had been up the Black Sea, and had seen white slaves shipped at various ports for the Stamboul market.

On another subject the Frenchmen were still more

eloquent and communicative. They all had been together to-day to pay a visit to the Grand Vizier, and they had all been pestered and pursued for presents by the Vizier's innumerable servants. "Reschid Pasha," said the colonel, "has lived a good deal in Paris and in London. He knows the usages of civilized society. He knows perfectly well what an incongruous and monstrous thing it would be thought if the domestics of the Prime Minister of France or England were to run down stairs after every visitor clamouring for *backshish*. I have been to the Vizier's several times, and whether it were on business or to pay a visit of ceremony, down came the domesticity upon me as soon as I was on the staircase. He keeps three or four hundred servants and retainers. Why does he keep them if he cannot feed and pay them? Why, in any case, have such an army of unproductive, useless idlers? How many servants has M. Guizot? I do not believe that Lord Russell has very many. And here is this prime minister of a ruined country with three or four hundred! It is the same system *chez* little Ali Effendi, the minister for foreign affairs. These are the two men with whom foreigners are most frequently brought into contact. These are the intellectual summities of the empire; the leaders, *par excellence*, of civilization and reform; the men who have most loudly proclaimed in France and in England that the manners and customs of the Turks were changed, and that where they were not changed they would soon change them. *Parbleu!* You cannot go to their houses without being robbed. And see how they live at home! their wives and women separated, and shut up, and caged, just as

they were when the Turks first came to Constantinople!"

I was somewhat astonished; but I comforted myself by fancying that the Frenchman must be prejudiced.

We went out to walk in the cool of the evening. Twenty years ago the Perotes had only two promenades, and both were in burying-grounds, over or among thickly growing cypresses and crowded Turkish tombstones. They have only two, and the same promenades now. As, on account of the unevenness of the roads, dogs, thieves, and the Turkish night-watch, we could not venture far from our hotel without having a lantern carried before us, we limited our walk to the promenade of the Petit Champ. This is an esplanade or terrace running above the tombs. Since my time they had run a tolerably decent iron railing along the edge of the terrace to separate it from the cemetery; but all the rest was as I had left it: the ground was neither levelled nor watered; it was full of inequalities and holes: and in the best parts the dust was two or three inches thick. But, such as it was, the place was crowded. The coffee-houses and ice and lemonade shops, and the open spaces in front of them, were all filled with what appeared, in that uncertain light, to be very fashionably dressed people. A number of young Turks in blue frock-coats, tight-fitting pantaloons, and varnished boots, were sitting out on their chairs, and talking with the Perote Franks and their ladies. At either end of the esplanade there was a tolerable band of music, playing waltzes and polkas, and pieces from the operas of Rossini and Bellini. All the ladies, of

whatsoever race (or, as they term it here, *nation*), were habited in the Frank or European manner. Bonnets there were, and of the most diminutive sizes, *à la mode*, and bustles there were, and of ambitious dimensions; but the old Greek dress, or the old loose Armenian dress, the yashmac (or white mask for the face), the turban and kalemkiar were to be seen nowhere. They kept up the merriment till a late hour; the two bands (at the request, no doubt, of some of the three hundred and odd English skippers waiting for a southerly wind to get through the Bosphorus into the Black Sea) finishing their performances by playing "God save the Queen."

I could scarcely fancy that I was at Constantinople. But I had not been long in bed when the beating on the rough pavement of heavy iron-shod clubs, and the shrill, wild, often-heard and well-remembered cry of "*Yangin var! Yangin var!*" (Fire there is! fire there is!) gave me assurance that I was in Turkey. I rose and looked out of the window; and, perceiving that the fire was not very near to our hotel, I did as people do in this country—I returned to my bed, and went to sleep again. But again was my slumber broken by the beating on the pavement and the cry of "Yangin var!" But this time the fire was farther off than before, and my interest in it proportionably smaller. It was only at breakfast next morning that we learned that some forty houses had been burned somewhere up the Golden Horn, beyond the Greek quarter of the Fanàr, and that a dozen or so had been turned into cinders and ashes over at Scutari. One of our French officers was quite angry with the people of the house for not having

called him up to enjoy "*ce beau spectacle.*" "*Ayez un peu de patience, Monsieur,*" said Madame G——, "you will have plenty of opportunities to see a fire if you stop here a week: most likely we shall have another to-night. And these are such beautiful nights for enjoying the spectacle out in the open air! *Soyez tranquil, Monsieur; vous verrez bientôt des ces beaux spectacles.*" "*Ma foi,* there are no others to amuse us here," said the Frenchman.

In effect we had another conflagration that night, and during the four weeks that we remained this time at Pera or in the neighbourhood, there was a fire, greater or smaller, every night, besides three by daylight. No improvements had been adopted to check this constant destruction of labour and capital.

Descending to Galata, the commercial part of these suburbs, we found Mr. Langdon of Smyrna, Mr. B——, and others of my old friends and associates. Among these I would by no means omit or forget good old Antonio Stampa, whose magazine serves as a general rendezvous to the English, and is stocked with all those things which English residents or travellers most require. At the time of my former residence, whenever I wanted anything done I went or sent down to Stampa, and he did it, or got it done for me. It was the same now. We could not have lived had it not been for Antonio Stampa. This honest, intelligent, kind hearted Lombard, from the Lake of Como, has been equally serviceable and essential to many hundreds more of my wandering countrymen. As testimonial gifts are so very fashionable just now, we English travellers in Turkey ought to unite in a good testimonial to Antonio Stampa.

We went over to the city, or Constantinople proper, to take a first general survey of the bazaars, the mosques, and the Turkish quarters of the town.

There was a visible change, which was in many respects a change for the better. In the first place, instead of being obliged to cross the harbour in an uncomfortable caïque or wherry, you traverse the Golden Horn by a broad, commodious floating wooden bridge, which admits of the passage of horses, cars, arubas, and coaches. There are two such bridges, one leading from the Arsenal, the other, considerably nearer the mouth of the magnificent port, from Galata. The bridge from the Arsenal was built first, about seven or eight years ago. The Galata bridge was thrown across about four years ago. I was told that no foreign engineers had anything to do with their construction; that they were designed, made, and put together by Greeks, Turks, and Armenians, and that each of them was begun and completed in an admirably short space of time. Where nearly all information is doubtful and contradictory, I never could get at a perfectly satisfactory history of the works; but they undoubtedly do honour to those who planned and executed them, being simple, unexpensive, light, and thoroughly adapted to the purpose.* To make a solid stone bridge, to sink shafts and piles into the very deep bed of the Golden Horn, would, if practicable, have been a work of enormous expense, labour, and time. Besides, from the situation of the Arsenal,

* A recent traveller says that the plan of the arsenal bridge (the one first built) was suggested by a Greek named Georgi, master mast-maker in the dock-yard, and was executed by his department. See 'Three Years in Constantinople,' &c., by Charles White, Esq., Lond. 1845, vol. iii. p. 320.

and the many quays and wharfs above the bridges, it was necessary their great ships of the line, and other vessels masted and rigged, should pass and repass. Both the bridges are floating bridges, being supported, the upper one by sections of very strong rafts, and the lower (or Galata one) by a great number of pontoons or lighters, decked and made waterproof, which are ranged at short distances, and most firmly moored and made fast and steady to the bottom, there being no tide at all, and not much current here, and the water not often rising or falling more than three or four inches. There is very little vibration, or shaking, or motion of any kind. We were several times on the bridges when a whole regiment of infantry, followed by some artillery and fourgons, were passing. Any portion of the bridges may easily be repaired without necessarily stopping the passage. Caïques, lighters, and all the smaller classes of vessels glide through two open spaces between the moored pontoons, as through the arches of a regular bridge; and by a very simple contrivance and arrangement as to time, craft of all sizes, inclusive of the enormous ships of the line on their way to and from the Arsenal, are allowed to pass freely, and that too without any serious interruption to the traffic over the bridges. At an early hour of the morning a portion of the bridge opens and leaves a broad passage to all such vessels as are to pass up or down the port. After remaining open for the necessary time, the detached portion floats back to its place, presently the passage is closed up, and the platform of the bridge again united. Many and vociferous—at first—were the complaints and maledictions of the boatmen; but inestimable has been the benefit

which these two bridges have conferred on the people of Constantinople and the suburbs, many of whom have daily or almost hourly occasion to pass or repass. To do this in all sorts of weather—in the storms and snows of winter—in frail open boats, was no small matter. Let the busy Londoner only imagine what would be his condition if our bridges on the river from London Bridge to Putney were all destroyed, and he had to embark in a wherry every time that business or pleasure called him over to the Southwark side of the Thames. In my time these floating bridges were not dreamed of; and any such construction would have been considered an impossibility. No toll is levied on the upper or Arsenal bridge, but the lower bridge is every day rendered most profitable to government and those who built it. The toll is light. At each time of passing—in returning as well as in going—a foot passenger pays five paras or about a farthing English; but the concourse is so great, the flux and re-flux are so continuous, that even at this low rate the daily receipts amount to a considerable sum. The brilliant success —financially—of this experiment ought to encourage and impel the Porte to render the streets of the capital and of all the suburbs passable for wheeled carriages; to turn the horrible bridle-paths of the country into good roads; and to span the chasms, and the beds of rivers or winter torrents, with good, stout bridges. Ignorant and slovenly as they may be, the farmers might thrive if they had but roads to a market. Now, it often happens that there is plenty in one district, and famine in another, at no very great distance.

Such were some of my speculations the first time we

crossed the Galata bridge. I believed then in the boasted patriotism of the Vizier Reschid, and really entertained hopes that good advice would be taken and followed. I had been assured in England that they had begun making roads in various directions; the assertion was repeated to-day by a person connected with the government—and I continued to believe in it until I began to see things with my own eyes, and to collect evidence from very competent and disinterested witnesses, who had recently travelled nearly all over the empire, and who had not seen a single road made, or even begun, either in the European provinces or in the Asiatic.

The Turks over in Constantinople certainly looked much less like Turks, and were far more civil than in 1828. They were incomparably less picturesque and imposing in their outward appearance. The forced change of costume has transformed them into a rather mean, shabby-looking people. But for the glaring red fezz (a mean, ungraceful head-covering in itself), they might pass for Franks who employed bad tailors and seldom got their clothes brushed. A blue frock-coat, buttoned up to the chin, and dirty duck pantaloons not wider than we wear them, were the prevailing fashion. In my time Sultan Mahmoud had made war on flowing bright-coloured robes, and a fierce attack on the loose, baggy nether garments of the Mussulmans; but still the prejudice was strong in favour of an amplitude of trousers, and a shabby fellow continued to be designated as a "tight breeches," or "narrow breeches;" but now every man's breeches were narrow in Stamboul except among the common people, Oulema, Dervishes, and a

few old-fashioned country-people from the mountains in Europe or from the interior of Asia Minor. In many cases it cost me thought and trouble to distinguish between Mussulmans and Rayahs. Twenty years ago there was no possibility of confounding them; for, even without the then marked distinctions of dress, of head-gear, of boots or papoushes, the Osmanlees were to be known by their swaggering gait, their overbearing looks, and their contemptuous insolent manners. The Turks now seemed to have lost their pride and their sense of importance. Over in the City they were the quietest and most modest part of the population. Their former swagger and rudeness appeared to be transferred to the Armenian Seraffs and their dependents. Where I had been repeatedly insulted and more than once spat at by the Turkish rabble, we certainly found nothing now but civility. In 1828 there was no going across the Golden Horn into Constantinople without being attended by one or two armed Turks; and the presence and guard of the faithful could not always screen one from the most gross and opprobrious language. We were now alone, my son and I. In the bazaars we met some Frank ladies, dressed in the French fashion, unveiled and unattended, walking about unconcernedly and making their purchases. They are constantly doing this, walking over by the Galata Bridge, which is about the best promenade here, and walking quietly back in the midst of Turks, and not unfrequently in the midst of troops. Formerly it was a solemn and hazardous day that on which any European ladies ventured across the port to Stamboul! It was quite a field-day, and great forethought and many preparations

were necessary. The Turkish authorities must be spoken to, half a dozen cavasses or chaoushes, girded and armed to the teeth, must be provided for the escort by some embassy or other, or the ladies must be muffled up and disguised in Turkish costume, and wear the white muslin face-covering yashmac, which makes the liveliest and loveliest of living women look like so many walking spectres. *On a changé tout çela! On a bien fait.*

It must be noted, however, that we did not stroll far from the bazaars, where they are accustomed to the daily visits of Franks; and that the ladies from Galata and Pera confined their rambles to that quarter. We very soon found that beyond these limits a good deal of the old fanaticism and hatred of Christians remained, and that we could seldom walk or ride about wi thout being insulted; and it was fear, sheer fear of consequences that saved us from actual assault.

To live at Madame G——'s was an impossibility; her house was so noisy that one could neither read nor think; and every evening the promenade in front of it was like a fair, thronged with vociferous people, and having its two bands playing from sunset till midnight. We ran away to Dr. P. Z——'s, and after staying there a few days we transferred ourselves to the *Pension Anglaise*, situated on another corner of the smaller Turkish cemetery, close to the convent of the dancing Dervishes. The noise was almost as bad as at Madame G——'s, and here, as there, we were tormented by bugs, fleas, mosquitoes, and sand-flies. But these were concomitants—a little more or a little less—to every habitation in Pera; and our present host, poor Tonco Vitalis, besides being an easy, good-tempered, obliging

fellow and an excellent narrator of stories and Pera gossip, and about the pleasantest companion one could have over the evening tchibouque, or on an excursion into the country, was the son of one of my old allies, who, in 1828, kept the only hotel or lodging-house in the place for foreign travellers. Everybody in those days, as long before and some years after, knew old Giuseppino. Poor old fellow! He speculated, and had losses and crosses, and his losses brought on a depression of spirits and an illness, and his illness brought in upon him the monks of Santa Maria in Pera, and the monks never left him quiet until he consented to renounce the world and go and live with them in the holy harmony of their monastery. He never had a day's peace after *that*. Such of the friars as were not sour fanatics, were worldly-minded, greedy plunderers—and some of them united in themselves the qualities of fanaticism and the habits of thieves. They wanted him to alter a will and to deprive his children even of what he had put them in possession. They did not let him live long, but he lived quite long enough to discover that there was not, even in Pera, a *worse canaille* than the monks of Santa Maria. They wheedled and terrified him out of a good deal of money, and when he was dead they quarrelled for his clothes and blankets. So ended our host Tonco's father, poor old Giuseppino, who was well known to Major R——, Lord P——, the Hon. Mr. E——, and a host of other English travellers, who had cherished him in his way, and had well filled his purse. I believe that some of them will be affected by this account of his last days. Of his son Tonco some of the natives and others spoke unkindly and uncharitably; but for my

part I take him to be the best Perote host there is or ever was. His mansion, by the dancing Dervishes and the scrubby cemetery, and broken dishonoured Turkish tombstones, and blighted ragged cypresses, was not quite a paradise. The dirty people in the neighbourhood were always shaking their carpets in the burying ground just under our windows; the unowned dogs burrowed and littered there; in the day-time there was generally a collection of idle, noisy vagabonds among the cypresses; and at night-time, whenever the alarm of fire was given or other noise made in the streets, or whenever a disagreement arose in the canine colony, there came up a prolonged chorus of dogs, bitches, and whelps that murdered sleep. I speak not of the odours, for except some of the ambassadorial residences (and they are never quite free), there is no place in Pera or Galata where one can escape them; and being on the edge of a hill, and having an open space before us, we occasionally caught a pure zephyr from the mountains of Asia and from the Propontis. At day-dawn, as those villainous curs in the cemetery began to cease their barking and yelling, the tale of discord was taken up by the early itinerant venders of milk, eggs, fruit, vegetables, caimac, and lollypops—Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Bulgarians, Jews—and all bellowing or screaming to their very utmost. These loud, shrill, harsh, horrible sounds (and I never heard such harsh voices as among the Greeks and Armenians of this place) generally lasted, with little intermission, from 4 o'clock in the morning till 10 A.M. We thought that nothing could well be more detestable than the summer at Pera; we had afterwards to learn that the winter there could be still worse!

As frequently as we could we escaped from our purgatory into the country. Twice we went to the Princes' Islands for a day or two with Joseph Langdon and a few other friends. A steamboat now ran regularly every afternoon to Prinkipo, approaching on her way the contiguous islands of Antigone and Khalki, and returned as regularly to Stamboul on the following morning. This was a great convenience, and had induced many Greek and Armenian families to make this island their summer residence. The little group is picturesque and charming, and Prinkipo, the chief of the group, is really beautiful in itself; but I saw it with the more emotion from my recollections of the past. Just nineteen years ago I was conveyed hither from Pera almost in a dying state, and here I recovered my health. I have always believed that I owed my life to the sweet air and quiet of this island, to the goodness of Madame Von Zuylen de Nyevelt, the lady of the Netherlands ambassador, and to her Swedish physician, who rescued me just in time from the hands of an Irish practitioner. The island was not very quiet now. It was crowded in the habitable part, and evidently frequented by an inferior or coarser set of people than those I had been accustomed to meet here. Of the genteel families of the Fanar, of the graceful and elegant Greek ladies, I could not see a single specimen. If there were any of the latter they must have been travestied and spoiled in French dress and fashions. The village or town by the water's edge was as roughly paved and as filthy as ever; but although many of the wooden houses seemed on the point of falling to pieces, the place had evidently grown somewhat larger. Be-

hind the village, and on the lower slopes of the pleasant green hills, partially covered with low-cut vines, the number of detached villas had increased considerably, and one or two of the traders of Galata were laying out gardens in a somewhat improved style. I saw—above most of these villas—the cool pleasant house in which I had lived. I inquired after my kind Greek hostesses. They were dead: all three of them had gone, long ago, to join the males of the family, whose heads had been cut off by Sultan Mahmoud.

They had spoiled the esplanade called "Magyar," by narrowing it, and building houses upon parts of it. In my time it was kept tolerably clean, but it was now overthronged, and no pains were taken to remove or lay the dust which the Greeks and Armenians kicked up every evening. Just opposite, on the near island of Khalki, close on the margin of the smooth sea, there stood the fine spacious barracks which Sultan Mahmoud was building in 1828. After being occupied some time by troops, the building was, I believe, turned into a school for the army, and then into a naval school. But of late years it has been empty, and entirely neglected, and it will soon go to ruin, without any thought of the large sums that it cost. It was said that one day when he visited the place, Sultan Abdul Medjid's foot slipped on landing, or his *sillictar* or sword-bearer dropped his sword, or some other ill omen happened; and that, therefore, his Highness has never returned to the spot. But, even without ill omens, it is a general and anciently established usage for one Sultan to neglect all the buildings that have been erected by his predecessors, unless it be some mosque. Sultan Selim

shunned the palaces and kiosks built by his predecessor, Sultan Abdul Hamed: Sultan Mahmoud, who followed, shunned all those which had been built by Sultan Selim; and Sultan Abdul Medjid is now neglecting nearly all the edifices erected by his father. It is from this habit that we see so many kiosks fall into ruins before they have had time to grow old.

We also went twice to the village of San Stefano, pleasantly situated on the Sea of Marmora, but which has little else to recommend it. Hither and thither a small steamboat plied daily during the summer season; while a third and much larger boat ran up every evening to the thickly peopled villages on the Bosphorus. Here was decided improvement. The first time we went with Mr. F. T——, and Mr. J. R——. In one of the hottest of days, in the middle of August, I walked with them a long way over the neighbouring country, to find that nearly everything was much as I had left it—that all was barren. We ascended to the hill village of Saffra-keui, and there, in a short but loud thunderstorm, and in the midst of noisy Greeks, and scared hens, and quacking ducks, we speculated on the meagreness of Turkish poultry, the progress of what was called "political reform," and the future prospects of the Ottoman Empire. The high road to Adrianople, which ceases to be a road a mile or two farther on, traversed the undulating plain beneath us; of other roads there was not a trace, nothing on all that wide expanse but rude irregular bridle-paths, which are almost impassable in winter; but from that height we saw the tall chimneys of the iron works, blast-furnace, and cotton mill near Macri-keui, and the immense

enclosures and buildings, and engine-houses for all manner of manufactories *that were to be* at Zeitoun Bournu; the Armenians having, years ago, persuaded the Sultan that the proper way to improve the country was to begin by establishing in it all manner of manufactures, and so prevent the issue of money to England, France, and Germany; and that by importing a hundred or two of foreign workmen, and making them teach their arts to the people of the country, they could soon create a Turkish Manchester and Leeds, a Turkish Birmingham and Sheffield at Zeitoun Bournu, and produce (between that place and Macri-keui) every article that could be needed. Even if the plans had been *honestly* carried out by the Armenians, instead of being turned, as they were, into mere sources of jobbery and *gaspillage*, this would have been preposterous—a putting of the cart before the horse, a beginning at the wrong end with a vengeance! I will merely note here that in a country, with most rich and productive soils, where agriculture might be carried to an almost indefinite extent and variety of production, more than nine-tenths of the *best* land was untilled; that the farming was of the rudest, most primitive style; that agriculture, as a science, was not yet born; that there was not, as I have before observed, a road made in the whole empire; that from a want of a little outlay of money in draining and canalising, vast tracts, not excepting some in the immediate proximity of the capital, close under the walls of Constantinople—not even excepting some of the places here beneath our eye where the Armenian sages had established their works—were desolated by malaria fevers, and rendered absolutely pestilential

during one half of the year. The day that we were up at Saffra-keui, old Mr. H——, the English manager at Macri-keui, was making a grand smoke with his furnaces and tall chimneys; but two or three days later the great fire in the blasting furnace went out for want of coals; and it was never rekindled again for more than six months.

The second time that we went to San Stefano was in company with Mr. Carr, the United States' minister, who had a house in the village, and Mr. N. Davis, from South Carolina, the brother of Dr. Davis, who had charge of the Sultan's Model Farm. We owed the acquaintance of these gentlemen to my old friend Langdon, and through them we became gradually acquainted with the whole American colony at Constantinople. And, thus early, I would gratefully acknowledge that from these Anglo-Americans—one and all—we constantly met with hospitality and acts of kindness. They and I were not always of the same mind on public matters and political systems or theories; but I do not believe that men could disagree in a more agreeable manner. In the village—badly enough lodged heaven knows!—we found Dr. Davis, his lady, and charming young family. The doctor had been in Turkey more than a year, but Mrs. Davis, his brother and children had arrived only a week or two before us. They quartered us in their house, and made us as comfortable as they could. I was much interested in the model farm, which, we understood, was really to serve as a *model*, and to be the nucleus of agricultural development and improvement, and I soon became still more interested in Dr. Davis himself. This seemed to

me the one, sole beginning at the right end; and the doctor, then full of energy and hope, appeared to be the very man to carry out the plan. He had been engaged nearly all his life in agricultural pursuits, in a country whose soil and climate did not very materially differ from these. He had been a planter; he was the son of a planter, the grandson of a planter. As is very common with men of his condition in that part of the United States, he had studied medicine, and had taken his degree at Charleston. His medical knowledge had been useful on his own estates and neighbourhood, and could not fail of being useful here. He had been chiefly engaged at home in the production of cotton, but he had both experimentalised and practised in other branches of agriculture, and he was well known in America as a writer on those subjects. With his near neighbour, Colonel Hampden, of South Carolina, he had paid much attention to stock, and the methods of improving the breeds of horses, cows, sheep, &c.; and as Turkey most deplorably stood in need of these improvements, he understood that their introduction would be one of his important offices at the Model Farm. Altogether he combined practice with science, to that degree which fitted him to be a teacher. He was to have under his care and immediate control, upon the farm itself where practice might go hand in hand with theory, an agricultural school—the pupils to be young men of the country, Turks, Greeks, and Armenians. We found him busily engaged in writing an introductory lecture, and some elementary treatises, which were to be translated by some learned *katib* into Turkish, it being, however, implied that the students

were to learn the English language. All this plan—of which I had heard nothing until we arrived at Constantinople—appeared to me sound and promising, and for some short time I shared in the doctor's bright hopes. Besides a very earnest desire to do that which he thought he had been honestly brought to do, he was moved by the strong impulse which one feels when he has placed nearly his all at stake. He had sold his plantation, and had removed his family to a strange and not very propitious land. He, however, had not done this lightly. The Turkish government, being at first most especially desirous of improving the cultivation of cotton, which was thought to have mainly filled the coffers of Mehemet Ali, and to have enabled the son of the satrap of Egypt to shake the throne of the Sultan, applied to the United States' government, in direct letters addressed to Mr. Buchanan, the foreign secretary, for an American planter of character and ability, competent to take charge of the imperial Model Farm, offering a contract for seven years, with a very liberal salary and handsome provision. After several planters had rejected the proposals, Dr. Davis, partly through a well-intentioned advice of Colonel Hampden, accepted them. It was a governmental affair; and the doctor's contract, as to particulars, was to be signed, and actually *was* signed by Ali Effendi, the Sultan's secretary for foreign affairs, on the one side, and by Mr. Carr, the United States' minister, on the other. Mr. Buchanan testified that Dr. Davis was in all essentials the best man they could send, and the Porte acknowledged the receipt of this letter with warm professions of gratitude. When the doctor arrived at Con-

stantinople, Reschid Pasha, the Grand Vizier, by order of the Sultan gave a dinner to him and Mr. Carr, and treated him with every possible or allowable distinction. The doctor believed that the heart of the Turkish government was in the project. But for ways and means he was referred to the Armenians—the Dadians, who managed the Sultan's gunpowder manufactories, and the manufactories at Zeitoun Bournu and Macri-keui, and heaven knows how many works and projects besides. Here he at once found impediments which he never could have foreseen. Months passed away before they would fix upon a locality for the farm; and farm buildings which, according to promise, ought to have been finished by this time, were scarcely yet begun. The Model Farm had been pointed out to us from Saffra-keui; but we had not been able to see anything more than a broad, unusually compact, regularly shaped field of vivid green, with two or three light green tents pitched near to it. But the doctor had found temporary shelter for himself and family in San Stefano, fourteen agricultural pupils were lodged in the corner of a vast, deserted imperial kiosk near the village; the Armenians had promised despatch up at the farm, and both Reschid Pasha and Ali Effendi had given assurances that all things should be made to go on smoothly and rapidly, and that the Sultan was deeply interested n the experiment.

The farm was situated on the highest part of a very smooth, gently ascending plain, at the distance of about a mile and a half from the village, quite open to the Sea of Marmora, and the prospect of the mountains of Asia Minor and the ridges of Olympus. Hundreds of acres

of good corn land lay all round it, which had not been touched by the plough for ages. They were beginning to raise walls to inclose an immense parallelogram, wherein the doctor intended to erect stables and all the buildings and dependencies of the farm. A dozen or two of skulking, lazy Armenian masons were at work, tapping the stones with their mallets as though they were afraid they should hurt them; and after every ten or twelve taps they laid down their mallets and took rest. On another part of the grounds we found two Bulgarians and eight or ten Turks, who had been engaged as farm labourers, and who were all squatting on their hams, and smoking their pipes under the shade of a rude tent which they had rigged up. The only men we saw really at work were four emancipated negroes, whom the doctor had brought from South Carolina. They had been born on his father's plantation, and had an attachment and fidelity—an affection for the doctor and his children—which were both striking and touching. They were fine, athletic, intelligent men, and incomparably the best agricultural labourers we ever saw in Turkey. On a part of the farm gently shelving down towards a runnel or brook, we came upon a fine cotton field, which was neatly enclosed and very neatly cultivated. The seeds had been of the best of the South Carolina or Georgia cotton, each pod of which contains at least six times as much cotton as a pod of that which is usually cultivated in this country, the quality of the material being as superior as the quantity. Although, through the want of hands and the other delays caused by the Armenian managers, the seed had not been sown until six weeks after the proper time, the

cotton had come up and thriven beautifully, and was now promising a fine harvest. Dr. Davis considered that the experiment had succeeded; that he had fully proved that the best American cotton might be grown here; and that by distributing the seed and showing the people his processes, one great benefit would be conferred on the country. From other fields he had reaped a tolerably good harvest of wheat; and from another a remarkably fine crop of the large, beautifully *white*, savoury, and nutritious Indian corn or maize (Cooke's corn), which has been of late years cultivated with so much success in the Southern States of the American Union, which is there very cheap, and held to be the best of food both for man and horse. Decidedly the sweetest and most nourishing bread we ate in Turkey was made of this Indian corn in the doctor's house; and before we left the country we had some opportunities of seeing what excellent nurture this corn was for horses. Mr. Layard had brought down from Nineveh a young Arabian mare, which, upon leaving for England, he had entrusted to the friendly care of Dr. Davis. The mare arrived at the farm a poor, thin, shambling, weedy creature; but after a few months she was improved out of all knowledge. Another Arabian, sent to Mr. Carr from Syria, had derived equal benefit from the diet of white maize. The doctor's own Turkish horses—though poor under-bred brutes—also got into excellent condition. The food had the effect of making the flesh firm, and of improving the wind. The doctor mentioned as facts well known in his country that Colonel Hampden, who had brought some of the finest horses of England into the Southern States, had improved

them by this diet; and that high-bred English horses thus fed, acquired more speed and more power of endurance than they had had in England. These are matters which well merit attention at home; it is as easy to import the *white* maize as the inferior *yellow*; and from the results that I witnessed I would strongly recommend, not only to breeders of horses and keepers of studs, but also to our bakers and pastrycooks, to try a few experiments without loss of time. The doctor had not yet been able to form a poultry-yard—everything being so difficult here—but he told me he had never seen poultry thrive as they did upon this grain. To a country like Turkey, where the soil and climate nearly everywhere (on an area of thousands of square miles) were admirably adapted to its growth, the introduction of this maize would surely be of immense benefit. I was assured that, with his very light and cheap South Carolina plough, and the fixed but simple system of cultivation he pursued, the doctor had produced on *one* acre more of this corn than the people of the country had produced of the common yellow maize on six acres; and that even without any change of cultivation, and with the slovenly processes of the Turks, Greeks, and Armenians, they might grow on one acre three times more white maize than they grew of the yellow.

From some rough meadows, which were partially inundated in the rainy season, but which had been left in a state of nature for centuries (and to which the doctor had been able to do nothing, this being his first season), very abundant crops of not bad hay had been taken. It will appear incredible, but it is an absolute

fact, that there is scarcely a place in Turkey where they make hay at all. There was not a single hay-rick to be seen anywhere even in the neighbourhood of the capital: we never saw any until we approached Kutayah in Asia Minor. Yes! the Turks were going to make Manchesters and Birminghams, and they absolutely needed to be taught how to make hay! They have no substitute for it. They give chopped straw to their horses; but the cows are left to shift for themselves on the open fields and wild heaths or downs, which are parched up, burned brown by the heats of summer, and boggy, frequently covered with deep snow in the winter. Even in the capital it is difficult to obtain good sweet milk during one half of the year. Of the frequent, and at times terrible destruction of stock from want of winter food, I shall have frequently occasion to speak hereafter.

Sitting down with my friend on the highest part of the ground, which is nowhere very many feet above the level of the Propontis, on some loose stones that were to form part of his dwelling-house, partially shaded from the evening sun by a green Turkish tent-cloth, and having Mount Olympus facing us, and the whole farm under our eye, we dwelt upon the possible progress of agriculture, by which—and by which alone—the country was really to be improved. The doctor had been induced to believe that many of the obstructions and delays had been owing to the prolonged absence of Hohannes Dadian, the real manager-in-chief of all these new enterprises. "I hope," said the doctor, "that you will stop and see us through another season. We are at the very beginning; we have scarcely broken ground yet. But come back in four or five years, and, if these

Turks and Armenians keep their contract with me, you will see what I shall have made of this farm. I will have those meadows covered with fine cattle; I will have an improved breed of horses: this wide, bare, sun-burned common will be enclosed and cultivated for produce as well as experiment. The farm then will not only pay its expenses, but render a good profit to the Sultan. I shall have turned out some of these young men qualified to teach others. The common farmers of the country will have improved. They are not so bad and by no means so stupid as they are thought. A good many of them have come from a long distance to watch my operations, and to obtain ploughs like my South Carolinas, and seed of this cotton, and white maize to sow. The Sultan and Grand Vizier have ordered that all these things should be distributed among the country-people, and at first gratuitously, in order to give improvement an impetus, and to encourage the people to quit their old routine. I have given away a few of my ploughs already; some have gone up the country towards Adrianople: I have also distributed some seed; but I have no stock to give away; and, simple as they are, I cannot get Mr. H—— down at Macri-keui to make the iron-work for the ploughs. But Hohannes Dadian is coming."

He explained the mode in which he intended to lay out the farm. He had traced out the line of a good broad road from the centre, where we were sitting, down to the village of San Stefano and its little harbour: behind us, on the opposite gentle slope, this road was to be continued until it struck the high road to Adrianople, which formed on one side the boundary of the estate:

another broad road, cutting this one at right angles, and running along the front of the homestead and farm buildings, on a line parallel with the sea-coast, was to traverse the whole length of the estate: there was to be a number of smaller roads and cross-roads to give easy access to all the principal enclosures and subdivisions. All these roads were to be properly made and Macadamized, limestone and other good materials lying all about, and granite and coarse marble being easily procurable. The principal roads were to be planted with trees, each with a row on either side of it. These would form cool, beautiful avenues, and be in other respects of immense advantage. The estate had not a tree—had scarcely a bush on its whole surface; and the neighbouring country was for fifty or sixty miles equally bare. Trees would generate and attract and retain that humidity for the want of which the country was so bare and burned from the end of May to the beginning of September. In that period of the old Greek empire when all this coast of the Propontis from the walls of Constantinople to Selyvria was a pleasant fertile country, abounding with towns and villages, and dotted all over with villas, some traces of which are still to be met by the attentive observer at almost every three or four hundred yards, the region was well planted. Diligent plantation would soon bring back the necessary moisture, and shade, and pleasantness; and these broad plains would no longer look in summer-time like an Arabian desert. Here and there, on the broad surface of the estate, the doctor intended to plant clumps of trees in our park fashion; and he had set aside some acres near the house or rather near the spot where the

house was to be, to serve as a *pépinière* or nursery-ground, whereon all the varieties of the most useful and of the most ornamental trees were to be raised, and a stock of young plants constantly kept for distribution. All over Turkey there is either too much wood or no wood at all. The Turks have been too lazy to clear the matted forests, and too lazy and ignorant to plant the bare places. Except the cypresses, it may be doubted whether they have set a tall-growing tree in the ground since they conquered the country from the Greeks. My earnest friend felt that no very great advance could be made in agriculture in this district without plantations; but Hohannes Dadian had promised that by the fall of the year he should have twenty thousand young trees from the European side of the Black Sea and from the opposite hills of Asia Minor to distribute over the farm and to stock his *pépinière*; and this would surely be a good beginning. The Sylva of the country is very rich and varied—Turkey produces plane trees which are rivalled nowhere, and many other beautiful trees which are nowhere surpassed. And then the Sultan, or his ministers for him, had intimated that plants that were wanting might be purchased in all the best nurseries of Europe. Sitting on that rough stone, screened by that dirty green rag of cloth, I saw my friend's visions realized; that void space was dotted by groves waving in the evening breeze—that bare, cracked expanse of drab-coloured soil—those glaring garish slopes were traversed by shady avenues and covered with verdure, as much hotter places are, just across the Sea of Marmora, where the country is studded with trees. A

glance to my left disturbed the pleasant vision. In the hollow, towards Stamboul, at the distance of a bare mile from the spot on which we were seated, there was a swamp, a tract of marshy land, a narrow tract now, or having little visible water upon it, but at other seasons I had seen the water stretching almost as far as the village of Macri-keui, and I knew too well that a river or *fiumaro* that ought to drain the upper country was choked at its mouth by broad sand-banks which had been allowed to accumulate for centuries. It could not be other than a caldron of malaria. "But," said Dr. Davis, "the miasma will not much injure us up here; and I have shown them how easy it is to give a free course to the water into the Sea of Marmora, and when Hohannes Dadian comes *that* will be drained."

We had pleasant society at San Stefano. It was here, in the house of Mr. Carr, that I first met Dr. Horatio Southgate, bishop of the Anglican Church in the United States. This enterprising gentleman had travelled over nearly the whole of the Ottoman empire, together with some parts of Persia, and altogether he had resided nearly twelve years in Turkey. He read and spoke with fluency the Turkish language and the modern Greek. He had written, and had published at New York, three interesting volumes of travels. I found his conversation quite as interesting as his books. He abounded with information, and was always ready to impart it. I was indebted to him for many details respecting the state of Turkish society in the remote provinces in Asia, the workings of the system of reform, and the general condition of the empire, all drawn from personal and repeated observation, and patient inquiry.

Dr. Southgate's books and his conversation had certainly the effect of dissipating some of those dreams in which I still indulged. "This young Sultan," said he, "is mild and kind; but his education in the harem has been most defective. Now he lives almost entirely in his harem, and is governed by the caprices of women, who are not only emptying his treasury by their extravagance, but ruining his mind and body. And this is the life he has been leading ever since he ascended the throne as a boy of sixteen. Truth can seldom penetrate the walls of the imperial harem, and the most enlightened of his ministers stand in dread of the intrigues of his women and eunuchs. Although he has made two or three short tours he really knows nothing of the wants and miseries of his country. They hoodwink him wherever he goes. The places and districts through which he passes are dressed up for the occasion, like mere scenic representations. He means well, as far as his very limited knowledge allows. So *perhaps* do two or three of his present ministers But they have no instruments to work with. The employés of government are as corrupt and rapacious as ever they were, and, whenever they are at a distance from the centre of government, and the criticisms of the European ambassadors and consuls, they are just as oppressive and cruel. Now and then you may find an exception; but I never knew a *good* Pasha to be left long in his place. As for this *Tanzimaut*, which prescribes something like an equal treatment of Mussulman and Christian and Jewish subjects, it is an inconsistency and an impracticability in nine cases out of ten, *so long as they adhere to the Mahometan law*; but go over into

Asia, and at the distance of a day's journey from the capital, you will find that the 'beautiful ordonnance' counts for nothing at all. These precipitate Turkish reformers have built without a basis. They do not rely upon the old religious feeling of the Turks: they are doing all they can to uproot it; that feeling has been going rapidly these twelve years, and is now almost gone. They have not substituted any other religious feeling. They have been mixing up the spirit of Voltaireism with the forms of Mahometanism. They have been patching up an Oriental system with shreds and fragments of various European systems. There is no congruity: the opposite qualities will never blend together." Dr. Southgate and his family lived all the year round at San Stefano, happy now in the society of that little American colony, and happy at all times to be quiet and retired, and well away from the irksome, pompous, yet most frivolous society of Pera.

Another of our excursions was to the village of Therapia, on the Bosphorus, where Lord Cowley was residing. In order to see the country, which I had been told had undergone great improvements, we went by land. The track, impudently called a road, was as I had left it in the autumn of 1828. It was dry and dusty, abounding in deep holes and ruts made almost invisible by the thickly lying dust. Some bold people did venture to go along it in four-wheeled carriages during the dry weather; but in the winter the dust is mud, and many a slough of despond interdicts such travelling, and renders it exceedingly difficult to make the journey on horseback. To the left we looked over solitude and desolation, but to the right the views of the

Bosphorus, and the hills and opening valleys of Asia, were exquisitely fresh and beautiful. I thanked heaven that I could see them once more, and that, notwithstanding the wear and tear of the world, I could enjoy their beauties as keenly as I did twenty long years ago. We descended into the ravine above Therapia, where, in addition to other distressing maladies, I caught that intermittent fever which so nearly sent me to the grave; we passed the house—then a pleasant one, but now shut up and deserted—where my old friend C. Z. nursed me in part of my sickness, and we came down to the busy port, and the roughly paved but cool quays along the Bosphorus, where the splashing of the strong current and the fresh breezes blowing down from the Euxine revived us after the baking and broiling we had undergone. Once more I saluted the Giant's Mount as he stood before us in his majesty—standing as a sentry of Asia over the turbulent Black Sea. Over in Asia, close by the Hunkiar Eskellessi, or the "Sultan's landing place," where, in 1833, in consequence of the conquests in Syria and the triumphant march of Ibrahim Pasha through Asia Minor, Sultan Mahmoud had been compelled to sign a very humiliating treaty with the Tzar of Russia, they were building—I believe at the old satrap's own expense—a spacious yolli or summer palace for Mehemet Ali. It was quite sure that neither the old Pasha of Egypt nor his stricken son (or adopted son) Ibrahim would ever inhabit the house or even visit the spot; but it was the fashion for every great dignitary of the state to have a yolli on the Bosphorus, and so one was in course of erection for the ruler of the land of Egypt as a striking proof of his fealty. Near

at hand the Russian troops had raised a rude stone obelisk, with an inscription importing that they had acted the part of good allies, and rescued the Sultan from his rebellious vassal. And so doubtful and so careless were England and the other great powers about the fate of Turkey at that crisis, that, but for the arrival of the Russian fleet and army, Ibrahim and his Egyptians, Syrians, and Arabs might have marched on without further hindrance or check to Stamboul, the "Well Defended," and have taken it upon summons.

CHAPTER III.

Constantinople — Mild Administration of the Penal Laws — Executions now very rare in the Capital — Beheading an Armenian Renegade — An Armenian Murderer — Dr. Paleologus and his Intrigues with Turkish Ladies — Bishop Southgate — The Pashas in the Provinces as cruel as in 1828 — Increase of Crime at Constantinople — An infamous Law Court — The Priest-robber, Papas Lollio — The Passport System — Turkish Censorship on Books — Armenian War upon English Bibles — Custom-House Annoyances — Maximum Prices fixed by Government, &c., &c.

THE most striking of the Turkish changes is that which has taken place in the administration of the penal laws. A few years ago all the sentences were summary, and the punishments dreadful. Capital punishments were astonishingly frequent, and seemed to be regarded with the utmost indifference by all classes of Mussulmans. It was not often that you could go by the gate of the Seraglio without seeing a ghastly exhibition of bleeding heads; somewhere or other—in the capital, or in the provinces, the yataghan or the bow string was constantly at work. If a Turk made any observation about these sanguinary proceedings it was merely to say that Sultan Mahmoud was a very powerful king; and then he would slightly shrug his shoulders, and talk about kismet (destiny). They were all familiarized with the sight of blood, and this no doubt tended to increase the popular ferocity. On the accession of the present Sultan a milder spirit, on the part of government, began to mani-

fest itself. As executions became rare—and they became rarer every year—the Turks began to consider them with emotion, and even with horror; the old indifference to the sight of blood departed from them: they spoke with astonishment of the frequent executions they had been in the habit of witnessing a few years ago. The case of the unhappy Armenian renegade will be still fresh in the recollection of Christendom. This man had renounced his religion, and embraced Islam, and after living for some years as a Mussulman, he had renounced the Prophet, and had sought a reconciliation with the Christian Church of his fathers. By the Koran, and all its commentators, by law, and by usage, the punishment of death must inevitably follow such backsliding; once a Mahometan, and always a Mahometan, or certain death was the brief dogma, not only of the Osmanlees, but of all the professors of Islamism. Great efforts were made to save this man's life; the young Sultan was known to be averse to his execution, but the Sheik ul Islam, and all the fanatics of Constantinople, insisted that, in so solemn a case as this, the law must take its course; and in the end, the poor Armenian was led out to be executed. But instead of running to the horrid spectacle and exulting at it, the Turks ran away from the spot, and shut themselves up in their houses, and the man who was constrained to act the part of executioner fainted when he had performed his office. Twenty years ago heads were cut off with *gaieté de cœur*.

Only a short time before my arrival at Constantinople, an Armenian murdered a Turk in the village of San Stefano. It was a sad and revolting story: the

Armenian was a man of lost character and of the most depraved habits; old Mehemet, the Turkish victim, was an honest, industrious caïquejee (or boatman); he was an especial favourite with the Franks who frequented that village, he was a favourite with his own people, with the Greeks, and, indeed, with all classes; for he was always cheerful, punctual, and obliging. One evening as Mehemet was passing one of the coffee-houses of San Stefano, near the sea, he heard the cries and screams of a Christian boy; rushing into the place, he saw the ill-famed Armenian, whose choler had been excited by circumstances too disgusting to be mentioned, beating the boy in a cruel manner. As the villain had drawn a knife, the people in the house, who were chiefly Greeks, were afraid of interfering: but old Mehemet boldly stepped up, and with some gentle expostulation placed himself between the boy and the Armenian. Upon this the ruffian plunged his knife into the bowels of the poor boatman; Mehemet fell, and then the Armenian inflicted several wounds on the boy, threw down the knife, and made an attempt to escape. He was, however, seized, and through the exertions of the Franks of the village he was so secured that there was no further chance of his escaping from justice. Dr. Davis hastened to the coffee-house, but, before he could arrive, old Mehemet had breathed his last. The murderer had some powerful friends, and the Armenians generally were eager to save his life. Petitions were poured in to the Sultan, and the young Sovereign shrunk with horror at the thought of another execution. It was soon known throughout Constantinople and the neighbourhood,

that the Sultan wished the life of the villain to be spared: overtures were made to the family and relatives of the murdered man. If they would take the compensation for blood and life, in money, a round sum would be paid to them; the wealthy Armenians, on such an occasion, and to screen the character of their community, would freely open their purses. Such propositions were repeated over and over again, but although the family and connexions of the boatman were all poor people, not one of them would listen to such a composition. They all dwelt upon the heinousness of the Armenian's offence, they all united in the cry of "Blood for blood." It was said that if only one of them had accepted the proposed terms, the Sultan (whose lenity may be thought to run into excess) would have commuted the inevitable sentence of death into one of imprisonment for life in the Bagnio. But, as matters stood, the law must take its course. When the Armenian was led out for execution nobody could be found that would perform the part of executioner; all the Turks decamped: there was a general run-a-race. At last, a man was pressed into the service: he struck with a trembling hand, and when he had finished his work his face was almost as pale and ghastly as that of the beheaded Armenian. There were very few spectators; but the kindred of the old boatman had collected on the spot, and they walked with their bare feet through the pool of blood, and then departed with many Mashallahs! (God is great.)

Since my arrival in the country, there had been another flagrant case, in which it might be supposed the prejudices of the Turks would have been most violently

inflamed. Paleologus was a Christian—a Greek. In his youth he had wandered into Europe, and had found his way to Paris; Reschid Pasha, at that time ambassador to Louis Philippe, found the youth in that capital, penniless and in a starving condition; he took him into his house, and fed and clothed him, and finding or thinking that there was a great promise of ability in him, he set him to study the European languages and the science of medicine. Paleologus took his degree of M.D., and in due time returned to the East, where Reschid Pasha continued to be his patron and protector. He lived chiefly in the Vizier's house, and, through that patronage, he obtained plenty of employment as a physician. But Paleologus, during his sojourn in Paris, had studied other things besides medicine; he was a finished petit-maître, a dandy in his dress and manners: and he had set himself up as *un homme à bonnes fortunes*. In the French fashion he had more pleasure in boasting of his success, than in obtaining his conquests and in enjoying the fruits of them. Chiefly through his own vain boastings, he was discovered in a double intrigue. Both ladies were of rank—at least each was wife to a member of the present government. Upon the discovery being made, our French-nurtured Greek behaved in the most unmanly, in the basest manner. He turned accuser and denouncer: he betrayed his friends and his agents, and instead of screening one of the ladies, which he might have done, he revealed all the particulars of that amour. That frail lady, a Circassian, threw herself into the deep Bosphorus by night. Perhaps she thought that, according to the practice of former times, a sack would

be her shroud, and the sea her grave (or that she would be tied up in a sack and drowned), or it might be that she was maddened by shame and remorse, or by the conviction that she had been betrayed by her Christian paramour, and had for ever lost her position with her Turkish husband. As it was Ramazan, and as the Osmanlees sit up far into the night at this season, the boatmen of the house were awake, smoking their pipes, by the side of the channel. They heard the splash, they saw the form of a female, and they reached it in time to save the frail one from drowning. All these facts, which were very soon known, caused a great excitement among the Turks. Some of them said this was a natural consequence of copying the manners of the Franks. Some thought that Paleologus could not escape death, whatever might be the fate of the two ladies. Yet how did it all end? In no more than this—Paleologus was exiled to the island of Candia (Crete)—the fair Circassian was sent, or was said to be sent, away to Trebizond, and the other lady, being divorced in the simple, short, summary manner of the Mussulmans, was sent home to her mother, on the other side of the Bosphorus. A few years ago not one of the three would have had any chance of escaping death. Rumours were spread that the brothers and cousins of the ladies were mad with fury against the Greek doctor, and hints were given that Paleologus would not live very long in the place of his exile; but if the doctor should be cut off, it would not be by the law, or by the will of the Sultan, or government. There were also reports that the husband of the Circassian, being very uxorious, and still enamoured of his beautiful wife,

would soon take her back again—if, indeed, he had not done so already. The starch Turks, the enemies of all reform and of all change, twisted their moustachios, turned up the whites of their eyes, wondered what things were coming to, and complained of the decay of morality. Alas! that there should be vices among them compared with which the crime of Paleologus becomes a virtue. In this particular one of these two duped and wrathful husbands was said to be about the worst-famed man in all Stamboul.

On extending my travels a little I very soon found that the comparative gentleness of the Mussulmans did not entirely spring from the disuse of capital punishments; that the mercy of government was local, and limited in a great measure to the capital; and that, as Dr. Southgate had asserted, the rulers in the provinces could be as oppressive and as cruel as ever.

There was certainly a fearful increase of crime at Constantinople. Many here, like my friend at Smyrna, thought that this was chiefly attributable to the too great leniency of the government. I believe it rose rather from a too great and sudden influx of population in the capital (partly from foreign countries and partly at the expense and draining of the provinces), from an inefficient police, which was at once *corrupt*, indolent, and stupid, and from that general demoralization which always attends the decay and decomposition of a country. Here too it was very confidently asserted by many that the transgressors were almost entirely British-protected subjects, or Maltese, or Ionian Greeks. But the assertion was absurd. The Christian side of the Golden Horn swarmed with the Hellenic

subjects of King Otho, who counted many desperadoes among them, and, heaven knows! the Greek subjects of the Sultan now dwelling in the capital are far indeed from being the honestest and quietest of people. Then again, over in Constantinople Proper, among the Turks themselves, unwonted robberies and assassinations were now and then heard of in spite of all the care taken to conceal them.

The *Christian* part of the suburbs certainly seemed in the way of becoming uninhabitable for decent, quiet people. It was not safe to go after sunset through the lower streets of Galata and Tophana unless you went armed and attended. Nocturnal housebreaking, street robberies, and the like, did not stop down by the water-side, they ascended the diplomatic hill of Pera. Between the 8th of August and the 7th of September we had them every night, as regularly as the fires. It was a revival of Juvenal's ancient Rome by night. I know not how many murders or stabbings were crowded in that brief space of time. I have noted in my journal the two which made the most noise. A Russian, in passing the corner of a street, was stabbed and robbed, and this at an hour when the shops were yet open, and plenty of people in the streets. Nobody interfered or made any effort to seize the assassins. The wounded man mustered strength enough to walk to the door of a coffee-house kept by a Greek Rayah. The Greeks within, seeing the blood pouring from his side, and dreading to be committed if he should be found there by the police, bleeding to death, or dead, threw him headlong out of the shop, and closed the door upon him. The Russian fell on the hard, sharp stones of the street,

and there died. A few nights after this, a French officer perished in the same way. Monsieur Gros was second surgeon on board the French steam-frigate 'Le Cuvier:' as he was returning alone one evening to his boat which he had left by the wharf at Tophana, he was assailed in the principal street of Galata by three men, who sprang upon him from a dark corner, and who did not leave him until each of them had more than once plunged his knife or dagger into his body. M. Gros, badly wounded as he was, crawled to the wharf, got into his boat, and returned to his ship. For a day or two hopes were entertained of his recovery; but an awful gash in the lower bowels proved mortal, and he now lies in the French burying-ground. Here jealousy was said to be the motive of the vile assassination; but it should appear that the love of plunder went hand-in-hand with the passion of revenge; for I was told that M. Gros's watch and purse were both gone. In each of these cases numerous arrests were made, but without leading to any discovery of the real murderers. Many complained that there was no getting voluntary evidence from any party, not hesitating to say that confessions ought to be extracted by the bastinado and acuter tortures, as had been practised only a few years ago. But there was different ground of complaint. The Turkish authorities and police made a broad cast of the net, not looking at their intended prey, but catching all they could, and keeping the most innocent in prison until they paid for their liberation. In numerous instances men were said to have been arrested solely because they could afford to *pay*, and in all probability would *pay* a good sum to avoid the disgrace

and the danger of being sent to a horrible, pestilential prison. It was notorious that several thriving, decent men were seized, and that a set of beggarly ruffians, to whom suspicion might very well attach, were never in any way molested.

If such things could happen in the capital, it may be conceived that the course of justice did not run very smooth in the distant pashaliks. No doubt a good many of our Ionians and Maltese who deserved punishment got off scot-free. But it is to be feared that in too many cases sentences were passed upon the evidence of paid false witnesses, who swarm here, and that innocent men were punished as guilty. By our old capitulations (as in the case of France, Austria, and other Christian powers) our subjects of all degrees when detected or suspected were to be given up to our consuls, and not to be subjected to the Turkish law, but to be tried in our manner. As the number of our protected subjects increased so greatly, this was felt as a great inconvenience. Our consuls could not stow away so many prisoners. To try them, without any aid of lawyers, and too often without any knowledge of law, was ticklish work, and might at times prove dangerous; and where could they send those they condemned, for their imprisonment, transportation, or execution? They could not send them anywhere or dispose of them in any manner without entailing heavy expenses. And to whom were these expenses to be charged? To the island of Malta?—No! To Corfu, Zante, and Cephalonia?—No! Then the expenses could be borne only by the English people, who might very rationally murmur at them. Besides, the Turks had long been

complaining that mere consular law was an insufficient check, and of late they had been insisting that, *since their administration of justice had been purified and rendered so humane*, England might very well leave her protected subjects to be tried by a Turkish court. And by a recent arrangement the peccant Ionians and Maltese were handed over to a Turkish court, it being however provided that the British consul should attend at the trials and see fair play. Unfortunately we have hardly ever a consul in the country that understands the languages spoken in it, and generally these high functionaries are above this kind of work, and indeed any kind of work that entails a sacrifice of ease and comfort. Our consul-general at Stamboul was said never to attend the trials. The over-worked vice-consul had no time; and, judging from what I saw myself, the whole duty of attendance in court devolved on a Perote drogoman attached to the consulate, who appeared to me to possess neither the ability nor the firm integrity essential to the proper discharge of such offices. Without believing the hundredth part of the complaints and stories told by the Maltese and Ionians, I can still credit that there were many cases in which they did not get fair play, and some in which it might suit the Perote drogoman to be careless or indifferent, if not worse. I should be sorry to have the character of my dog dependent on the pleadings of such an advocate, or the decisions of such a court.

Highway robberies, which had been so rare, were now frequently heard of. Twice within a week, over in Asia, couriers were stopped and robbed; and a little later the poor courier who was going from Constanti-

nople to Belgrade was robbed and murdered. Bands were reported to have taken the field at various and distant points. One of them in the European provinces had recently given many proofs not only of its existence, but also of its activity.

Roumelia was ringing with the exploits and atrocities of a Papas or priest, who surpassed the Abbé de Watteville, and may rival Don Ciro Anicchiarico, the celebrated Neapolitan priest-robber. Even in this country, where all the passions are violent, and sudden plunges into guilt and blood of frequent occurrence, the deeds of this man excited astonishment and horror.

Papas Lollio was born and brought up in a Greek village between Heraclea and Adrianople. In time he became the leading priest of the district. For many years his life did not differ from that of the generality of the Greek clergy: he rigidly kept the interminable, constantly recurring fasts of his church; he got devoutly drunk at the feasts of the Virgin and all other high festivals; he abused the Roman Church and the Armenian; and he extracted piastres or paras from the ignorant and superstitious peasantry wherever and whenever he could. He was great against ghosts and evil spirits, and infernal vampires; no demon could withstand his exorcisms. He was, every inch, a village papas, and was respected conformably. All things went well with him until about two years and a half ago, when his wife died and he became hotly enamoured of another woman. There were who said that his love for this other woman began some time before his wife's death, and that that death was brought about by a subtle poison administered by the holy man.

As soon as decency permitted Papas Lollio applied to his suffragan, the Bishop of Heraclea, for a dispensation allowing him to marry again. By the severe canons of the Greek Church a papas can only marry once in his life-time; and if his first wife die he must pass the remainder of his days in solitary widowhood. Dispensations are, however, now and then granted; and some do say that they may *nearly* always *be bought*. The Bishop of Heraclea, however, positively refused to grant any such dispensation to Papas Lollio, and Lollio went mad with rage and fury at his refusal. Cutting off his long beard he put it in his *cannilaf* or sacerdotal cap, and sent beard and cap to the Bishop. This was declaring, in an energetic manner, that he no longer considered himself a priest. He then clapped a red skull-cap and a rakish many-coloured turban on his head, put pistols and yataghan into his girdle, slung a carbine across his shoulders, and with two comrades of congenial spirit, took to the roads and began to live at large. Either by force or of her own free will the woman he had wanted to marry followed him from his village; and she was said to be still living with him. Papas Lollio was soon heard of as one of the most desperate brigands that had ever infested the country. It should appear from the multitude of assassinations and robberies committed, that he must have increased the number of his band. When every attempt to seize him had failed, the Bishop of Heraclea ordered Strati, the Exarque of Kalivria, to hunt him down, and at any price to get possession of his person, dead or alive. The poor Exarque, obedient to the Bishop, exerted himself very strenuously, and although he could

not catch the nimble-footed robber, he gave him and his comrades great uneasiness. Hereupon the Papas swore that he would take bloody vengeance on the Exarque. About three months ago Strati was absent from his home pursuing Lollio or concerting measures by which he might either be caught in a trap or starved into a surrender. The too-confident Exarque left in his house at Kalivria his son, a young man of five-and-twenty, his son's bride, a pretty young woman, and some thirty-five thousand Turkish piastres, the savings of his whole life. One night when the village was buried in sleep Papas Lollio and his comrades burst into this house, killed the watch-dog, and gagged all the inmates. The first research was for the money, which, as usual, was hid. To force confession of the hiding place the Papas had recourse to torture. With the flint of his gun he brutally lacerated the soles of the feet, the legs, arms, and breast of the young bride. Tenacious of the money, and having wonderful fortitude and powers of endurance, the Exarque's daughter-in-law resisted a very long time; but at last her anguish wrung from her the disclosure of the hiding place. Papas Lollio rushed to the spot and found the treasure. He then returned to the young woman he had so barbarously tortured, and plunged his yataghan into her bowels. At the same time one of his band did the like by her husband, the unlucky Exarque's son. The next morning disclosed a scene of horror to the people of Kalivria. When the facts reached the ears of the Turkish authorities of the district, high consultations were held, and a terrible stir was made all over the country. Many persons were arrested and thrown into

the prison of Ouzoon-Keupri; but neither Papas Lollio nor any one of his band could be caught. They had gained the mountains and forests and were safe. The Exarque Strati and his kinsmen, and the kinsmen of his slaughtered daughter-in-law, had dipped their handkerchiefs in the blood of the two young victims, had taken the vow to have blood for blood, and neither to shave their beards nor know repose until they had caught the diabolical Papas and put him to death; but those who knew the wild nature of the country and the agility and cunning of Lollio, were of opinion that the beards of the Strati would be very long before the priest-robber was overtaken.

The passport system was of no effect either in preventing crime or in detecting or securing the criminals. If it has not been found to have had any such effect in populous and civilized countries, it can hardly be expected to produce any in a wild most thinly peopled country like Turkey, where there are no high roads, and where scarcely anybody knows how to read. Here any man may use another man's passport, or present, with scarcely any risk of detection, a passport a year old, and made for a totally different route, except in the large towns, which can always be avoided or entered clandestinely. Twenty years ago I pointed out the uselessness of this system, which Sultan Mahmoud was then introducing for the first time at the instigation of some of his French and Italian advisers. It was then only in its infancy, and yet was very odious to the Mussulmans, and now and then very oppressive to the Rayah subjects. But it has now grown into a full-sized grievance. Nobody is allowed to move for even a

short distance without a teskerè or pass, which is not to be obtained without paying for it; and, once having been made a source of revenue and of private jobbery and profit, this grievance will not be very speedily abated. Compared with what we had to give for signing and counter-signing our passports in other countries, it was a small matter that we had to pay at the teskerè office; but the sum was of importance to the poor people, and the Rayah peasant in the provinces was often made to pay double the prescribed fee.

In another respect the march of Frank civilization was far from being pleasant. Twenty years ago a traveller might take on shore whatever he thought proper, and might move his baggage from place to place without being molested by custom-house officers or any of that irksome family. Now we could not embark a small portmanteau and a carpet bag for the Princes' Islands or San Stefano without being hailed and stopped by dirty little Turks with sticks in their hands. We generally got out of the difficulty by giving *backshish*. If you refused to bribe, they hauled your effects away to the custom-house, and made you lose the steamer, or incur another expense by keeping your hired caïque waiting. The number of these creatures of prey must be very great: I believe they lived entirely on their bribes. But sometimes, on returning to Constantinople, this species of bribery would not carry one through. In Tophana and Galata the cavasses and soldiers would stop the Armenian hamals or porters carrying the luggage, and kick them and thrash them soundly if they had not a custom-house teskerè to show for it. This had so worked upon the feelings of the hamals that

they would hardly carry the smallest parcel for you from the wharfs to Pera (or even from one house to another *in* Pera) unless you went through all the forms and submitted to all the delay. Thus was departed one of the few real comforts the traveller had enjoyed in the Ottoman dominions. The Turks said that all this was *alla Franga*—quite Frank fashion—according to the usage of civilized nations. "Ha!" said an old Frank merchant of the place, "you see what comes of civilizing Turks. People have been putting fiscal notions and European systems into their heads. They cling to the worst of these; and, as they are now so poor, they render them more oppressive." There was, however, another reason: the customs nearly all over the empire were farmed by the sharp Armenian seraffs, who paid for them fixed annual sums to government, and who of course made by them as much money as they possibly could—not but that they were constantly robbed by the understrappers of their own race and by the Turks they were obliged to employ.

I have some reason to remember the close, confined, utterly confused and riotous custom-house down at Galata, which a short-sighted man could scarcely approach without the danger of getting his eyes knocked out by the queer long poles of the hamals or by the bars of iron they were carrying; and in which one could hardly stand without the risk of getting his legs broken by the rude stupid porters who were rolling and tossing bales and cases in all directions, and without the slightest attention to the personal safety of any one. In clearing our baggage, the second day after our arrival, from the Vassitei Tidjaret, the Turks, though

tolerably well backshished, stopped a case, which contained books and maps for our own private use, together with a small supply of English writing-paper, and a few articles of no value or use except to the owner, but necessary and indispensable to me. They carried the wooden case away to their horrible dogana. Upon inquiring the reason, I was told, to my astonishment, that this too was *alla Franga*; that they knew that I was not a dealer, and that the books, &c. were for my private use, and would be carried away with me back to England; but that the Porte some time ago had thought it expedient and proper and conducive to *morality* to establish a censorship or a board to examine all the books that were brought into the country, and that my books must pass through this ordeal before I could have them. I believe that this beautiful regulation was passed before the enlightened Reschid Pasha was prime minister, but now, that it was enforced with more rigour than ever, he was Grand Vizier, and well acquainted with the practice. I believe that the mention of morality drew from me a bitter smile, for I knew, before now, the prevailing morals of the place, and, this time, I had already seen shops in Galata and Pera plentifully stocked with the most demoralizing and obscene of the spawnings of the modern press of Paris. My books consisted of a few historical works, some volumes of old travellers, and a few books of reference, mostly in English—a language as yet known to very, *very* few of the Sultan's subjects, of whose *morals* the government was taking so much care. I mentioned the detention of my case to a gentleman up in Pera, who happened to be a great friend (or so he told me) of the Bey over in Constanti-

nople, that was censor-in-chief. With Perote politeness he volunteered his services, promising to go to the learned Turk (who did not know a word of English), and get my poor imprisoned books released immediately; and who kept his promise as Perotes do. I repeatedly mentioned the circumstance in the presence and hearing of two other Perotes who were engaged as drogomans in the service of England, and who were well paid for doing very little. They said it was *très ennuyant—très bête de la part des Turques*; but they volunteered no assistance. When I saw Lord Cowley I told him of my misadventure, and he promised to send one of the cavasses of the embassy to liberate the case. This cavass I never saw. His Lordship very probably forgot so trifling a matter; and then it was not diplomatic but consular business. I next applied in form to Mr. Comberbach, the consul-general. To my polite note I received no answer; but on the next day an understrapping drogoman of the consulate came and told me that he had orders to act, and that if I would send my son with him down to Galata he would recover the books, which were not liable to any duty, and which ought not to have been detained so long. On a broiling day my boy went down to the custom-house, and toiled up the Pera hill again, and came back without the books. The man sitting at the receipt of customs had bullied the drogoman, and had told him that the case had gone over to Constantinople, and that he must wait until it was sent back again by the revising Bey. Some days after this we met the drogoman in the streets of Pera, and he asked us very coolly whether we had recovered our case. Upon my telling him that I had not, and that I was greatly

inconvenienced for the want of it, and was going to speak to the Vice-Consul, he affected much concern, and marched down again to the dogana, taking my son with him. The answer they got this time was, that the Bey had not had time to examine the books, and that they might come again in a few days. Of the consular drogoman we saw nothing more. My son had two or three more fruitless marches to the custom-house. At last—after twenty days' delay and inconvenience—we passed by the dogana one morning, and were told that the books were there, and that we might have them. One of the custom-house officers led us through the dangerous ground-floor, and conducted us to a room up stairs, where we saw our poor case broken open, with the books tossed into it quite *alla Turca*. There was another and a larger case standing close by, and addressed to somebody up in Pera. It was opened and disordered like our own; and, in a corner of the room, thrown on the dirty, dusty floor, were a number of volumes which had been abstracted from it, and which there was no intention of restoring to it. The Turk, who spoke a little lingua Franca, brought us a parcel of those books from the corner, saying "*Non passare! non star buono!*" These interdicted volumes were translations of the New Testament in Turkish, Armenian, and modern Greek, published by our London Bible Society. I asked the man why they could not pass—why he called them not good. He replied like a parrot, "*Non star buono! Star Protestante! Star buono per fogo!*" I told him that I was a Protestant, and that those books had been printed in my country. He repeated, "*Protestante non star buono!*" Here another secret oozed out. The intolerant Armenians,

who were supreme over all the custom-houses, and who had earnestly recommended the establishment of this censorship, had turned the machinery to their own purpose, being alarmed at the progress made by the American missionaries in bringing over some of their own people to Protestantism. This custom-house officer was a Mussulman, an illiterate, ignorant Turk; what did he know of the difference between Protestantism and Catholicism, or of any of the divisions of the Christian Church? Assuredly nothing. The Turks had only recently learned the word *Protestante*; and to them—or to the believers and bigots among them—all denominations of Christians were ghiaour, were birds of a feather, or swine of the same hide and bristles. This new notion must have been put into their heads by the Armenians, who may, however, have been aided by some of the Frank bigots of Catholicism living in Pera. The censorship had been first recommended to the Porte upon other grounds, and as a state measure and a branch of political police. The Greek subjects of King Otho were said to be inundating Turkey with Greek books and pamphlets, calculated to excite the Greek subjects of the Sultan to revolt and rebellion against his paternal government. "Stop the introduction of these wicked books, and you will be safe," said the Armenians. I was told that the Bey, who played the part of censor-in-chief, was aided and assisted by certain Armenians who had some skill in the languages of Europe, and by a renegade Greek priest who could read the Romaïc. During our stay the Bey was removed to some other and totally different office, and one of the journals of Constantinople, which was incessantly boasting that the toleration of the government was perfect, and that

thought was nowhere more free than in Turkey, in announcing his removal praised him for having discharged his duties as censor with zeal and intelligence.

When my case of books was carried down stairs, our Turk told us that we must pay 137 piastres for them. I thought that I had misunderstood his *lingua Franca*, but we had with us that intelligent young man C——, who spoke Turkish perfectly, and now acted as our drogoman. There was no mistake; we must pay the money or we could not have our books. At first I refused to submit to this extortion; but I sorely wanted my case, and upon consideration I told him that I would pay the money if they would give me a teskerè or paper to show that they had made me pay it. The Turk said that I should have the teskerè, but that I must pay down the piastres first. By this time we had got up to the stall or recess in which the chief doganiere —a Turk dignified also with the title of Bey—was seated cross-legged, like a joss in a Chinese pagoda. The uncouth savages from Lake Van were bawling and yelling in a frightful manner, and tossing their bales and heavy packages about. I was almost stupified with the noise, and really expected to get my legs broken. C—— spoke to the Bey, who told us that we must pay the money at another office, and then come back for the teskerè. Our little Turk led us to an opposite corner of the same noisy and confused ground-floor, where another Turk was sitting in another recess. Having paid our piastres here, we returned to the Bey, who stroked his black beard and told us that it was not the custom to give teskerès in such circumstances. We said that we had been promised the paper, and expected to have it. He replied that a teskerè was of no use;

that he should know very well that we had paid the money, and, finally, that he would not give the receipt. C——, who was not afraid of him, as the consular sub-drogoman had been, told him that *he* had told us an untruth, that they had played us a trick, and that I would lodge a complaint at the British Embassy. "Let him do so," said the Bey, who then turned away his head with Mussulman scorn and honourable indignation. At the gateway of the custom-house we were stopped by a ragged old Turk who demanded backshish, telling us that it was he who had brought the books back from the Bey's over in Constantinople. To avoid further detention in that horrible place I gave him five piastres. A tiny bit of paper was then put into the greasy hand of an Armenian hamal, and two of that fraternity taking charge of our case, we marched in mournful procession up towards Pera, and our corner of the little burying-ground.

This strange censorship touched me in a sensitive part. Here was gone another of the traveller's comforts of former days. In 1827-28 no such thing was thought of. But here, too, I was told by my old friend that it was all alla Franga; that we must needs *civilize* the Turks, and that now we were seeing what we got by it. As a preventive of the dangers the Turks and Armenians apprehended, this censorship was utterly ineffectual. The Greeks could smuggle in just as many books and pamphlets as they chose:* the Protestant missionaries, with nearly equal ease, introduced translations of the Scriptures, and numerous other works;

* In two Greek shops in Galata they were publicly exposing and selling the very books and pamphlets of which the government had so much fear.

and of all the poor myrmidons of the custom-house, there was not one who would not shut his eyes for a bribe.

The internal workings of the reformed system of administration broke upon me by degrees, and most frequently through accidental observations. It was in this way I first learned that the government had fixed an *octroi* duty on all the provisions consumed in the Christian suburbs, and had at the same time established maximum prices for meat, fish, fruit, &c. &c. One morning, near the beautiful square fountain at Tophana, we saw a Greek gardener selling ripe fresh figs. The fruit in his basket looked so tempting that we were going to buy some, when two Turkish cavasses came up and seized the Greek in a savage manner. What had the gardener done? He had been selling his fruit for a few paras more the oke than the price fixed by the governor of Tophana. "But my figs," said the poor Greek, "are figs of the best quality; are very fine figs; people willingly pay the price I ask for them. I cannot force them to buy. People will pay a poor man a few paras the more rather than eat the common figs. Where is my sin? Amaun! Amaun! What wrong have I done?" The cavasses told him that he had thrown dirt upon the law; that figs were figs, and all of one price; that he had taken more paras the oke than was fixed by the governor, and must go to prison for it: and making the gardener put his basket of luscious figs on his head, and giving him a kick behind to quicken his pace, they marched off with him to those filthy, abominable dungeons in Tophana, which are left unchanged, and are enough to give disease or death to the victim that is shut up in them for

a short time. How long the poor grower and vender of figs remained there I cannot say; but I was assured, by one who well knew the usages of the authorities, and the secrets of the prison-house, that there was no chance of his being liberated until the Turks had eaten up all his figs, and had made him pay a fine in money. This, thought I, is a pretty way of encouraging a man to grow good fruit. Figs, grapes, and melons, and all the fruit we got up at Pera, though not very dear, were detestably bad. Most other articles of consumption were both dear and bad. In every way living was quite as expensive there as in London. For our poor accommodation and wretched diet we paid as much as we should have done in a comfortable hotel at home; and seeing the very heavy rent he gave quarterly to his Turkish landlord, and the dearness of everything that was eatable or at all drinkable, I am quite sure that poor Tonco Vitalis could not have made much by us. The owner of his house was a Turk, living over in Constantinople; a Turk and a *Pasha*. Like every pasha I heard of, he was deeply in debt with the Armenian money-lenders. He could not afford to let our easy host run in arrears. When the rent was due a cavass appeared, and if the money was not paid to him he reappeared, and came till he got it. When business was bad—when there was a dearth of foreign travellers, owing to the French revolution of 1848, and its progeny of revolutions, I have known the cavass appear at our corner of the little burying-ground three times in one day.

CHAPTER IV.

Constantinople — Fast of the Ramazan — Fashionable Promenade and Turkish Ladies — Depopulation and Poverty in the City — Rapid Extinction of Turkish Gentry — The Levelling System and its Effects — The Mausoleum of Sultan Mahmoud II. — Personal Appearance of Sultan Abdul Medjid — His regular Army — A Review — His Navy — Admiral Walker — European Adventurers and their Projects — Pera Ladies and their French Dresses — A Dancing Bear — Grand Festival on the Circumcision of the Sultan's eldest Son — The Cholera — Activity and Extent of Steam Navigation — Our Departure for Brusa.

THE Mahometan Lent or Moon-Fast of Ramazan commenced four days after our arrival in the capital. It interfered very much with my proceedings. I could scarcely see any Turk of note, or any of the public establishments I wanted to see. Through the friendly assistance of Mr. F. T—— we gained admission to the artillery hospital at Tophana, and some of the works there connected with the ordnance; and this was nearly all we achieved. I went three times over to the Porte in the vain hope of finding some of those to whom I had brought letters. That vast but paltry edifice was well nigh deserted entirely. Some of the ministers, at very uncertain hours, came down from the Bosphorus, and assembled an hour or two for the dispatch of business in a kiosk on the edge of the Golden Horn; but there was no seeing them there, even if one had known the proper time, and as soon as they had finished their business and a few pipes, they got to their caïques, and

so back to their yollis. At home *none of them* receive visits with very good grace at this season. They are always ill or engaged, which generally means that they are sleeping.

Everybody knows that during this terrible moon of Ramazan, from the rising of the sun to the setting thereof, none of the faithful may, by the law of the Prophet, taste a morsel of bread or sip a drop of water, or so much as take one short whiff of the body-and-soul reviving tchibouque. And this year it happened that the moveable Ramazan fell among the longest and hottest days of the year—and this year, 1847, happened to have the hottest summer that had been known at Constantinople for a very long while. The fasting ordeal was exhausting and terrible to some of the devout, who obeyed the Koran to the letter. The poorer of the Turks, obliged to labour abroad for their daily bread, in the scorching sun, with even the blessed refreshment of water denied them, drooped and fell sick. The hard-working boatmen plying up and down the Bosphorus swooned and fainted in their caïques, before the sun-set gun could tell them that they might drink and eat and *smoke*. The rich may feast well through the night, and shut themselves up in their cool houses on the banks of the channel, and sleep or doze through the day. With them Ramazan is nothing but a turning of night into day, and day into night. Many of the new school are believed to show little regard to the fast; but they are obliged to make a sacrifice to appearances. There is an interruption of the ordinary intercourse of life, and gloom, and discomfort and irritability are very observable among the great body of the

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Osmanlees so long as the Ramazan lasts. The fast had not been at all noted for edification and penitence, and charity and good works. The Turks were usually said to commit more crimes during their Ramazan than in any other month of the year. It struck me, however, that the common people in the capital fasted with better humour now than formerly. A new-school Turk would tell me the reason—it was because a great many of them had emancipated themselves from prejudice and (secretly) broke the Ramazan.

It was anomalous, and very contrary to the spirit of the Koran, but the Turkish ladies chose this very month of Ramazan to show themselves most abroad, or to make the greatest display of their charms and their splendour. On the afternoon of every Friday (their Sabbath) the large, irregular, but at least *open* square, near the barracks and palace and offices of the Seraskier Pasha, which stand over in Constantinople on the site of a palace of the Greeks of the Lower Empire, was converted into a Hyde Park or Champs Elysées, or Prado, the wives of the pashas and other grandees parading up and down, and round and round, in arubas, telikès, kotchys, and (some few) in light, gay, and really elegant small open carriages, made chiefly at Vienna. Although this open space was almost the only part of Constantinople where a carriage could be driven at all, it was uneven, rough, and dusty, the inequalities giving such rumbles and jolts as to try the springs of the carriages rather severely—for, without counting children, each dame of quality had generally two or three friends with her, and Turkish dames of quality are apt to be *embonpoint*. It used to astonish us how

they packed themselves up in those vehicles, and how two small horses—and at times but one—could drag them and the vehicle over such a road. Those who were most *alla Franga* had their coachman seated before them on a coach-box or driving-seat; the more cautious made their driver walk on foot, holding the reins rather short, in his two hands; but in either case there was generally a man-servant at either side of the carriage, to be prompt with his assistance in case of an upset. Beyond a snail's pace, or at most what the Italians call Bishop's pace—*passo da Monsignore*—they never went, and certainly never could go without the exceeding great risk of a catastrophe. The grandest of the ladies were attended by a sworded man on horseback, being generally a Nubian, of neutralised gender, but insolent, and fierce enough to look at. These creatures very frequently behaved as if there was no Tanzimâut; nor were the fellows trudging on foot by the sides of the carriages remarkable for their civility to Rayahs or Christian strangers. The ladies of quality—particularly when young—wore small thin yashmacs, made of stuff as light and *transparent* as the silken gauze of old Cos; and, while they affected to conceal every feature except the eyes, they made an indecorous, brazen display of their necks and breasts; and, that the eye might be the more surely and strongly attracted, they wore glittering diamonds on the neck and bare bosom. I stop far short of a description of the length to which immodesty was carried. Surely their husbands and the Oulema had better make them burn their yashmacs, show their faces, and cover that which ought not to be seen. In the trim I have mentioned we saw

pass and repass before us the chief wives of half the magnates of the empire, not excepting its spiritual lords and ghostly fathers. The poor Turks of the capital, who had got somewhat accustomed to the spectacle, thought little of it, or said it was Tanzimaut or destiny. But the poor Osmanlees from the interior, or from the Asiatic provinces, were struck all of a heap. Not one of these Asiatics—if he returned soon to his native district—but would report that the Prophet's beard was defiled in the Holy City, that the Osmanlees of Stamboul were all turning ghiaours, and their women—worse.

Once or twice we rambled a good deal farther into the city than the square of the Seraskier Pasha; and on another occasion we rode from Pera across the Valley of the Sweet Waters, and along nearly the whole length of the landward walls of the city from the Golden Horn to the Propontis, and entering by the Selyvria gate, we took a devious course through the submural quarters to the heart of the old city, and then, by fresh zig-zags, to the Serraglio, the acute angle of that triangle and end of Constantinople. At first, I was deceived as to the populousness of the place, having been struck by an increase of houses in one or two of the districts. But, upon closer examination—and on our return from Asia Minor we had abundant opportunities for this—I became convinced that although the houses of the Greeks, Armenians, and Jews were more numerous, the habitations of the Turks were less so than in 1828. The outward appearance of the city is deceptive; the Seven Hills of the Eastern Rome, with the valleys between, looking, at a little distance, as

though they were completely covered with buildings. Within the city walls there are, in reality, numerous void spaces where no habitations have stood any time within the last century. Some of these desolate spots, in the midst of Constantinople, being traversed by roads seldom frequented, are perfect solitudes, where one may sit and muse on the mutabilities of glory and greatness, and the decay of empires, as among the ruins of Palmyra in the desert, and with scarcely more chance of being disturbed. Others of these open spaces are converted into orchards or kitchen gardens. The quarters they separate have different names, different inhabitants, very different habits. They are like six or seven large villages enclosed within the old walls of a city. Take away the mosques and the minarets, which show out always so beautifully, and sometimes so grandly, and you see hardly anything but mean wooden houses, nearly everywhere going to ruin, and threatening to fall upon your head. Besides the old void spaces, we found many new ones caused by conflagrations of recent date; and of these last some were of considerable extent. If they occurred in a district (or village) inhabited by Greeks, or by Armenians, or by Jews, you were almost certain to see that they were gradually, and at times rapidly building new houses to supply the place of those which had been burned; but if they occurred in a wholly Mussulman quarter, and that quarter was not near to the Porte or the bazaars, the unsightly ruins remained as the conflagration had left them, and builder or carpenter was rarely seen at work. The fact often struck me, and it was pointed out to my attention by a very intelligent Englishman, who had been living some

six years in the country, and studiously noting year by year its changes and its decline. Whole rows of Turkish houses most pleasantly situated on the sides and ridges of hills, overlooking the Sea of Marmora and the Asiatic coast, and being in my time—though only of wood—rather stately edifices, had entirely disappeared in some parts, and were decaying and (to appearance) deserted in others. The class of Osmanlees that occupied them has been obliterated. Men of old families living on their revenues from hereditary estates are scarcely to be found anywhere in the Empire; and the higher class of Oulema, who derived large incomes from the endowments of the mosques, are nearly all sunk into poverty since the Government has taken those endowments and vakoofs into its own hands. Sultan Mahmoud was a great leveller; he both dreaded and hated men of hereditary rank and property; and his son and successor, Sultan Abdul Medjid, whose ministers and advisers have, with very few exceptions, been raised from the very lowest grades, has carried out the levelling operation to such an extent that it may now be said there are no men of note or mark left, except such as are in the immediate service of Government, and occupy its highest posts; for, while the chief Ministers and leading Pashas are enormously paid—paid far more than any of our Ministers in England—all the rest of the employés, civil or military, are but poorly recompensed. The lovers of dead levels ought to go to Turkey. Verily, two reforming Sultans have democratised the land more than revolutionists have democratised France.

In the Christian and Jewish quarters there was a

teeming population.* Greek, Armenian, and Jewish children swarmed in their streets. In the Turkish quarters you saw hardly any children, and there was generally a dullness and stillness of the grave. The Greek houses were often over-crowded, having, each, two or three families within. A Mussulman family must live by itself. Many of the Turkish houses, not burned and not yet falling, were shut up; and in that state they remained in the winter season, when all those who had country houses on the Bosphorus had quitted them and come into town. From all my observations and inquiries I conclude that, notwithstanding the drain made upon the provinces, the Mussulman population has not been able to keep up its number to what it was in 1828; and that whatever increase of inhabitants there may be in the capital and its vicinity, is to be put down to the account of the Rayahs.

Most of the streets in the Turkish quarters were better paved and far cleaner than those of Galata and Pera; but the superiority of cleanliness may arise from the inferiority of population and traffic.

One evening, as the sun was setting, I stopped, not without interest and emotion, before the spacious white

* I believe I ought to except the quarter of the Fanar, where the families of the Hospodars of Wallachia and Moldavia, other Greeks formerly employed by the Porte in diplomacy, and the heads of the Greek Church, used formerly to reside. This quarter seemed to me (though as filthy as ever) to be less peopled than when I last was in it. Many of the old Fanariote Greek families are extinct or dispersed. I believe that a good many of the Fanariotes have gone to live over in Pera, where they dress like Franks, and are not distinguishable from them. The large house in which I used to visit my old friend the Patriarch of Mount Sion was shut up, as were several other large houses I knew—which were dingy and poor enough without, but not devoid of comforts and luxuries within.

marble Tourbé which contains all that is left of Sultan Mahmoud. The last of the many times that I saw the energetic potentate was close by this very spot, when he was full of life and health, and looked like one almost certain to attain his three score years and ten. His robust, vigorous frame, his magnificent breadth of chest, his most striking countenance, proud, haughty and handsome, and his large jet black very peculiar eyes (I never saw eyes like them), which looked you through and through, and which were never quiet, all rose before me. He was quiet enough now! Disappointment and excess, Ibrahim Pasha and brandy, had sent him prematurely to his grave; and here he lay in a wooden sarcophagus covered with rich Cashmere shawls, and his red fezz and blue tassel at the head. A greater contrast between a son and his father is scarcely to be conceived than in the person and character of Sultan Abdul Medjid, who is frail, narrow-chested, dull-eyed, sickly-looking, with an expression of countenance that is gentle and amiable, but not very intellectual, and with features that are not at all handsome.

In our walks and rides we were very frequently put to great inconvenience by the more provident part of the population who were thus early laying in their stores of winter fuel, and performing all the necessary operations of hewing and splitting trunks and arms of trees in the open streets and even in the most thronged thoroughfares. Up at Pera matters were still worse. For nearly a week there was no passing through the main street without risk of being maimed or blinded, because the "respectables" were laying in their fire-wood,-and rough, awkward Turks and Armenians were splitting it

up with great heavy axes, on the rough stone pavement, in the midst of the street, making splinters and heavier fragments fly about right and left, before you and behind you. Then, after escaping through these perilous passages, one was almost sure to be soon stopped by a long string of donkeys, partly carrying, partly dragging (with a grinding noise) long unplaned planks and poles for building up houses that had been burned down; and as the drivers of these poor brutes took no more care of the eyes and limbs of those that were passing than was taken by the hewers of fire-wood, everybody was obliged to keep a sharp look-out for himself, and proceed with extreme caution. If the Turks consider themselves a clean people, they must surely have extraordinary ideas of cleanliness. I have a theory that all the people in this country have a natural liking for stinks; and the reader will see before long that I had plentiful materials whereon to raise that theory. I have even seen Franks, not native to the soil, but long habituated to its practices, sit and smoke their pipes by the hour in places that absolutely turned us sick in a minute. On either side of the Golden Horn the unowned dogs may still be called the only scavengers.

I had seen Sultan Mahmoud's tacticos or regulars in the earliest stages of their formation, and rather strange soldiers they were. In 1828 their uniforms were half European and half Oriental. Those very imperfectly disciplined troops, composed in good part of unformed striplings, almost disappeared in the defensive war against the Russians, which was terminated in the summer of 1829 by the treaty of Adrianople. The present regulars are composed of better materials, and

are better dressed. With the exception of the ugly, inconvenient, and unhealthy fezz, or red cap, their uniforms may now be said to be entirely European. The best regiments — the Sultan's guards — would have looked tolerably neat, but for a terrible slovenliness about the legs and feet. All the soldiers were slip-shod. Their boots and shoes, which were evidently never touched by brush, much less by blacking, were badly made, and big and clumsy, and went far to spoil their whole appearance.

A few weeks before our arrival there was a grand field-day down in the valley of the Sweet Waters, the Sultan being present. They manœuvred about 10,000 men, horse, foot, and artillery, and performed a sham-fight, with a crossing of bridges, a passage by boats or pontoons, &c. A Swiss officer who was on the ground gave us but a poor account of the affair. Instead of being mounted on his charger, as his father Mahmoud would have been, the Sultan sat under a splendid tent, and so looked on at his ease.

Of the navy we saw a little more than we could see of the army, for the season had come for the short annual trip down the Sea of Marmora out through the Dardanelles and thence round the principal islands of the Archipelago, which, not having been ceded to the Greeks of King Otho, yet belong to the Turks. A few days after our arrival we saw the Capitan Pasha, who as usual was a landsman and wholly ignorant of maritime affairs, get under weigh with a squadron of five or six ships of the line, three or four frigates, a corvette, and two very large brigs. Most of these vessels were well modelled, beautiful hulls, having been built under

the direction of foreigners. The corvette, built in America and purchased by the Sultan, was thought to be as perfect a hull as ever floated. But in all of them the rigging, the trim, the handling of the yards, the setting of the sails, were deplorably bad. Our friend H—— said that they were enough to throw a sailor into fits. They are now very shy of employing the Greeks, who make excellent mariners. The Turks are decidedly anti-aquatic, and they are never kept long enough afloat at a time to learn anything. The Sultan's mariners are generally ashore nine months in the year, or if on shipboard, it is only at anchor in the Golden Horn or in the Bosphorus. In the open sea and on a wind I do not believe that the squadron we saw take its departure could have kept its own against three or four English or American frigates.

Admiral Walker was ungratefully used by the Turks. So was every European officer and man of honour that entered their service. I never could hear of one exception. But, on the other hand, let any adventurer repair hither with a project, no matter how absurd it may be, and he will be certain to find a greater or less reward. Many are the lessons they have had, but it should seem that they like to be duped by impostors. The funds are low, the resources of the Empire are getting exhausted, but Turkey is still a land of promise for schemers without skill and charlatans without principle. There was hardly a pasha but had his pet man of this class. The total number of the adventurers collected in Pera and Galata, and all intriguing against one another, traducing one another, and being in daily humour to cut one another's throats, must have been

very considerable. Yet all these fellows lived, all got money before they beat a retreat; and when they were gone, what cared they for the opinion of the Turks, or for anything else? Some of the projects with which they had deluded and excited the very highest men of the state were almost incredibly absurd.

We underwent a good deal of fatigue in trying to see persons and things which could not be seen on account of the Ramazan. We walked up and down the Grande Rue and looked into the French confectioners, the French bonnet-sellers, the French modistes and milliners, the two sadly supplied booksellers', and the other shops, which have become numerous in the Grande Rue, but which are, with very few exceptions, small, dingy, and very mean; and when we had done this we had pretty well exhausted all the amusements of the place. The ladies did not look so well by daylight as they had done by night on the Petit Champ des Morts. Unlike Smyrna, Constantinople, or these its Christian suburbs, had never been much noted for female beauty; but twenty years ago one used to see some interesting young Greeks, looking picturesque and charming in their Eastern head-dresses and half Oriental costumes: but the Greek ladies were now nearly all dressed in the French fashion. The Armenian ladies belonging to the old church still wore the yashmac, shalvars, and enterrés, dressing like Turkish women, and hobbling or waddling like them in Morocco boots without any soles, thrust into slippers or papoushes without any heel or hind quarter; but nearly all the ladies of the Armenian seraffs and prosperous traders who belonged to the Roman Catholic

Church, now dressed quite alla Franga, being bonneted, bustled, flounced, and furbelowed with the best of them. To walk through these filthy streets with garments of the fashionable longitude was no easy matter, and in holding up their dresses the Perote ladies made a display of such feet and ankles as I had not seen elsewhere. Some of them, appertaining to young women, were truly portentous. I believe now, as I did twenty years ago, that this unsightliness is attributable to the use of the tandour. The same pans of ignited charcoal which cause such frequent conflagrations and burn down so many houses, swell the ladies' ankles. Most of these dames and demoiselles were awkward in their new costume; and the very best of them, or those who took most care of their toilet, looked like the second-rate fashionables of a provincial town in France.

Within doors the time passed away heavily. It was difficult to read or write, or occupy oneself in any way, for the excessive heat obliged us to keep all our windows open, and the noise which came in from the burying-ground and the Grande Rue was stupifying. Then the mosquitoes and sand-flies! One day—the last but one of our present term of purgatory—we heard a rude pipe and tabor in a dirty lane by the side of our residence, and, looking out at our side window, we saw a dingy gaunt Arab with a dancing bear—a big brown bear, from Mount Olympus, as we were told. We gave the Arab a retaining fee, and kept him and his bear for a good half hour under our window; and the Arab thumped his tabor and blew his pipe, and Bruin danced and gambolled to the mingled delight and terror of half

of the children of the quarter who collected in the lane, and the no less delight of some large-eyed Greek and Israelitish damsels who dwelt in the houses on the opposite side of the lane; and this was decidedly the best amusement we had this time up at Pera.

But even with an Arab and a dancing bear the place was insupportable. I could do nothing, and was getting ill. The Ramazan would be soon over, but then would come the Bairam, during the three days of which the Osmanlees would do nothing but feast and visit among themselves; and this year the feast of the Bairam was to be followed up by a long feast of circumcision, for the Sultan's eldest son had attained the canonical age, and two thousand, or, as some said, four thousand, young Mussulmans, collected from far and near, were to be circumcised with him, and to receive sweetmeats and money and dresses from the Padishah. There was no saying how long this festival might last, but it was quite certain that the Turks would do no manner of work, and that there would be nothing for us to do or to see while it lasted. "But why not stay and see *that?*" said Tonco; "it will be a grand festival—very grand; the Sultan is going to spend an immensity of money! It will be held there, over in Asia; the tents will reach from the barracks of Scutari to the end of the cemetery, and farther. All the world will go. There will be dancing boys, and Turk and gipsy wrestlers, and tumblers, and fireworks, and blue lights, and half a mile of kibab shops, and military bands, and old Turkish music; and then fancy the music of four thousand little boys under tents, all——." Having seen Turkish feasts aforetime, I thought I could fancy all this, or rest per-

fectly satisfied with a description. Feeling that I should be seriously ill if I remained where I was, I determined to go at once to Brusa. Some of the views which had brought me to Constantinople would, I thought, be probably forwarded if Sir Stratford Canning were here. Before leaving London Sir Stratford had told me that he expected to be at his post, at the latest, towards the end of October. Between the present date and that, we might make a good tour in Asia Minor, and the weather would soon be most propitious. Moreover there was great and growing sickness in Constantinople and in its immediate neighbourhood, and rumours came upon us, fast and thick, that cholera, having made a destructive stand a little in the interior, had marched down to Samsoun on the Black Sea, and being thus within only a few more days' march of us, must soon be down at Stamboul the Well Defended. Nay, there were strong reports that his scouts had already reached our camp; as deserters, in the disguise of *pseudos*, assuredly had. It may have been true, or the contrary, but two days before we packed up our portmanteaux a very lively doctor of the place told us that down below, at Tophana, three or four Turks were dead of cholera, and that he himself that very afternoon had seen and attended an unmistakeable case of cholera—real, genuine, Asiatic spasmodic cholera. Our friend R. T., who was lodged with us, and was going to Brusa with us (if he could), looked glum and not at all lovingly at the hekim bashi; but he consoled himself by remembering, when the doctor had departed, that he was one who occasionally drew the long bow; and we further kept up his spirits (for the poor fellow was sadly reduced by a

sham cholera) by adding, that our lively, good-natured friend had such a confirmed habit of talking in a hurry that he could not always be supposed to think of what he was saying. But whether Doctor —— drew his bow or not, his classical patron, the Magnus Apollo, was drawing his, and discharging from it shafts as angry and sharp as those which destroyed, on the rocky flanks of old Sipylus, the children of the Niobe. Cholera was coming in force, and *did* come.

At the earliest peep of day, on the 7th of September, preceded by a troop of yelling dogs, who wondered what Franks were doing out of doors at so early an hour, we commenced our descent to Galata and the lower bridge, in order to be in good time for the Turkish steamer, which was advertised to depart at 6 A.M. R. T. was well enough to be with us, and to do all the ceremonial part for us. He showed our teskerés or Turkish passports to a sleepy old Turk who could not read them, backshished two other old Turks that we might not have any custom-house "bother" about our luggage, saddles, and books; and we went on board—to find that the crew were half asleep, and that there was no sign of getting up the steam. But as there was more comfort on that deck, which, though dirty, was at least level and smooth, we preferred remaining where we were to walking about the painfully rough streets of Galata.

While we were waiting in our boat, which looked as though the Turks never intended to move her, a large steamer crowded with passengers came into port from the Black Sea, and another took her departure for the Archipelago. I had been astonished at the extent and

activity of steam navigation in these seas, which, with their strong currents setting one way and their Etesian winds steadily blowing from the same quarter, so much need such a means of communication. I have known sailing vessels to be kept off the coast of Troy for six and even for nine weeks, without the possibility of getting through the Dardanelles. I once counted nearly a hundred sail, of all flags, lying huddled together, and waiting for a wind. What would they not have paid for the services of a few steam-tugs to tow them through the straits? In the summer of 1828 I came up from Gallipoli on the Propontis to Constantinople in the old Hilton Joliffe, the very first steam vessel that was seen on these waters or within the Dardanelles. Now, such vessels are constantly coming in or going out of port, some few of them being navigated and managed by Turks. Now the Turkish capital has regular communication by steam with Trebizond, on the Black Sea, four or five times a month, with Galatz and the Danube three or four times a month, with Odessa three times a month, with Salonica six times a month, with Smyrna eight times a month, with Syria (Beirout) once a month, with Egypt (Alexandria) once a month, with France (Marseilles) four times a month, with Trieste twice a month, and with England (Southampton) once a month.*

* Efforts have been made in newspapers to exaggerate the increase of the Ottoman steam navy. The few words in the text state pretty accurately the amount of steam traffic in the *summer* of 1847. The list was given to me by an English merchant of the place. I shall notice in a subsequent chapter the amount of steam force belonging to the Sultan's navy. It is very small, even as compared with the national steam-ships the Russians have in the Black Sea alone. It is to be understood that the trading steamers spoken of in the text belonged principally to foreigners, and were

Some of the steamers employed on these services are very large, fine, commodious vessels, and they nearly all touch and land goods and passengers at various intermediate ports, thus opening new trades, connecting place with place, and all of them with the capital, which, antecedently to this active steam navigation, was, in a manner, disjointed from its provinces and dependencies. For example, the steamers which run to Trebizond call at Heraclea, Sinope, Samsoun, and (now and then) at other towns on the Asiatic side of the Euxine, the names of which were scarcely known to the European merchant a few years ago. If the Sultan's orders for making a good high road from Trebizond to Erzeroum and the Persian frontier had been carried into execution, there might have been by this time a considerable increase in the direct trade with the interior of Asia. The Smyrna steamers mostly stop to land goods or passengers at Gallipoli on the Sea of Marmora, at the town of the Dardanelles, at the island of Tenedos, at the island of Mitylene, and sometimes at Phocea, by the mouth of the Gulf of Smyrna. The boats which run to Syria and Egypt stop at Syra and at other trading islands of the Archipelago, some of which belong to King Otho and some to Sultan Abdul Medjid. Among them all a continual movement is kept up: the number of passengers—Osmanlees, Greeks, Armenians, Jews, Circassians, Georgians, and Franks of all nations, must,

under the English, French, Russian, and Austrian flags. In the winter season the trade fell off, steamers then rarely going into the Black Sea. In the following spring and summer of 1848, the revolutions and the consequently declining commerce of Europe sadly diminished the frequency of communication.

in the course of the year (counting all these steam-vessels), be a very high number indeed. The Turks, who are nearly all and always deck-passengers, take up very little room, and do not care about being crowded: they spread a rug or mat upon deck, cross their legs under them, and so sit quietly through the day: at night they merely put a pillow or cushion under their heads, stretch out their legs on the rug or mat, and, drawing a coverlet over them, take their repose. Three hundred—four hundred—is no unusual lot to be thus brought down in one steamer from the Black Sea. The numbers carried back were less, and were said to be still on the decrease. Many of the provincialists stayed at Constantinople in spite of teskerés which enjoined their return to their own districts. A little bribery got over this difficulty, and they were soon lost to the sight of the careless Turkish police in the Mussulman multitude of the capital.

On the whole this increase of movement denoted progress, and the signs of it which came under our eye this morning somewhat cheered our drooping spirits and rendered our long detention less tedious than it otherwise would have been. At 8 o'clock we were off.

CHAPTER V.

Journey to Brusa — Gulf of Moudania — The Town of Ghio or Ghemlik — Kir-Yani — Greek Hospitality — Greek Monastery — Agriculture — Dinner and clean Lodging — A Toilette in the Garden with Horses and Mules — English Farm at Tuzlar — Monsieur Charles, the Belgian Tailor, Hotel-keeper, and Traveller — The Road — Village of Omer-Bey — Sad Depopulation — Mount Olympus — Arrival at Brusa — Comfortable Hotel — Old Friends — The English Consul at Brusa — Mr. R. Thomson — John Zohrab.

BY the time our Turkish steamer was gliding past the Princes' Islands I felt a renewal of health. The day was most beautiful, the sky without a cloud, the blue Propontis without a billow. We were soon under the mountains and bold headlands of Asia Minor, inhaling the breath and scenting the perfume of their pines, cypresses, and myrtles. At about noon we rounded the Posidium Promontory, now called 'Cape Break Nose' (*Bos-bournu*, upon which many a country vessel has broken her nose,) and entered the Gulf of Moudania, the scenery continuing bold and fine, although the mountains were brown, bare, and burnt, and the slopes exhibited no traces of cultivation, and scarcely a sign of human habitation. Within the cape old Arganthonius towered to a majestic height, sandalled with myrtles, and crowned with pines. As we advanced, we saw the town of Moudania and three or four villages on our right, and four small villages on our left, with their groups of cypresses about them. At the end of the Gulf,

(anciently named the Nicæan,) on the southern sunny shore, the place of our destination, the town of Ghio, or in Turkish Ghemlik, showed out very picturesquely; in part running along the shore, and in part rising up the hills, green with the olive, the vine, the mulberry, and the myrtle. At 3 P.M. we landed. We, with Mr. J—— for our guide, went to a khan, which had been recently built by the sea-side. New as those bare, utterly unfurnished lodging rooms were, we saw on the whitewashed walls the most convincing evidence of the existence of bugs; there was a stench worse than that we had left behind us in Pera; there was a ditch, or stagnating water-course, under the very windows, and at a little distance began the bogs and swamps which generate the noted *malaria* of Ghio. We did at last, what we ought to have done first—we looked up a Greek who acted as a sort of vice-consul or agent to the English consul at Brusa, taking more especial care of our Ionian Greek subjects, who frequent this little port with small craft, and at times in considerable numbers. His name was Giovanni Vitalis—Vitale, or Vitalis, appearing to be the family name taken up by everybody that wants one but his common designation, and that by which he was known, and indeed famed all over the country, was Kir-Yani, or Mr. John. He received us most kindly, would not hear of our sleeping in the khan, saying that he never allowed any English gentlemen to do so; and, knocking the ashes out of his last pipe, he insisted upon conducting us all three, and forthwith, to his own abode. The interior of the town, or all the lower portion of it, was incredibly foul and filthy. In the middle of the narrow and very confined main street

there was one long deposit of mud, over which the natives were smoking their tchibouques with a tranquil and complacent air. Kir-Yani's dwelling-house was under repair, but he took us to a sort of half-farm-house half-silk-factory, and there entertained us most hospitably. Having refreshed ourselves, we walked about the upper part of the town, which terminated imperceptibly in houses farther and then farther apart, each standing in a garden well walled in. At one of the doors were some good-looking, good-natured Greeks—the women being decidedly pretty and Orientally dressed,—who would take us into their garden, and make us taste their ripe figs, still on the trees, and their best raki. Both were excellent; the liquor when diluted was first-rate drink for keeping away malaria, and neutralising the effects of the noxious evening vapour, which was now slowly curling along the plain beneath, blue, and beautiful in motion as in colour, like the insidious serpent that it is. A fountain sent out a cool, sparkling, copious stream in one corner of the little garden; and in another corner was a flattish, open wooden vessel or tray, some twelve feet by six, containing rich, beautiful wax, taken from hives close at hand, and laid out to blanch in the sun and breeze. Without any chemistry the wax had become almost white. On leaving these cheerful people we ascended the hills which rise above the town to the north, towards one of the two formerly famous *Monastirs*, stopping often on the way to admire the fine views of the Gulf and enclosing mountains, and to notice a few traces of ruins which might have been of a classical era. Like so many other establishments of the sort, the Monastir was now nothing but a farm. There were no caloyers

here, any more than at the other one. The Greek priest, who lived in the house with his wife and children, seemed to do the duty of a parish minister. He was brother to the wife of our Ghemlik host, and a good-looking, honest-faced man, very attentive to the cultivation of his lands, and eager for instruction in agriculture. He too had a cool fountain flowing and sparkling in a corner of his garden. The greater part of the Monastir was in a shattered condition; but the views from that eminence at sunset were exceedingly lovely. The fresh, green, carefully cut-back and carefully watered mulberry-trees denoted that a good deal of silk was produced at Ghemlik. It is the mulberry-tree that they cultivate best in all this south-western part of the Pashalik of Brusa. The olive-trees were numerous and good, but not yet of sufficient age, and not at all judiciously treated. They were too much crowded together; they sadly wanted thinning. On another detached ridge or platform, above the village to the east, but far below the summits of the backing hills, were the remains of an old Turkish castle, occupying the site of the Acropolis of the ancient Greek city, and having once been the stronghold and den of a succession of tyrannical Dere-Beys, or lords of valleys. The Greeks of the place have fearful traditions of these independent, unruly chiefs, who, not a century ago, bearded the Padishah, though at so short a distance from Stamboul. As the owls began to flit about we descended from the Monastir to Kir-Yani's abode, and there dined in a room used for silk throwing, and which was 120 feet long by 40 feet in breadth. Our hostess was rather incommoded, for yesterday she went to visit one of her

husband's little farms, and, coming home in the dusk of the evening, her naughty mule shied and threw her, maugre her man's saddle and masculine seat. But, lame though she was, she had exerted herself to make us comfortable at board and bed; and she was kind and cheerful, which always means polite, and her children were exemplary in tranquillity. Bedsteads are rarely seen beyond Constantinople, and (except in Frank houses) they are not often seen there. Our beds were spread on a matting, on the floor, at the upper end of the spacious, airy hall, in which we had dined, which had many windows, but no casements or glass; but the beds were sweet and clean, smelling of the aroma of the hills, and were quite soft enough, and so we slept well. Although the stable was under one portion of our apartment, and the kitchen under another, we had no foul smells, no mosquitoes, no insects of any kind, no yelling of Pera dogs, no clattering on the stone streets, no screams of 'Yangin Var:' the horses underneath were as quiet as lambs, and even the naughty mule (so ill-behaved yesterday evening) was a discreet beast to-night. It was being in paradise.

We were up again at day-break. We made our toilette out in the garden or mulberry-ground, where there was another most sparkling fountain pouring out a light and deliciously cool water, and under the spout was an immensely large, well fashioned, earthen vase (such as they *once* made in these parts, and *now* make no longer); which caught part of the water, and very evidently served for a great variety of uses. The rest of the pure stream found its way into little trenches and furrows, and watered the low growing mulberry-trees.

While I was washing on one side of this capacious earthen vessel, a horse of the house, and then another horse, and then a mule (the naughty animal), came and took their cool morning draught out of the vase at the opposite side. We stared at one another,—but did not quarrel.

In the yard of the khan a general onslaught was made upon us for backshish. We had ordered horses for Brusa, but as they were slow in coming we took another stroll through the *commercial* part of the town. Dirty it was, yet, on the whole, this place, which had been described to me by everybody at Constantinople as a most wretched hole, having nothing to interest the traveller, I found to be one of the pleasantest towns I had ever seen in Turkey. When we had travelled a little farther even its filth seemed cleanliness. If they would but drain a little and get rid of malaria, people might live well here. As matters stood there seemed to us to be a *bien-être* and consequent cheerfulness among the Greek part of the population. These people were incomparably milder and better favoured than the Greeks over in Stamboul; they were more like my old friends of the true classical Ionia. The Greek matrons of these parts are very prolific. The place was swarming with Greek children. Kir-Yani took the entire population to be a good bit above three thousand: of these very few were Armenians, and still fewer Turks —there were only fifteen Osmanlee families. There was, however, a Turkish Agha or governor, who kept his state in some shabby wooden kiosks, built within and upon the solid stone walls of the old Dere-Bey's castle, and who, in spite of the Tanzimaut, exercised a

tyranny over the Christian Rayahs — a stinted and petty, but yet a grinding or purse-emptying tyranny, against which bold Kir-Yani, strong in his vice-consular rights, did often set his face. A young Greek girl, with a classical face and name, the fair Euphrosyne, offered us for sale a few coins, but they were of the Lower Empire—mere dumps. The antique mine of Ghio had been exhausted. Cius—which the Greeks have corrupted into Ghio—had at one time rivalled the splendour of Nicæa and Nicomedia, and like them, and so many other fair cities of Bithynia, it had been plundered and then burned by the Goths, at the time of their second expedition in the third century.

Our old friend R. T—— had especially recommended us to the care of a very odd and amusing fellow who kept an *hotel* at Brusa, and who, according to his custom, had come down to Ghemlik on the look-out for travellers—for he had a rival under Olympus, who ran him as hard as opposition stage-coaches used to run one another in England. Monsieur Charles (such was the only name he was ever known by in Turkey) got us our horses at last, and having strapped our baggage upon one sorry beast, we mounted upon two others of the like description, and preceded by a mounted Turkish suridji, and followed by Monsieur Charles, who, with his long legs, bestrode a pony from the mountains that was almost as droll as himself, we jogged out of Ghemlik, and with considerable *éclat*, at about 8 A.M. Although recommended so to do we did not turn aside to visit the immense farm of Tuzlar, whereon an English commercial Triptolemus of Constantinople had been experimentalizing.

We reserved it as a treat on our return. After crossing a foul ditch, and then the little river Ascanius, which flows down from the Lake of Nicæa, and might easily be made to drain a considerable portion of that Lake, and to convert broad pestilential swamps into thousands of acres of the very richest, most productive land, we came to a horribly rough stone bridge going to ruin and having no parapets, nothing to prevent one from falling into the fœtid bog and sluggish water beneath. To the left of our road, or rough path, were the detached mosque and the crumbling house of the small Mussulman village of Enghurgik. We then began to ascend a ridge of hills, leaving on our left, far above our heads, and quite out of sight, the large village of Omer-Bey, which is entirely occupied by Turks. At a short distance there was another village entirely occupied by Armenians. Where they can, the three inimical races keep apart; and where—as more frequently happens — they cannot do this, but are obliged to live together in the same villages or towns, there is no fellowship or sociability among them, each hating the other two, and the Greeks always being ready to join the Turks against the Armenians, and the Armenians to join them against the Greeks. And yet, some Paris philosopher having put the notion into his head, Reschid Pasha was dreaming about amalgamation! If the Christian Rayahs of the two rival sects could forego their animosities and unite, there is little doubt that they might walk the Mussulmans out of a great part of the empire to-morrow; but there is no more chance of the amalgamation of the two than there is of the fusion of the three.

Having crossed a pretty lofty ridge we descended to a guard and coffee-house, pleasantly situated on a green declivity, and with a few green trees about it. As our slow horses walked, it was at the distance of about an hour and a half from Ghemlik. We dismounted to tchibouque and coffee. Crossing another and a loftier ridge, we came in about an hour and thirty minutes to another guard and coffee-house; and, doing in "Turkey as the Turkeys does" (as good Mrs. Consul W—— used to say), we again dismounted to pipe and coffee. There was, however, a good reason for these halts. The policemen, or irregular soldiers, who occupy the guard also keep the coffee-house, and derive their chief revenue from the sale of the coffee. No traveller, unless he be a pauper or a wandering dervish, passes these stations without dropping a few paras, whether he take the tiny cup of coffee or not. And these Turks deserved the wayfarer's contributions, for, although they seldom moved a hundred yards from their several stations, they managed, some how or another, to keep the country pretty clear of robbers. We then rode over a lower but a very rough ridge, and in about another hour and a half dismounted at another guard and coffee-house, flanked on either side by a group of plane-trees, which afforded a delightful refuge from the now scorching heat of the sun. Under one of the groups of trees were three Turkish women with portentous yashmacs, thick, opaque, and rigidly closed, sitting on their heels and staring at us through their eye-holes. We breakfasted upon some caviar, black olives, and bread. Another tiny cup of coffee set us on the road again, "powerfully refreshed." I call that a road

which road was none; it was a rough track, not made by engineering or by man's labour, but worn by the passage of camels, horses, mules, donkeys, and water-courses in the rainy seasons—worn into the soil of hills and valleys, and being, in some places, six or more feet deep, and in others an irregular gulley of much greater depth. Yet, in the summer time, arubas, or rude waggons of the country, contrive to pass and repass, and the journey has even been performed by Frank carriages. In the winter!—but its state then will be described on our return. Not a village, not a hamlet is there upon it until you reach Demirdesh! Nor, although there are some charming dells, and many beautiful hill-sides partially wooded, and covered with green pasture, and looking like English parks, we saw no distant village except a large one, high up the hills on our right, called Sej Gazi, famed for its corn cultivation, and inhabited only by Turks, who have the reputation of being prosperous and very good people. There is fine corn land enough to support fifty such villages if it were only taken into cultivation. Our little party had been joined by a good-natured Greek peasant of Demirdesh, and by a sulky Armenian who had come from the forest of Belgrade; but in our long ride we scarcely met a living soul, or saw a living creature except the lizard and cicala. From the coffee-house at which we had last reposed, we sloped towards the broad, verdant, beautiful plain of Brusa, and soon saw the dark cypress groves and the uncountable tall white minarets of the first capital of Osman, at the foot of the Mysian or Bithynian Olympus. The sublime masses of that mountain rose right before us, invested with a mantle of

wonderful blue, and scarfed round the shoulders with a scarf of silvery mist, which was let drop at our approach. The eye took in the whole of Olympus from its lowest base to its upmost summit. The elevation is only 7000 English feet; but you see it *all*. The mountain looked so near that we thought we should be in Brusa in half an hour. It took us nearly two hours to get thither. The Greek village of Demirdesh is large and very populous, but we approached it by crossing a perfect cloaca; and in the main street we rode through deep muck and slush which was allowed to accumulate and poison the air; although at a very trifling expense of time and labour it might have been carried down the slope to the plain, and have been there kept for manure. As we stopped at a backal's to taste some of the wine of the district, the stench was insupportable to our nostrils, the filth in the street evaporating and fermenting in the full glare of the sun.

Carefully shunning the rough broken bridges, where the deficiency of an arch is often supplied by stems of trees, and mere poles loosely tied together and laid across the gap, we forded three or four streams, which are fed by Mount Olympus, and become terrible torrents in winter and spring. We rode through a green shady lane, where the trees were so thick and overarching that we could see nothing beyond them or above them except patches of blue sky; and, emerging from this green avenue, we came suddenly upon the quiet thoroughly Oriental city, which we entered after passing a ruined minaret, a deserted mosque (whose broad low dome was covered with long waving grass), and a Turkish bath, which had once been spacious and

splendid, but was now even more dilapidated than the mosque and minaret. Thus the first things that presented themselves at Brusa were ruins, sad, dishonoured ruins, with rubbish and dung-heaps outside and unnamable filth within—and ruins not of ancient date, not of Greek or Christian edifices, but of buildings sacred to the religion of Mahomet and the usages of Mussulmans!

The paving of the Brusa streets was rough, perilously slippery, and very like what we had left behind us in Galata and Pera; there seemed also to be an equally numerous colony of mangy, yelling dogs, who greeted our arrival with a grand chorus. It is, however, to be noted, in justice to the unowned curs of the capital of Osman, that they soon got acquainted with us, and hardly ever made any noise at night. At about three o'clock in the afternoon we safely took feet out of stirrup at the door of the "Hôtel de Bellevue," for so M. Charles had named his locanda, in bold defiance of the fact that one could see scarcely anything from the house. But M. Charles himself was worth more than a fine prospect. Though slow in speech, and as phlegmatic in manners as a Dutch skipper, he was fond of talking; and he had amused us well nigh all the way from the Gulf of Moudania to the foot of Mount Olympus, by making his unsophisticated remarks on men and things, and by relating his travels, adventures, and misadventures. Though but a young man he had travelled a great deal in the East. He had always had a passion for rambling. He was a Flamand by birth, and a tailor by original profession. When scarcely ten years old he ran away from home to see the greatness

and wonders of Antwerp; and while yet a boy he wandered all over the districts and regions which now constitute the kingdom of King Leopold I. Tailoring is sedentary, and has ever been considered "melancholic" (see Sir Thomas Browne and Charles Lamb), but M. Charles had taken it up as the best means of travelling over the world; and he was as merry as a tinker. When he cast about him for some calling which might be exercised peripatetically, he took counsel of many friends. "*Mon ami*," said his best adviser, an old Belgian tailor, "*mon ami, avec des aiguilles et une paire de ciseaux on va au bout du monde!*" So M. Charles became a tailor, and since then had he not made garments in France and Italy, in Algiers, Bona, Tunis, Alexandria, Cairo, Smyrna, Constantinople, Trebizond, Erzeroum, Tiflis, Stamboul again, and Brusa?

All the while we were with them Monsieur Charles and his wife made us exceedingly comfortable, considering the way in which houses are constructed in this country, the very limited nature of the market for provisions, and their own narrow means. We had all the house to ourselves for a month, no other traveller coming near. Our rooms were sweet and clean, the beds admirable, and totally without vermin; there were no mosquitoes to speak of, and if there had been we had good mosquito curtains to our beds; there were none of those horrible Pera night and morning noises in the street; the dogs, as I have said, were discreet; and generally all through the four-and-twenty hours we were nearly as quiet in the Hôtel de Bellevue as we could have been at the top of Olympus. The contrast was most reviving.

We had society too at Brusa, and might easily have had more. The English Consul was an intimate acquaintance of twenty years' standing, and the brother of one of the most amiable men I ever knew, my still lamented friend J. S——, who died at Smyrna of the endemic fever in 1828, while I was near dying at Constantinople. The French Consul was an acquaintance of the same date, as was also Mr. R. T——.

But the greatest resource of all, our choicest, most useful companion, our best "guide, philosopher, and friend," was John Zohrab, one of the sons of my old friend Constantine Zohrab, who had now been lying for some years in the wild, lonely Christian cemetery, high up the flank of Olympus, but whose memory I cherished, and shall cherish until I am laid as low and cold as he. When I was in Turkey before, John was at school in England. We met for the first time at Brusa, *chez* M. Charles, and from that hour we were inseparable. He was the true son of his father, open-hearted, open-handed, courageous, fearless, cheerful, with a flow of spirits that never knew an ebb; most thoroughly acquainted with the country, familiar with the Turks and all their notions and feelings, full of a rich vein of humour, an admirable narrator of stories, and assuredly the best drogoman that ever traveller met. Many pages of my journal would have been blank but for John Zohrab, who did for me in Asia Minor what his father had done for me at Stamboul twenty years ago.

We proceeded leisurely. I was anxious thoroughly to examine the great plain of Brusa, and particularly its rural economy, which no traveller that I knew of had as yet done. It was the most fertile, and reputed

to be the best cultivated and most prosperous part of the great Pashalik, and the Pashalik of Brusa was, by unanimous consent, the richest portion of Asiatic Turkey, and *the best governed.* To form an opinion as to the merits of the new system of administration I could not choose a better spot, or one so favourable to the reformers; for, being at so short a distance from the capital, it was, in a manner, under their eye. If anywhere in Asia Minor one could expect to find the humane principles of the Tanzimaut carried out in practice, it would be here; if anywhere justice was impartially administered between Mussulman and Christian, industry protected, and the Rayah farmer secured in the peaceful enjoyment of the fruits of his industry, it would be here. If the Tanzimaut was a dead letter at Brusa, what must it be in other parts?

I had on the spot excellent opportunities, and the best possible means of pursuing my inquiry, and of making myself acquainted with life on the road and the field, in the bazaar and the merchant's khan, and with the familiar in-door life of all classes. I have no intention of systematizing the facts I collected or the remarks I made. It will not only be easier to me, but also, I think, pleasanter to the reader, to continue the narrative form, and to give the facts and observations in the natural order in which they occurred.

CHAPTER VI.

Brusa — The Bazaars — Civility of the Turks — Moutons Dorés — Poverty and Decay — The last Night of Ramazan — The Feast of Bairam — Kiosk of the Sultan — The Great Deré and its Bridges — Filth! — Silk Factories — Amazing number of Mosques — Wretched State of the Villages in the Plain of Brusa — The Brusa Baths — Tchekgirghé the Cheltenham of Turkey — John Zohrab's Farm, or the Chiftlik of Hadji Haivat — Execrable Roads and splendid Chesnut Trees — Fountain of Kara-Bunà — A marvellous Corn Mill — Introduction of Potatoes — The curse of fixed Maximum Prices — The dreadful Famine of 1845 — The Cultivation of Rice prohibited — The Tanzimaut — Squirrels — Village of Sousourluk — Industrious Greek Farmers — The Injustice and Oppression of the Farmers of the Revenue — Excessive Taxation — Corvées — Turkish Buffaloes — Ruins of Kestel — Robbers — Village of Dudakli — Ibrahim and his Farm — Malaria Fevers — Ibrahim and the Tax Gatherers — Lake of Dudakli — The Yerooks, or Wandering Pastoral Tribes — A sick Stork — Village of Narléderé-keui — Ibrahim and his Wives — Rain Storm — Storks' Nests — Decay of Honesty — Splendid Mulberry Trees.

THE morning after our arrival we sallied out to the bazaars with our bold-hearted tailor to buy a travelling tchibouque and a few other necessaries. Except a few of them that were men in office, the Mussulmans were all dressed in the old Turkish costume, which had been proscribed at Stamboul. The carrying pistols and yataghans had been absolutely prohibited there, but here nearly every fellow we met had arms stuck in his shawl-girdle. Some old fellows who had ridden in from the mountains, or from the upper part of the plain, wore magnificent beards, long and white, and looked quite

majestic, although their loose robes were mostly old and ragged, and their white turbans made of the commonest muslin, and not over clean. The Jews, who are very numerous and for the most part *very* poor, also wore the long loose dress, with the invidious distinctions of former times as to the colour of their papoushes, turbans, and so on. Except a few of the "cream," the Greeks and Armenians also wore the oriental dress; though even here the latter had thrown aside their calpacks and taken to the fezz. All this gave to the bazaars ten times more picturesqueness than they had over in Constantinople. It made us feel that we were in the East. Among many other objects and circumstances which deepened this impression, were the little fountains—gushing with bright water fresh and cool from the mountain—that stood at nearly every turn in the tcharshy, each having attached to it by an iron chain a small circular drinking-cup, made of copper and pewtered within; a number of dervishes with their high, sugar-loafed felt caps, and a few wandering fakirs who wore long dishevelled hair, carried a club in one hand and a copper dish for the reception of alms in the other, and came up to you with wild looks as if they were going to slay you—all that they meant being that you should drop a few paras or small fractions of farthings in the tinkling vessel. Fierce as some of them looked there was not a Turk that was rude to us: they were quite as civil here as at the capital; and I thought that their gentleness and amenity were more natural and spontaneous, and less the effect of government orders. This being the last day of the Ramazan, we saw a grand exhibition of what our travelled tailor poetically called

"*Moutons Dorés.*" The term "Golden Fleece" would not apply, for the sheep were all skinned. They were covered nearly all over with bits of tinsel or the thinnest gold-leaf, such as the frequenters of our fairs stick upon their gingerbread. These Brusa muttons were splendid without any gilding—in size and quantity of flesh they might rival some of our best or largest English sheep. They were all of the broad-tailed Caramania breed. At every step in the tcharshy, and still more in the town, visible signs of poverty and decay met us; yet we were not pestered by beggars as at Constantinople. The only mendicants that accosted us were the wandering fakirs.

The "Moutons Dorés" show best by candlelight, and to-night was a night of grand *keff* and rejoicing among the Turks, for the weary Ramazan was expiring, and the joys of the Bairam were coming in, and the Pasha, mounted on his splendid mule which was renowned all over the country, and followed by all his retinue in their best attire, was abroad, and jogging in slow state through the bazaars, among the people, who reverently bent their turbans and skull-caps as he passed. Returning homeward from our consul's about midnight, we again passed through the meat bazaar, and saw the sheep shining in the light of many little coloured glass lamps, and of tall iron cressets with odorous pine-wood blazing in them. We walked through a long avenue of mutton. Truly there was something imposing in the array and number of these gilded sheep. Yet we were assured that in the three days of Bairam they would all be polished to the bone. During the feast the Turks appeared to eat nothing but mutton; and they *must*

eat it *then*, though they should not taste it again all through the year. It is a religious observance, the reddest mark in their rubric—an article or a profession of faith. Rich Turks, religiously inclined, kill sheep at this season, and distribute them among Mussulmans that are too poor to buy mutton of their own, and the merit of this act of charity and the spiritual rate of interest upon it are both considered as the greatest and highest.

The firing of two great guns announced the beginning of the festival and the arrival of the new moon; but there was no pistol and musket firing as in former times, when the Turks, putting ball in their pieces to make the reports the louder, generally managed to kill or wound a few people, without meaning any mischief. The dangerous practice has been prohibited. Some of the men of the old school murmured that without the *feu de joie* it was not Bairam; but none of them hazarded any loud remark within the city. The Turks were all in the streets next morning in their best attire. As they met they embraced one another, and wished that the feast might be a happy one for all the faithful. As with us at Easter, they put on new clothes. They must have something new. Those who had been able to afford nothing better put on a new pair of papoushes, or rolled a new cotton turban round the skull-cap. Old Hassan, who used to come to pick up travellers' crumbs at our hostel, and to hold our horses, and to do any other little job, had poverty written in legible characters not only in his face, but all over him. We gave him a few piastres on the first morning of the festival: he went straightway to the bazaar, bought ever so many yards of

a white cotton-stuff with small sprigs of flowers upon it, and made himself a new turban. Somebody else—I believe it was no Mussulman, but our Belgian tailor—gave him some of the gilded mutton; and he was set up for his Bairam, and thankful. Next Bairam might be better or it might be worse; old Hassan did not think beyond the present three days; and, pauper as he was, he would go and smoke his pipe at the *cafinet* by the side of the richest Mussulman of the place. The dearth of pastimes among this people perplexes any volatile European. During these three days their keff and jollity must have consisted almost entirely of eating mutton kibabs, smoking under shady trees, and enjoying the spectacle of two dancing bears and one monkey.

One pleasant though circumscribed view we had from our dining-room window in the rear of M. Charles's mansion. Looking over some mulberry gardens and the domes of one or two mosques, we saw at some distance up the mountain, on a green esplanade, a kiosk of the Sultan; a pretty thing enough, and beautifully situated, with woods behind it, and stupendous cliffs and crags towering above it. It was erected in a great hurry just before Abdul Medjid's visit to Brusa about three years ago. In the Oriental way, the circumstances have already become miraculous, for they tell you that the kiosk was built in a single night; that men went to bed seeing nothing but a green plot, and lo! on waking in the morning, an imperial palace stood there! The real time employed on the building was about a week. This was marvellously quick work; but they had brought a good part of their materials (the building is all of

wood), cut, shaped, and even painted and varnished, from Stamboul. They had also brought over, not many hours before the Sultan's arrival, a number of plants, flowers, and flowering shrubs, had hurriedly stuck them in the ground, and by copious waterings had kept them alive and fresh to greet the Padishah when he came. Oriental despots have always loved these sudden creations, these time marvels. Their old as well as their modern history abounds with them. Sardanapalus built Tarsus in Cilicia and the neighbouring city of Anchialus all in one day, and commemorated the feat in an inscription! Abdul Medjid slept a night or two in the kiosk, and has never visited it since, nor is ever likely to re-visit it. The flowers, the plants, the trees all died; the kiosk was shut up as a toy-box that had served its purpose, and being entirely neglected, it was already going to decay. A sum which, if properly applied, would have made a good road half way from Brusa to Ghemlik, was thus childishly wasted. In the two short tours he made—one in Asia and one in Europe—I know not how often this wasteful folly was repeated.

The acclivities, the off-shoots, or basement buttresses on which Brusa stands, are split by several chasms, one of which, towards the east end of the town, is picturesque and grand. This chasm is traversed by seven bridges, which afford communication to those dwelling on the opposite sides of the gulf. The lowest bridge but one is a covered bridge, flat, built up at the sides, and roofed over like a house or hall, having shops on either side, like the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, or like the London Bridge of the olden time. But the span of the arch underneath (one arch spanning the whole deep chasm)

is bold and grand. The arch, the whole of the bridge, is of brickwork, and said to have been made by the Genoese. But when? or for whom? The style of architecture is not unlike old Genoese; and the same may, I think, be said of several other buildings here. Whether seen from above or below, this Ponte Grande is a most interesting and picturesque object, and one of the most distinctive features of the place. At some three or four hundred yards above it, up the ravine is an open, narrow, mean bridge of stone, which looks like a work of the Turks. On passing from the first of these two bridges to the second, along the eastern side of the chasm, we encountered stenches and filth not to be described; and at one particular spot, a hollow crossed by shifting rotten planks, in shunning the Scylla of a cesspool on our left, we nearly fell into the Charybdis of the yawning gulf on our right. Yet were there houses, and those not of the meanest sort, close to this *Dantesca Bolgia*, and a good way up houses lined both sides of the chasm. Such of the inhabitants as had energy enough threw all their abominations right down to the bottom of the hollow; but, more frequently, the *immondices* lay close under the house-windows or clung to the green shelving sides of the chasm, poisoning the air, and rendering odious that which was in itself lovely. The chasm is, of course, the bed of a mountain torrent. At this season there was a mere thread of water in it; but with the first rains there would come down a great body of water, roaring and rushing like a cataract, and this would clear away all the abominations which had reached its bed. But the most swollen torrent never reached the horrors lodged up above. Higher up the gorge,

where the houses became thin and gradually ceased, the air was pure and balmy. The streamlet below now made the gentlest of music; but in the winter season, when that stream was a swollen, raging torrent, a stupendous cataract, the noise was so loud that in the front rooms of the houses there was no hearing one another speak.

A lover of picturesque habitations and extensive prospects might find a thousand sites to his mind over these ravines in the upper part of the town, and on the ascending sides of Olympus. One evening we climbed up to the new *Filatura di Seta*, an immense building erected by the potent Dooz Oglous and their Catholic-Armenian associates. About 150 women and girls were employed here in winding off silk from the cocoons. They were all either Armenians or Greeks. Turkish females cannot and will not be thus employed; they will rather do nothing and starve—and this was what too many of them were doing at Brusa, even at this season of the year. The Greek ladies were reported to be by far the quicker and cleverer, and the Armenians the more quiet and orderly. They could earn from nine pence to eleven pence a-day; and this was almost wealth, for the necessaries of life were amazingly cheap even at this short distance from the capital. An exemplary order and cleanness reigned throughout the establishment, which was under the direction of two intelligent, well-informed Italians. The silk they produced was very superior in quality to the old Brusa's; but it was all sent to the Sultan's own manufactory at Herek-keui, on the Gulf of Nicomedia, and there either wasted or worked up at a ruinous expense, or left to accumulate in dirty damp

magazines. The wheels of this system ran somewhat off the trams; and before we left Turkey this Filatura was shut up, and the hundred and fifty females were sent back to their primal state of idleness and poverty. The view from that elevated edifice over the city of Brusa and the plain and the opposite mountains is, towards sunset, absolutely enchanting. The number of minarets that are within ken is astonishing. It is a tradition of the place —repeated by innumerable travellers—that there are as many mosques in Brusa as there are days in the year. I believe that if you put the word *minaret* instead of *mosque* the saying will not be very far from the truth. In the opposite direction—to the west of the town, and beyond the outer walls of the ancient Acropolis, which still serves as a sort of fortress, although it has only two guns mounted, and is altogether incapable of defence, —we visited the charming site of another and still more extensive silk establishment, which was managed for a company (I believe exclusively Frank) by the Messrs. Falkeisen from Switzerland, who, rather in an illiberal spirit, had interdicted the view of the interior, in order that the people of the country might not copy their machinery or learn their processes. I was assured that there was nothing new to learn in the place. The first person to introduce the large Italian wheel, instead of the small reel which the people of the country used, was Monsieur George Crespin, the French Consul, who gave Brusa the benefit of the improvement long before the Swiss were ever heard of; and from that date the raw Brusa silks began gradually to rise in the markets of Europe. Besides a small number of Swiss and French Messrs. F. had been giving employment to some two

hundred women and children of the town; but the influx of China silk, and our sad commercial embarrassments of 1847, which were felt in every corner of the world—as blows struck at the *heart* of trade—were already casting their dark shadows before them: the number of working people was already reduced, and, in the course of a few short months more, when the French revolution threw all the silks of France into England, and made even the richest fabriques of Lyons a mere drug in the market, this Filatura was shut up altogether, and the firm of Messrs. F. and Co. became bankrupt. Close to this establishment there was another, but smaller one, belonging to a mixed company of Armenians and Franks, and directed by M. G——, a lively, good-natured, and, in his way, intelligent Frenchman, who was as anxious to show as Messrs. F. were to hide. M. G—— had the nucleus of a little European colony with him, containing one or two French matrons, who taught the Greek and Armenian girls their craft, and a very promising, well-dressing damsel from the Midi. Besides earning money the women of the country might learn some of the arts of European civilization and acquire some notion of domestic comforts in these establishments. One of the French matrons told me that when she first came to the country, hardly any of the women knew how to sew. *Les malheureuses! Elles ne savaient pas coudre. Fi! l'horreur!* Their clothes —shalvars, enterrés, feridgees (when they had any), were all made for them by men tailors; nor could they themselves stitch up a rent or darn a hole. Within the town our friend Mr. Robert Thomson, in association with a Mussulman—one of the most respectable and

intelligent of Turks *—had another establishment, which turned out silk equal to any. They employed about sixty women and girls, mostly Greeks, and quick and clever. In these works the natives acquired the habit of regular attendance, and order and method; which are just what the people of the country most need. Their usual habit is to be busy for one day and idle for three or four; or to work very hard for one hour and loiter and saunter for three. There were many other silk-throwing houses in and about Brusa, but they were managed by Greeks or Armenians, and were on a very diminutive scale, the only working people being, in many cases, the wife and children of the family. In general, the peasantry and town people (all are more or less engaged with silk) found it more to their interest to sell their cocoons to the larger fabriques. Silk is the staple and the one standing topic of talk. In Smyrna they talk of nothing but figs for about two months of the year; but in Brusa they talk of silk! silk! silk! all the year round. Any falling off of exportation or declension of prices seriously affects the whole country round about. The bad, sad year of 1848 must have well nigh destroyed such prosperity as there was in this part of the Pashalik. The manufacture of Brusa stuffs —of silk and cotton mixed—appeared to have very much declined. We saw very few pieces in the bazaar, and those of a quality inferior to what I had known in former times. A few Armenians were weaving silk

* One morning—a few months after our departure—this truly worthy man was found hanged or strangled in his own house. A Turk is hardly ever known to commit suicide, the man was in prosperous circumstances, in good health, and of a most cheerful temper; but the Pasha and police said he had killed himself, and—apparently—no inquiry was made!

pocket handkerchiefs; but they were small, flimsy, ill-made, and dearer than good silk handkerchiefs in England. The people complained that private speculation was discouraged, and that some fabriques, set up by Rayahs, had been oppressed, overridden, and finally suppressed by the monopolizing Armenian seraffs, who conceived that their interests—present or prospective—might be injured by them, and who had influence enough with the Porte to do well nigh whatever they chose in matters of speculation and commerce. Poor Tanzimaut!

In one of our first rides into the plain we found that, on passing the mulberry plantations kept up for the silk-worms, the cultivation of the country was most scanty, and slovenly to the last degree (I never saw such miserable Indian corn as was growing where the very best ought to be grown); and that the villages were filthier even than Demirdesh, which had so scared us on our ride from Ghemlik. In going through Soghanlik-keui (or Onion Village), we plunged into a black, fetid pool, hardly anywhere less than three feet deep, and slippery underneath. With scarcely an exception the houses in the villages were rotting and going to pieces. The inhabitants were in rags. But these were Turkish villages, which are always the worst and poorest; and we were told that we should see, in other parts of the vast plain, villages of Greeks that were prosperous. After a long circuitous ride we found ourselves at the foot of the spur of Mount Olympus, on which stand the chief of the famous mineral baths, two large mosques, and Tchekgirghé, or the Grasshopper Village, to which all the beau monde of Brusa resorts at this time of the year. The only road before us was a deep

gulley, which the rains and melting snows had worn in the soil, and through thick beds of volcanic tufo. Up this we climbed and scrambled with our poor weak horses, and then entered the village—the "Bath" or the "Cheltenham" of Turkey—by wading through more filth, flanked by mounds of rubbish on one side, and by a mosque in ruins on the other. The heat had been so excessive, so unusual even here, that we had been longing for the setting in of the autumnal rains. This evening, if we had not more rain than we wished for, we received it in a manner that was not quite agreeable. While paying a visit at one of the baths to Madame S——, we heard a few dull peals of distant thunder rumbling among the recesses of the mountain over our heads. As we put foot in stirrup a few enormously sized drops of rain began to fall, and before we were clear of the village the waters of the sky came down upon us like the emptying, not of buckets, but of hogsheads.

The next day at noon we started with Tchelebee John for his own home, a chiftlik or farm about four miles to the eastward of Brusa—the far-renowned chiftlik of Hadji Haivat. This tract of country, so abundantly furnished with springs and mountain-streams, never loses its verdure, and, refreshed by yesterday's rain, it was now as green as in the month of May. The aromatic Olympus gave out strongly all his perfumes. The road, though in the plain, was broken, rough, and detestable. Properly speaking, there was no road at all; only in low boggy places, which become deep quagmires or impassable bogs in the wet season, the Turks had made bits of stone causeways, shaped in

every way except the right one, and paved with blocks, boulders, and the roughest of stones; everywhere else you chose your path in a very broad waste space, which was sometimes between mulberry plantations and sometimes ran through pasture-lands, rude, uninclosed, in a perfect state of nature. Such is the road in the immediate vicinity of one of the very first of the cities in Asiatic Turkey—one of the high posting roads into the interior of Asia Minor! We made a détour, climbing the sides of Olympus, traversing not orchards or groves, but absolute woods of walnut trees, and *forests* of sweet chesnut trees, and approaching the village of Jumalà-Keuisuk. We passed under four or five small Turkish villages, beautifully seated along the flank of the mountain, and nestling among woods, and showing out a few cypresses; but they were all in decay, and of one of them hardly anything was left except a minaret. They are all renowned for chesnuts, and chiefly supply the markets of Constantinople with that fruit. All these *forests* of chesnuts produce the sweet, edible, nutritious fruit. We never saw what is called in England the horse-chesnut. Yet, rather than take a little trouble to cut wood on the mountain, the people of the country will cut down these sweet chesnut trees, which, if properly managed and the fruit properly husbanded, would keep them half through the year.

Descending from the heights towards the plain, we visited, on the last gentle declivity, the beautiful fountain or source of Kara-Bunà. A few plane-trees and detached chesnuts overshadowed a small smooth verdant esplanade, where people much loved to make their keff, smoking and listening to the gush of the

stream. Along the sides of the mountain are many spots as charming as this: you see or you hear the rushing or plashing of waters at each few hundred paces, and this even in the most drying heats of summer; but we did not see here any source to be compared with the Kara-Bunà. Riding round, we passed a solitary Turkish corn-mill, a very rude and perilous Turkish bridge, and some broad bare fields, which the mountain-torrents had sown all over with boulders, great rocks, and rounded stones. Localities like this are the quarries of the people of the country; it is with stones like these, thrown down anyhow, that the Turks make their abominable roads or causeways. At the approach of winter we had several opportunities of witnessing the process: the mud would be so deep and slippery in some places, that neither horse nor camel could cross, and arubas stuck fast: they went and brought some of the stones the torrents had sent down, threw them into the mud, and then other stones upon them, until they could get their carts and beasts across. Few were the people we met on this long ramble—few and poor enough—but they were all remarkably civil to us, and *chair et ongle* with our guide and philosopher, who knew everybody and was beloved by all. We threaded some charming woodlands in the plain, and then were within the limits of John's chiftlik, and close to a large and (with a few drawbacks) not uncomfortable house, which he had built himself, being architect unto himself.

In addition to this house our friend had built an over-shot mill, and constructed all the machinery for it, shaping and making the greater part of it with his own hands. It was an immense improvement over all the

Turkish mills of the country; and the villagers all round about (except where they stood in awe of Mussulman millers) were showing that they appreciated the superiority by bringing their corn to be ground. It was the very first mill that moved in the English fashion, and that had a mixed rotatory motion. Turkish mill-stones are laid flat one upon the other, and the upper one moves horizontally over the lower, which is fixed and immovable: the upper moving stone has a shaft; this shaft drops (through a hole in the nether stone) into a water-wheel, which also moves horizontally, the water being made to rush in through a hole, and strike the cogs on one side. Thus there is only one wheel, and one simple horizontal movement.

The stones of the Turkish mills, seldom of a good quality, are never properly cut; in grinding the corn they grind away themselves, so that the bread made of the flour is exceedingly gritty. In buying a loaf you do not get a stone, but you certainly get stone and bread, and in eating it you have to swallow fragments of old Olympus or some other mountain of fame. Tchelebee John, or "Gentleman John"—Armenian, Greek, or Turk never called him by any other name—had a resourceful mind, and a hand to turn to anything. But he had had numerous losses and crosses, and discouragements which would have entirely broken the spirit of almost any other man; and, if he had not become indolent, he had become rather careless about his farm, and instead of persevering in his very well understood schemes of agricultural improvements, he was content to let the country people follow their own ancient devices, and to live much as the people did, *le jour la*

journée. He, however, had yet two good English ploughs and a few other English implements, and when he took a little trouble himself he could produce far better crops than any chiftlikjee in the plain. If he had had a fair field and a very slight support from the local government he might have been a most valuable man. As it was he was the first to grow potatoes in this country, where there is much light sandy soil that suits them, and where they thrive amazingly. The root is now common in Brusa, up and down the plain —a distance of thirty miles—and a few Turks had carried the cultivation of it to little districts a good way in the interior. *Patatos* were unknown until J. Z. grew them. Those of his growth were very large and fine, equal to our best. Turnips were also unknown until he grew them. Though so much addicted to a vegetable diet the kitchen-garden of the Turks is exceedingly limited and poor. We procured from Malta a variety of English seeds, but, unhappily, a torrent from Olympus washed them all away the next spring. That mountain was, in several respects, a dangerous neighbour. For the grand and the picturesque our friend could hardly have selected better, the woods and mountain close behind him being magnificent, but for profitable and safe farming he might have made many a better choice—if he had been allowed; but it was with difficulty that he, a Christian and a *Frank*, had been allowed to hold land at all, and the tenure by which he held this farm seemed to be very insecure and enough to damp all enterprise. It was only his personal popularity that prevented the Mussulman millers, who form an *esnaff* and have their

corporate privileges, from obtaining at the hand of the Pasha an order to stop and knock down his corn-mill. John took the miller's fee in kind, and sold the flour in Brusa. He had gotten in from one field a magnificent harvest of maize: on another large field (they grow them here not in gardens, but *in fields*) there was a crop of very large, most delicious melons, ripe, bursting, and rotting on the ground; a dozen of them would have made the fortune of a day of a dealer in Covent Garden. The Pasha had *fixed* the price of melons at so low a mark that it would not pay the expense of carrying them into town. Owing to the execrable roads they could be carried only on the backs of horses; it took three of the miserable hacks of the country to carry any quantity; and then a man and boy must go with the horses, and work as hard as they would they could not make more than two journeys a day. No wonder that our friend was condemned to see his melons, and at times other productions of that bountiful soil, ripen and rot where they grew: yet the people of Brusa were all wanting *good* melons, and willing to pay a remunerating price for them; we had been able to procure none in the town. Other *good* fruit was about equally scarce in the market. The pernicious, monstrous folly of the *maximum* operated upon figs and raisins, nor did it stop at fruit and vegetables—it fell with a blight upon meat, maize, wheat, barley, game, everything! No regard was paid to difference of quality. The Pasha and his Council, or rather the Pasha and his Kehayah Bey—for the Council, set up by the Tanzimaut, was a nullity—had the same philosophy as the police officer who arrested the Greek

gardener in Tophana. Figs were figs! grapes were grapes! melons were melons! and the best must be sold at the same price as the worst. This system had already caused a great abandonment of gardening and agriculture; this had happened and was happening in the plain, and near to a great city, which is not what it was, but which must still be called a *populous* city. Higher up the country, a little farther away from the Brusa and every other considerable market, the case was getting still more desperate, the cost of carriage over those ruined and ruining roads being so much more. In our rides we had seen fields recently cultivated totally abandoned, and we had heard several men say that they would grow only just enough to feed themselves and families. And why should Greek or Turk sweat and toil where he is not allowed a free market for his produce? The poor farmers say that the system is intended solely for the benefit of the rich —for the special advantage of a dozen or so of wealthy Turkish families, who live up in Brusa with absurdly numerous households. "And," said Tchelebee John, "do these Pashas, Beys, and Effendis who are rich ever show any bowels of compassion for the poor? How did they behave at the last famine—in 1845—when men, women, and children from the interior were seen eating grass in the plain like cattle? As bad as bad could be! The poor Mussulmans *gave*, but they had soon nothing left to give, and were themselves in danger of being famished. There was then a very general display of hardheartedness among the Osmanlees of the town—and most among the richest—'the Ghiaours, the Franks, and strangers, the very Jews

have more compassion on us than our own people and brethren!'—said the starving father of a starving family, who received in a Frank house the bread for which he had applied in vain at the door of nearly every rich Mussulman in Brusa. These famines are every year occurring in some part of the interior. One district can hardly succour another, because there are no roads—*and because* each district grows little more than what suffices for its own consumption. Here we shall soon have famine again. One great agricultural resource has been entirely taken away from us. Here, all along the plain, under Olympus, which pours out such innumerable streams for irrigation, we grew great quantities of rice. Some Frenchmen told the government at Stamboul that this rice cultivation was highly injurious to the air and productive of the malaria fevers which afflict a part of the city and nearly all the plain. The government ordered that no more rice should be grown: this would have been very well if they had taken measures for draining the plain and for canalizing our streams. Government did nothing, and apparently never thought of doing anything in this way. We have lost our rice, but our swamps and bogs remain. If there be any difference the air is rather worse, and malaria fever more prevalent now than when we grew our rice; for people then gathered up a good many of the threads of these loose streams, and made numerous ditches and trenches for the irrigation of their fields, and some of the water which now overspreads and stagnates close to the town and nearly all along the foot of the mountain, was carried farther off towards the centre of the plain, and the two rivers—the beds of which would be made

to carry off every drop of the superfluous water if the country were in the hands of any other people."

Although he led rather a Robinson Crusoe life Tchelebee John had a wife and little family, and two brothers of his spouse—fine young men both—were living with him in the farm-house. Monsieur Louis Vallé was about as brave and good a specimen of humanity as I ever met with in any land; he was as active and fearless as his brother-in-law, as keen a sportsman and almost as expert.

From this point we explored all the eastern and upper part of the plain. One of these excursions, though made on a burning-hot day, and attended by sad reflections, was full of interest and of the information I was in quest of. We rode through some beautiful chesnut woods, then swarming with very busy squirrels that were nearly as large as English rabbits. Provident, industrious people! They were laying in their winter stores and preparing warm bedding for the cold season. We emerged from the woods upon some open corn-fields and pasture-land, and enjoyed for some two or three miles the inestimable comfort of a good, smooth, solid road. This brought us to the village of Sousourluk, almost wholly inhabited by Greeks, and reputed the most prosperous village of the plain. The land is nowhere so well cultivated. The main street by which we entered was another cesspool: the deep filth and slush reached nearly from one side to the other. The principal coffee-house of the place and the shop of the chief barber were here situated. The odour, as our horses, knee-deep, stirred it up, made me almost reel in the saddle. We pulled up at a Turkish coffee-house

situated in a somewhat sweeter spot. In one corner of the coffee-house sat a starch old Turk with a white turban, a white beard, and a bright sky-blue mantle, holding a long scroll of paper in his hand, and now and then writing Arabic ciphers upon it with a small dumpy reed. He was attended by a hawk-nosed, bow-legged, dapper Osmanlee, who wore a yellow turban, a light rose-coloured cloak, and silver mounted pistols and yataghan in his girdle, and who from time to time brought a dingy, uncomfortable-looking Greek to the front of the cafinet to have audience of his master. The old man was a tax collector or assessor, and was evidently regarded with great awe by Mussulmans as well as Rayahs. A few paces beyond this coffee-house the village opened into a fine, clean, rural piazza, with plane-trees in the midst, and with a fountain, a snow-white mosque and minaret on one side—a picturesque and truly charming spot. Reclining under the plane-trees were groups of migratory industrious Kurds, who annually make immense journeys, and come down to reap the harvests and do other work. Generally they bore the characters of quiet honest fellows, but there were terrible exceptions to the rule. The state of cultivation, as well as the natural scenery round this village of Sousourluk, was indeed admirable. Most of the fields were strongly and even neatly inclosed. Great care had been taken to check and bar out a torrent from Olympus, the broad stony bed of which we had crossed. The vineyards and mulberry-plantations were most carefully tended, and by far the best we had seen. Though the implements used were rude and primitive enough, there was no sign of rudeness in

the results produced. The wheat, the maize, the barley had all been gathered in, and the harvests as usual had been most abundant—proportionate to the care and industry of the people. We saw an unusual quantity of cattle, and the oxen and buffaloes seemed all in excellent condition. Yet the house of a farmer at which we stopped, and all the houses in the village, seemed in sad plight—half in ruins — and the Greeks were wringing their hands and tearing their hair, and swearing that they would plough and sow no more; that they would give up houses and lands and emigrate; that, through the maximum on one hand and the greed and injustice of the tax-gatherer on the other, they were all being reduced to beggary. The taxes were farmed out. The régime of the old *Fermiers-Généraux* of France—one of the greatest causes of the revolution of 1789—now obtains in *reformed* Turkey. Though not so ostensibly, the real *Fermiers-Généraux* are the Armenian bankers and money-lenders, who are backed by the civil and (in case of need) military power of government. Our Greek farmer, who was now joined by some of his neighbours (attracted by the arrival of Gentleman John), said that for his part he would ten times rather have Turkish pashas than seraffs; that among the pashas they now and then got a good and just one, but that they had never known an Armenian with any feeling or any sense of justice; that they had undergone at Sousourluk far more oppression and grinding since the introduction of the reformed system than they had known in the whole course of their lives under the old system; and that, whatever people might say to the contrary at Stamboul, the soles of their feet were no

safer *now* than *then*, if they failed to pay every piastre that was demanded of them, or chanced to give offence to the chief of police at Brusa or to any of his friends, or to any party leagued with him. The mirì, or Sultan's tenth upon produce, had been so levied this year, that it was turned into a fifth—in some instances into a third of the whole! Melons, cabbages, vegetables in general had been exempted from the tax by written law and immemorial usage, but the ushurjees or tax-gatherers were levying the mirì upon them also, and at a fearfully high rate. Then there were the salianè (a sort of property and income-tax) and various other taxes, and frequent forced labour, which last had been abolished by the Tanzimaut, but which was exacted from them as before. One old man said that they might face for a while all these evils, but that the fixing of prices by the Pasha rendered their case hopeless. "The great men who farm the taxes," said another, "and pay so much a year to the Porte for them, sub-let to smaller men; these again sub-let by districts, or townships, or groups of villages to still smaller men, who spread themselves over the land like locusts. All these men must make a profit on what they have paid—the money being chiefly furnished by the seraffs, who must have high interest. Some of the little men, being misled by the Armenians, often make bad bargains with the great men, and then to avoid being ruined themselves they ruin us. Generally every ushurjee forces as much from us as he can get. If we resist, if we invoke the protection of the Tanzimaut, if we tell him that the mirì is so much and no more, he brings down the head of the police among us, and that

terrible man—if he does no worse—quarters a troop of his tufekjees in our houses to be fed at our expense until we pay, and tells the Pasha of Brusa, who knows us not, who has never seen our village, near as it is, that we are in a state of rebellion. And if we go up to the city to appeal to the Pasha, what do we get?—blows and imprisonment, and expenses and heavy payments to the chief of the police before we get free!" "They will root us all out," said another of the elders of the village, "and then where will they get mirì, or salianè, or any other money? There were Turks here in old times; a good many when I was a boy; now there are only fifteen families of them left, and their families are very small, for they have hardly any children, and the men do hardly anything all the day long but lounge about and smoke. Our Turks will not work. What could these few men pay to the ushurjees? We Greeks defended this bit of country from the torrents, and cleared it, and enclosed it, and cultivated it as you see it. All this is Greek work. If they force us to run away, soon the torrent will sweep away the village, and the country will again become a wilderness. Where will they find people to fill our place? Nowhere!"

A little beyond the village we met a long train of arubas, carrying fine large trees, cut on the eastern side of Olympus, for the Sultan's dockyard. They were drawn chiefly by buffaloes, which belonged to the people of the district. These buffaloes are very docile, tame creatures, nothing like the sullen, fierce, fiery-eyed, diabolical looking animals one encounters in the Campagna of Rome and in the kingdom of Naples. We

often saw here a buffalo and an ox yoked together, and working on the most amicable terms. Generally the buffaloes are as inferior in size and strength as they are in fierceness to those of the South of Italy; but at the western extremity of the plain and beyond it, by the lake of Apollonia, and in the plain of Mohalich, we saw some that were quite equal in size to the best breed of Italy.

We passed under the projecting ridge of Kestel, or Castel, which overlooks, and might command, the pass through which runs the only road into the interior of Asia Minor. The ridge is crowned by the picturesque ruins of a castle, a work of the Lower Empire. No doubt, from its position, the hill has had some fortifications on it from the remotest time, and that a fortress of the kings of Bithynia gave place to a Roman *castellum*; but the present castle was probably built—as many were known to be—in the Emperor Justinian's time, when the pastoral and warlike tribes of Turks were already essaying to turn the flanks and force the defiles of Olympus, and were threatening the rich city of Prusa, which, seven centuries after this period, became the first capital of their empire. Behind the castle, on one of the last green slopes of Olympus, among chesnut woods, was the village of Kestel. Continuing along the high route into the interior we soon came to a fearful bit of road (not long ago the favourite resort of a band of robbers) with a steep mountain covered with thickets on the right side, and a steep bank and a deep broad morass (covered with high rushes, and much frequented by wild boars) on the left. To mend matters the road

itself was here steep and roughly paved with great, round, slippery stones.

We soon quitted the rough stone causeway, forded a stream, picked our way through the morass, struck across the plain towards the opposite mountains, crossed a rivulet or two, passed a lonely Turkish cemetery, (where the rude tombstones, without turbans or inscriptions, were nearly all laid prostrate,) sloped up the hills, and in about an hour drew bridle at Ibrahim's farm, at the edge of the little picturesque village of Dudakli. The farm-house and farm-yards were truly Oriental and Turkesque.

One large yard was enclosed by walls, and these walls were perforated by numerous square holes, at equal distances, like the port-holes of a man-of-war. Within each of these holes was part of a trunk of a tree, hollowed out and open at both ends, and these were Ibrahim's beehives, which annually rendered him a large stock of fine honey. The hives looked rough and rude, but they had the advantage of our best patented beehives, the honey was procured without killing the industrious insects that made it; the bees were never destroyed. Some mulberry plantations for silk, and a fine vineyard full of ripened, or fast ripening grapes, a small grove of pomegranate trees, some very fine quince trees, and a few other fruit trees, stood near the house.

Ibrahim was not at home, he had gone away with a sack of wheat to a corn-mill at the neighbouring village of Narlè-derè-keui. His wife, or, to speak more correctly, *one* of his wives, and Mahmoud, the lady's son by a former marriage, welcomed Tchelebee John with an ecstasy, and hoped that we had all come to stop for

a few days. The lady did not show herself, but exercised her hospitality from within the harem. Mahmoud, who served up the bread, the Turkish cheese, and a refreshing water-melon of an amazing size, was a fine handsome youth of about sixteen, but he was suffering sorely from dysentery, having been previously much reduced by *malaria* fever. [We sent him some quinine; the medicine soon set him up again, and his cure gained us the heart of his mother.]

For Turkey, Dudakli, though small, was a neat village. It was certainly the cleanest and most prosperous-looking that we saw in the Brusa plain. The inhabitants are of mixed breed, half Turk, half Yerook. They were well-dressed, and appeared to be a quiet, inoffensive, good-natured people; but they are impatient of insult, oppression, or any wrong, and devils when roused. To this quality, and to their high and rare personal courage, they are mainly indebted for their prosperity. Those publicans and sinners, the Ushurjees, were here obliged to rest satisfied with fair measurements and valuations, and to take the taxes as the law fixed them. Ibrahim's spirit, and his known intimacy with the English consul and other Franks at Brusa, had this year effectually checked the fiscal marauders, not only in this village, but also at Narlè-derè-keui. The revenue officers had made an assessment for the salianè or property-tax, in the fairness of which the head men of the two villages agreed; but when the time came for levying the tax, every man found that his assessment had been about doubled. Ibrahim was quiet until they came to Dudakli for payment. He then remonstrated. The tax-gatherers referred to their

scrolls of paper. "Those writings speak not the truth," said Ibrahim. The publicans told him that he did not know how to write, that none of the villagers could even read. "But we can *remember*," said Ibrahim, "and we all do remember the figures we agreed upon. I was to pay 300 piastres, Mustapha 200, Halil 150, and so with the rest of us; and now you ask us all nearly double. This cannot be." All the head-men said, very decidedly, that it was not just, and that they would not submit to it. The levyers said that they who could read and write, and keep accounts, must be in the right, and that the villagers must all be in the wrong; and they stormed and talked very big. Ibrahim pointed to a deep lake a very little above the village, and asked them whether they could swim? They moderated their tone, got into their saddles, and turned their horses' heads away from Dudakli. The Turks of the prosperous corn village on the hills, under which we had passed in coming from Ghemlik, had long been accustomed to defend their rights in the same strenuous manner. The Pasha had very seldom indeed any force except the irregular tufekjees or musket-men, and it was rather too near the capital to employ any disciplined troops (if he had had them) in flagrant acts of injustice, likely to be attended with a shedding of Mussulman blood. Wherever the Turks showed this sort of spirit they were comparatively in a thriving condition, but the examples were very rare. The heart of the Osmanlees seemed to have been taken out of them. I believe it required a copious infusion of the wild blood of the Yerooks to produce men at all like those of Dudakli.

We left that village to take a nearer view of the lake, and then to go and look after the bold Ibrahim. The lake is at the very head of the Brusa plain. We reached it by scrambling along the steep sides of the mountain by a rugged path. Although its waters were now low, the lake appeared to be about two miles and a half in circumference. It was nothing thought of here, but in other countries people would make long journeys to see its tranquil beauties. A large drove of buffaloes, oxen, and cows were collected on one side. Of human beings we saw not one. Opposite to the little stony promontory on which we stood, but hid by a projecting rock, so that we could see nothing of it but its blue smoke, was the village of Ghieul Bashi, or Lake Head, occupied by stationary, but pure, unmixed Yerooks. For a good many years it has been an object with the Porte to reclaim these tribes from their wandering habits, and induce them to settle in towns and villages. As yet the government has not succeeded to any great extent, and I can scarcely wish it success. These Yerooks (called by Dr. Chandler and most of our old travellers "Turcomans") are a pastoral, thriving, simple-minded, primitively-mannered, kind-hearted people, hospitable as far as their means allow, and always ready to shelter and serve a traveller, be he Mussulman or Christian. Though far more religious than the town-dwelling people, they are less bigoted and intolerant. Their migratory habits, and their breathing the free air of the mountains during one half of the year, appear to give them the enjoyment and appreciation of freedom. Their women go unveiled even before strangers; they are very fond of their children, whether male or female,

and generally have a good stock of them. Their wandering life, their periodical migrations are absolutely necessary in the state of the country, and must continue to be so until pastoral farming is so far advanced as to afford food for flocks and herds in the plains in summer time, and food and shelter in the mountains in winter time; and, perhaps, a very large portion of these mountains and plains will always encourage and keep up the present Yerook system—at least there will remain many vast tracts that cannot be so profitably employed until the population of Asia Minor shall be multiplied by ten or by twenty. After all, these Yerooks are only like the shepherds of Estremadura and the Abruzzi, who annually vibrate with their flocks between the mountains and the plains. At the approach of winter the Yerooks come down with their flocks and their herds to the warm, sheltered plains opening on the Propontis or the Ægean, and at the approach of the burning hot summer they retire to their cool, shady mountains, where the melting snows leave sweet and abundant pasture. The most thriving men I saw this time over in Asia were among the Yerooks. Some of their Aghàs, or head-men, possess immense flocks of sheep and fine herds of cattle; and it was a fine sight to see them—as we did a little later at Hadji Haivat—descending from Olympus, day after day, like a continuous stream. But for the Yerooks I do not know what the Turks would do for their mutton! The heads of tribes lead quite a patriarchal life—always under tents—and many of them reach a truly patriarchal age. I had often seen striking proofs of longevity among them in the valleys of the Hermus and Caicus.

From the lake of Dudakli a natural stream ran along the plain, and fell into the river Lufar or Nilofar, two or three miles below Brusa. From the lake to that river there is a gentle, and at times imperceptible, descent; the waters of the lake even now made a pretty strong current for more than two miles below the opening of this bed. At a very trifling expense, which might be more than defrayed by the rich alluvial lands recovered by the draining, this little natural canal might be made to carry off the increment of that basin, to drain the swamps and bogs, which are the sole causes of the malaria, to reduce the level of the lake permanently, and to throw all this water, and much more, into the broad stony bed of the Lufar, which traverses the remainder of the plain and falls into the Rhyndacus very near the sea. These two rivers are the natural drains of the Brusa plain; but nature requires the aid of human art and industry. To embank the upper part of the Lufar, which comes sheer down from Olympus—a perfect cataract in winter—to prevent its overflowings as it traverses the valley on its way to the Rhyndacus, would be a work of some time and cost, but of no difficulty to modern science. The difficulty must have been conquered by ancient engineering, for the populousness of this district in remote ages is a proof that it must all have been well drained and canalized, as otherwise there would have been malaria, and where malaria *is* population *never* becomes great. So clear was the process to be pursued, that it had struck the natural good sense of Ibrahim and two or three of the active Yerook-Turks of Dudakli; and, with Tchelebee John, who, from books, and from operations he had seen in

England, had some good notions of engineering (at least as far as canal cutting and road making), they had long had their minds bent upon this object, and had been prevented from making a good beginning (by deepening and widening the mouth of the little river which received the water of the lake, and clearing the bed of the stream) only by their inability to obtain the consent of government. A firman was indispensable. It was a sad thing to see the prevalence of a terrible evil which might be so easily remedied. The swamps spread far and wide, sending up pernicious vapours from stagnant water and vegetable decomposition; every man, woman, and child in Dudakli had the intermittent fever, or had had it, this season; and thus it had been, year after year, for ages.

Quitting the lake we went back to Dudakli, and thence rode to the westward under the Katerli mountains. In a little green lane, running between coppices, we saw one solitary, sad, sickly looking stork. The poor bird had been lamed in a wing, and could not accompany his mate and populous community when, some weeks ago, they took their annual flight to other regions. It not unfrequently happens that a stork is thus left behind by his brethren and tribe, through his inability to follow them in their long, long flights. Such as are thus abandoned, to bear in dismal solitude the short but sometimes cold winters of this climate, while their mates are comfortably warm and congregated in Upper Egypt, Nubia, on the banks and by the sources of the Nile, must have a very sad life of it indeed. Below the village of Sousourluk there was another forlorn stork. A Mussulman would as soon

think of inflicting bodily injury on his first-born male child, as of hurting these poor birds, nor would any Greek or Armenian, or any other peasant, of the country molest them, for the stork is a privileged and almost sacred bird in the eyes of all; but who could give them their mates and friends, or the genial heat of the tropics?

A long, lone Turkish cemetery, and then another, showed where villages had once been. In about an hour we entered Narlè-derè-keui—Pomegranate-valley-village—slush! slush! the usual dirt in the streets, but the tumble-down wooden houses of the Turks were quaintly shaped and grouped most picturesquely, and a fine stream came down from its near source in a mountain cave, splashing and sparkling through a glen. At the small, low, primitive corn-mill, whose upper stone was performing its horizontal movement with great rapidity, we found Ibrahim, the brave Ibrahim, clad in his best, a beautiful flowing suit of Turkey-red cloth, slightly but prettily embroidered with gold thread; for to-day was the Mussulman Sabbath, and the Mussulmans of Narlè-derè-keui are great dandies, and are known all over the country by the smartness of their attire. Mussulman or Christian, European or Asiatic, there could scarcely have been a handsomer fellow than Ibrahim of Dudakli. Yet we saw him at a great disadvantage: he had only just got rid of the intermittent fever; the malaria demon had been severe upon him for several successive seasons, to the great detriment of his liver, and the jaundicing of his beautiful manly countenance. Farmer, peasant as he was, he had the bearing, the easy politeness, and the manners of

a high-bred gentleman. The Empress-Mother, dame Nature, had given him a patent of nobility.

The old miller brought us a mattress and cushions, which we spread on the shady side of the mill, on the very brink of the cool mill-stream, and there we seated ourselves as nearly as we could *à la Turque*. Ibrahim, who had another wife here (of whom more will be said hereafter), furnished bread, boiled eggs, yaourt, grapes, and water-melons. Meat we hardly ever met with in these excursions. Except on high-days and holidays the country people rarely taste it. After our sober repast and a good tchibouque we ascended the deep ravine to its precipitous termination—a stupendous wall of rock —where the clear water gushed out in force from a cave, and dashed along under young plane trees and mountain ashes of the most vivid and transparent foliage. Insensible of the *religio loci*, an English traveller had cut out his unmeaning name on the rocks of the cavern. Few, very few of this class had ever ascended the glen or seen the cave; and yet one of them must leave behind him this trace of his bad taste and irreverence.

All the notables of the village gathered round us at the mill; there were three Emirs among them. They were all very civil and talkative. One of them would, *par force*, make Tchelebee John a present of a wild boar, which he had shot the preceding night. Mussulmans would not touch the forbidden flesh, but the poor fellow might have sold his *domooz* among the Christians of Brusa. John had made Ibrahim a first-rate sportsman, a dead shot, and Ibrahim, by precept and example, had made sportsmen of a good many of his neighbours—to their no small advantage. The country absolutely

swarmed with game, but few of the Turks were active enough to go and look for it, or skilful enough to bring it down. Collectively they are miserable shots, and a Turk has seldom either a good gun or good powder. We spoke to Ibrahim of our intended journey up the country, and he at once offered his services, for he had been as far as Kara-Hissar before, and engaged to accompany us whenever we might choose to start. This was much to our advantage; and, with Ibrahim and Tchelebee' John, I verily believe we might have traversed, without let or hindrance, not only Asiatic Turkey, but all those wild regions beyond it, where the Turkish language is spoken or understood.

A plurality of wives is too expensive an enjoyment for poor men. Except a few of the grandees who had rather large harems, I believe our friend of Dudakli was the only man in the plain of Brusa that was a bigamist. He got a farm and what was considered a good fortune with his second wife; the house at Dudakli was hers, and would go at her death, not to Ibrahim if he should survive her, but to Mahmoud, her son by her first husband. With this wife, who had been a very handsome woman, he lived, leaving to his first spouse a house he had at Narlè-derè-keui, and some pomegranate groves and fields, which were her own property before she married him. A Turk will never name his wife or wives, much less talk about them. Even to "Gentleman John," with whom he was often out for weeks together shooting on the mountains or round the lake of Apollonia, bivouacking together or sleeping in the same hovel, he was silent as to his domestic affairs; but John understood that the first or

original Mrs. Ibrahim had a very bad temper. Judging from the alacrity with which our friend brought us refreshments from that lady's residence I should say that they were pretty good friends now. At Dudakli Ibrahim pretended that he merely called now and then on the lady at Narlè-derè-keui from habit, and for the sake of old acquaintance; but it was thought that Mrs. Ibrahim the second did not like these visits, and was always of opinion when there was a sack of corn to be ground, that her boy Mahmoud might take it to the mill just as well as Ibrahim.

On quitting this village we saw how appropriately it was named. The valley below for more than a mile was covered with large, thriving, beautiful pomegranate trees. The fruit, now almost ripe and charmingly coloured, was hanging from the trees in thick clusters. Were the streets but a little cleaner, and the houses somewhat less dilapidated, the village of the "Vale of Pomegranates," with its sparkling and always copious stream, and the romantic ravine behind it, would be a little paradise.

That night at Hadji Haivat the rain descended in torrents, making us congratulate ourselves that we had a roof over our heads. But before morning we had some reason to doubt whether we had such shelter. I was roused out of a sleep so sound that nothing short of a catastrophe could have disturbed, by a cataract falling right on my face, and on starting up I found that the low divan, at the opposite ends of which I and my son were sleeping, was deluged with rain. We threw off the wet coverlets, dragged our light mattresses to a dry part of the room, covered ourselves with what came

under our hands, and were presently asleep again (the blessing of air and exercise!), and slept on without turning or moving until two hours after sunrise.

Four large nests, each a good deal bigger than our bushel-measure, four storks' nests on the house-top explained the primary cause of the partial inundation of our bed-chamber. Storks love to beat tattoos with their long powerful bills upon tiles; they are very prejudicial to the tops of houses which they select for their spring residence, and where they settle one year they are sure to return the next and the next; but they are believed to bring good fortune with them, and it is an article of universal faith that calamity and woe would befall the unfeeling master of the house who should destroy their nests to save his tiles from being broken. Tchelebee John smiled at the superstition, and pleaded the feelings of some poor Turks who were his near neighbours at Hadji Haivat, but I believe that he shared in the superstition himself, and that he would no more have destroyed the nests than he would have knocked down the house. Those dear familiar storks had come year after year, ever since John built the edifice, nestling on the roof under which his children were born; thither had they come, each pleasant spring time, from remote regions through the air, and guided by an instinct which was of heaven, to fill their procreant cradles, and to stalk in their gravity and majesty about the fields, the green woods, the hovels, the ruins, and Necropolis of Hadji Haivat. They had brought Gentleman John no very great luck; but they might bring some yet—and heartily do we wish they may! We sent to Brusa for an Eastern "Teddy the tiler,"

and a few new tiles: the roof was made water-proof, but the storks' nests were left as they were. The birds next spring would have nothing to do but patch them up, and give them the usual annual repair and embellishment, on taking repossession, as our "fashionables" set in order their mansions in Belgravia on the approach of the London season—the difference being that our Dukes and Duchesses get their work done for them, while my lord and lady stork must needs do it themselves.

Our host was very favourably disposed towards the Turkish peasantry, blaming indeed their general indolence, but praising their honesty and trustworthiness. He, however, regretted that, of late years, there had been a visible decline in these qualities, that some of the Turkish peasants of the plain were becoming pilferers, and petty larceny a prevalent offence. This complaint was repeated to us by several of our friends at Brusa, who had been living many years in the country. "Now and then," said one of them, "a few Turks would practise highway robbery on a grand scale; but none of them would pick and steal in a paltry manner. Now they do both." Up the country, where poverty and wretchedness were far greater than here, we found the Turkish peasant as honest a fellow as ever.

Near the farm-house I noticed some splendid mulberry trees, the leaves of which were three times as large as those of the best mulberry trees grown in the plain. They had been raised from cuttings procured by John's brother-in-law, Mr. Donald Sandison, our Consul at Brusa, in the botanical garden of the Grand Duke at Florence. John had been the

first to cultivate them here. He had already raised a very considerable number, and had sold or distributed a good many to different cultivators. The Greeks of Sousourluk were now growing the tree; Ibrahim had a plantation of them at Dudakli. As food, the silk worms preferred the leaves to any others, and the silk of the worms that had been exclusively fed on these leaves was said to be of a superior quality. The tree was, I believe, originally brought from the Philippine islands. Judging from all the specimens I saw, it seemed to thrive wonderfully in this soil and climate.

CHAPTER VII.

Brusa — A great Fire at Pera — Festival of the Circumcision — More Corvées — A Hunt after Horses and Mules, and the Snow of Olympus — Tyranny of the Pasha — Constant Arrests — The Pasha's horrible Prison, which is his Mint — Denial of Justice to the Christian Rayahs — The Tanzimaut, the Turkish Magna Charta and Bill of Rights, and how observed — How Turks return the Civility and the Hospitality they have received in England — Mustapha Nouree, the Pasha of Brusa, his Character and Conversation — The Sultan's Merinos Sheep — The Backshish Persecution — Khodjà Arab, the Chief of Police — Robbers — The Baths at Tchekgirghè — More Oppressions — Remarks on our Consular Establishments — Armenian Rudeness — An Armenian Soirée — Village of Dobrudjà — Ruins — Village of Missi — Ghieuk-Dere — Bournà Bashi — Dancing Dervishes — Drunken Sheik.

WE had several good reasons for congratulating ourselves on having removed from Pera to Brusa. A few nights after our departure from that paradise of drogomans there was a terrible conflagration, which destroyed some hundreds of houses, and sent up such a mighty glare that the red reflection of it was distinctly seen from the farm at Hadji Haivat. The weather, too, in that quarter was detestable; the season had broken up earlier than usual; fogs from the Black Sea, and cold rains, had set in a day or two after our departure, and they continued with scarcely any intermission during the whole time of our absence in Asia Minor. They completely spoiled the grand fêtes of the circumcision. The day that the *corps diplomatique* and a number of travellers were to witness the greatest of the celebrations,

and to dine with the Vizier under a great tent, it poured so pitilessly that the court was obliged to have recourse to a postponement. But the adjourned feast was as wet and cold and comfortless as well could be; and those who were obliged to be at it wished themselves almost anywhere else. An English gentleman who was present, and who was drenched to the skin, and kept in his wet clothes from noon till evening, described the whole affair as the most paltry and barbarous that could well be imagined. "Fancy," said he, "hundreds of children all screaming at a time, under a painful operation, in dirty ragged green tents, while wailing Turkish music was played upon the old shrill piercing pipes; fancy a pair of savage wrestlers here and there, naked except about the loins, and besmeared all over with thick rancid oil; a dozen or two of tumblers; hundreds of kibabjees, frying their mutton and sliced onions in a row, and vociferating at the rain for putting out their charcoal fires; thousands of cavasses, keeping the people in order by breaking their heads with their sticks; tens of thousands of yashmacked Turkish, Armenian, and Jewish women, draggle-tailed and losing their papoushes in the mud, or sitting disconsolately on the hill-sides, and you will have a pretty correct idea of the principal features of this feast of the circumcision, which lasted altogether about six days." Yet this barbarous, beggarly display cost the Sultan an immense sum of money, for he clothed all the young Mussulmans that underwent the rite with his eldest son, gave presents to their parents, distributed diamonds and Nishans with his usual inconsiderate profusion, and paid Armenian price for a thousand things which were spoiled or wasted, or worthless

in the beginning. Being obliged to follow his example, a good many of the Sultan's grandees ran deeply into debt on the occasion. Six months after this date the dealers in the bazaars at Constantinople were groaning over the unpaid bills for articles furnished for this great celebration; some of them even petitioned the Sultan to take their case into consideration and command payment; and this lavish expenditure was said to have very materially contributed to the temporary overthrow of Reschid Pasha's government, and to the very sudden retreat of Sarim Pasha, the minister of finance. All business, whether of state or of trade, was at a standstill, and nearly all communications were interrupted, as the steamers were taken up to carry people to and from Constantinople and Scutari all the time the Festa lasted. Our steamboat did not come to Ghemlik for several weeks. These irregularities, which are but too common, cause great inconvenience and mischief, and give a vast advantage to the foreign steam navigation companies. There was an immense demand for the ice and congealed snow of Olympus to make ices and sherbets for the feast. One morning as we were sitting with R. T---- in his clean little house at the top of the town of Brusa, a poor Turk, leading a horse, entered the yard in an excited condition. Messengers had come from Constantinople, and by order of the Pasha they were seizing all the horses and mules in the town to send them up the mountain to bring down snow, and then to carry it to Moudania or Ghemlik, where it was to be embarked for Scutari. "If they take my horse," said the poor man, "they will lame him and ruin him. Oh! Tchelebee, let me leave my

horse in your stable; you are a Frank, you are an Englishman, they will not dare enter your gate!" The horse was taken in, and was quite safe. Other men, Mussulmans as well as Rayahs, got an exemption by bribing the Pasha's people who were heading this hunt after horses and mules. The animals that were pressed into the service were nearly all lamed or otherwise injured, for the purveyors were in a fearful hurry, and drove them on unmercifully.

Very different were the accounts we heard of the present governor of the Pashalik, Mustapha Nouree: in Brusa the natives, and not a few of the Franks, spoke of him according to the bias of their interests; with some who had done business with him or for him, or who hoped to gain by him, or who had the art of managing him by means of his Kehayah Bey, or some favourite, he was the very flower of pashas; with others, who had not this art, or who had failed in its practice, or who had been thwarted in their projects by Mustapha, he was the greediest tyrant and the worst pasha they had ever known. I would take neither of these estimates as true. On our first arrival in the town I was induced by an appearance of order and tranquillity to incline *rather* to the favourable than to the unfavourable side, and for some time I shut my ears to evil reports; but evidence poured in from all quarters, and all parties, whether benefited by the Pasha or not, agreed that his head man or Kehayah Bey was a very perfect scoundrel, corrupt, rapacious, cruel, remorseless, and notorious for the most revolting vice of the country. We never could take a walk in the streets without seeing the tufekjees, or policemen, dragging unfortunate

creatures to prison, sometimes for imputed offences, but far more frequently for debt, for real or pretended arrears in payment of taxes, for non-payment of the kharatch or poll-tax, etc. The prisoners were frequently bound with cords, at other times they were fettered and chained, nearly always they were brutally treated by the licensed savages who were conducting them. One day a poor Greek was found without his kharatch ticket. He said that he had paid his poll-tax, and that those who stopped him knew it was paid. This might be true or otherwise, but in either case what immediately followed was revolting. A tufekjee aimed a blow at his head with a heavy club; the poor Greek guarded his head by holding up his right arm, but that arm was broken by the force of the blow, and in that condition the Greek was dragged away to prison. The Rayahs fared worse, far worse than the Turks, and among the Rayahs the Greeks, who are feared as well as hated, fared the worst of all; but the Mussulmans were far from being exempt from this treatment. We often met Turks among the prisoners, and bound and chained, and for no other sin than that of debt. One night, in the bazaars, an old Turk had his arm broken like the Greek, and for still less provocation. The tufekjees could hardly ever arrest a man, or march him off to gaol, without first beating him to within an inch of his life. All this was in flagrant violation of the Tanzimaut, and of Reschid Pasha's declaration of Gul-Khanè, called (facetiously one would think) the "Turkish Bill of Rights;" but nobody dared speak of the Tanzimaut in Brusa. Morning, noon, or sunset, we hardly ever

passed the gates of the Pasha's Konack without seeing captives going in, or groups of distressed, woe-begone people—very frequently Turkish and Rayah women—crouching on the ground and waiting to have audience of the Kehayah Bey, or the terrible chief of the police, that they might use prayers and money arguments for the release of their husbands, or brothers, or sons.

The Konack was a large but scrambling, decaying, and very paltry wooden edifice, having in front a very large open square or courtyard: on each side, this square had a high stone wall, and under this wall, on the side facing the Konack, was the prison, with its iron-bound door and small iron-barred windows. This abode of human woe, this repetition, on a smaller scale, of the horrible Bagnio at Constantinople, this very hell upon earth, was under the eye of the Pasha every time he came to the front of his residence; he could not quit his Konack without passing close by it: he could not look out of his windows without seeing it, rarely without hearing the sounds of lamentation that proceeded from it; yet there, in the front of his house, at his open windows, we several times saw him smoking his tchibouque with the most perfect composure. You could look through the iron gratings into the narrow, feculent prison. We never tried the experiment, we had stenches enough without that, and were told that the gaol fever, highly infectious, hardly ever quitted the place. We were assured that it was always cramfull, and that debtors and criminals, the poor man who could not pay his kharatch and the villain who had committed atrocious murders, were all mixed and huddled together. But as the dimensions of the prison

were not great, and as prisoners were sent into it daily, I was at a loss to conceive, squeeze and cram them as they would, how they could possibly be lodged. A friend enlightened my ignorance. "Daily arrests are made," said he, "but there are also daily releases. The greater part of those people you see in the hands of the tufekjees are carried to prison because it is known, or at least calculated, that they can pay something for their liberty, and will pay rather than run the risk of catching the fever and dying by being detained in that pestilential hole. The more prisoners the tufekjees make the better for them, the better for the chief of the police, the better for the Kehayah Bey. They arrest upon suspicion, or upon no suspicion at all. They aid one another in trumping up a story and making evidence; and if they want extra-official evidence, they can hire professional false witnesses for a few twopences the head. There are no previous proceedings; none of your appearances before magistrates, and warrants, and examinations: here the tufekjees speak their own warrants, and pronounce them upon whom they will: here a man is committed, fettered, beaten first, and examined afterwards, that is if he be examined at all, for in the great majority of the cases, guilty or innocent, he either buys himself off at once or lingers in prison. When the chief of the police is hungry he sends some of his tufekjees on the hunt, and they never fail in bringing down some game."

At Paris the Place de la Révolution in 1792-3 was a republican mint. "We coin money with the guillotine," said the Jacobins. In Brusa the prison was the mint.

Very often the indulgence of personal spite went

along with the gratification of avarice; and, not seldom, the Turks were hounded upon Christians by other Christian Rayahs. The rival Armenian sects, having far more influence than any other of the Rayahs with the Osmanlees, were the greatest culprits in this particular. An old Eutychean Armenian, who lived at a large village to the east, above the plain of Brusa, had a difference and a money-quarrel with some Catholic Armenians in the city. One Sunday morning, at a very early hour, as he was on his way to church, some of the tufekjees fell upon him, and demanded instant payment of a debt (which he vowed he did not owe), and good backshish for themselves. The old man begged to be allowed to go and perform his devotions, after which he would accompany them to Brusa, and have the business explained and settled in the mehkemèh or Turkish court. It was entirely an Armenian village, and he was the Odà-Bashi-in-chief, or head man of the head men. He was wealthy for a person of his condition (this was one of the few places where the Armenians devoted themselves entirely to agriculture), and he had been good and charitable to his own people. One and all the villagers said they would be bail and security for their chief; that the money would be paid if the Kadi should decide that it was owing, and that assuredly there would be good backshish. But the men of the police, who in this case must have acted upon special orders, cudgelled the old man, made him get instantly on his horse, and drove him down to Brusa. Upon his arrival there, instead of being brought before the Turkish judge, he was thrown into the Pasha's horrible prison, upon allegation made by the tufekjees that

he had resisted the authority of the law, and had tried to make an *émeute*. In a few days the people of the village came down in a body to petition the Pasha, and reclaim their benefactor, their best friend, their father, who had fed them all during the last dreadful famine. The old man was unusually popular. Even some Osmanlees, his near neighbours, came and bore testimony to his charity and tranquillity. Instead of ordering that the poor Armenian should be released, or brought into court, the Pasha knowingly allowed his Kehayah Bey and the chief of the police to put fetters and chains upon him. The case excited indignation in such of the Franks at Brusa as were not the interested and submissive slaves of Mustapha Nouree. Several of them remonstrated. To Monsieur G. C——, who did so in a very gentle manner, the Pasha said, "What is this Armenian to you? He is not of your people. It is his *kismet* to be chained and in prison. What will you have of it? It is the man's destiny." Without any trial or even examination, the respectable old man was sent out, in his fetters, with some common felons, to do the duties of a scavenger in the most public part of the town; and that the humiliation might be the more complete, the punishment the crueller, the time chosen for this exposure was the holy season of Easter, when the streets were thronged with the Christian part of the population. The fact was quite recent —it was the Easter of 1847. This outrage was too great to be borne; the English and French Consuls wrote to their respective ambassadors at Constantinople, and Mustapha Nouree was given to understand that he must put the Armenian upon his trial in the mehkemèh,

or set him at liberty. The Pasha preferred the latter alternative, and after being imprisoned and cruelly punished, and after considerable sums of money had been extorted from him in gaol, the Armenian was liberated, without any trial or examination. But if he had had a trial, what could he have gained by that? The tufekjees would have sworn to their allegation; hired witnesses would have sworn that they had seen the old Armenian in flagrant resistance to the law, and (if necessary) the whole village up in arms and in open rebellion against the Sultan. The testimony of *three* Mussulmans is conclusive. You may bring three hundred Rayah Christians and a score of Frank Christians to boot, but their evidence cannot be taken against that of the three Mussulmans No!—not even if *all* the three be known to get their daily bread by the practice of perjury. It was so twenty years ago—I had been given to understand otherwise, but it is so now. The expounders of the law say that it is an article of their religion, and that the evidence of unbelievers never was or can be taken against that of true believers. To a well-informed Frank, many years a resident in the country, who was explaining these matters to me, I said, "What then can signify this Tanzimaut, and these fine professions of Reschid Pasha and his school? With this inequality of evidence there can be no equality before the law; the Christian and Jewish Rayahs will always be oppressed." The Frank smiled and almost laughed in my face. "Did you really believe," said he, "that the Tanzimaut was anything more than a flourish?"

When on his short tours in the provinces of the

empire, the Sultan had received into his presence deputations of Greeks, of Armenians, and of Jews, as well as deputations of Mussulmans; he had treated them all with equal regard, and had endeavoured, as well by words spoken, and by short addresses delivered for him, as by his manner and demeanour, to impress on the minds of all, that henceforward they were to be equal before the law; that they were no longer to be divided into the adverse, rancorous classes of oppressors and oppressed; that as natives and co-inhabitants of the same fair country, as children of the same soil, they ought to live in peace and friendship together, and share in a common patriotism, however divided by religions and sects. "That which the Sultan wishes for is the strict observance of justice towards his subjects of *all* classes without *any* distinction; for, unto whatsoever religion they may belong, they are all children of the same country. Thus the Sultan desires that a perfect union may reign among them, and that all may concur, as far as in them lies, to promote the happiness and the honour of their common parent." Such were the words pronounced, in the name of the sovereign, to the Greeks, Armenians, and Jews, at Selyvria on the Sea of Marmora. Here, at Brusa, Abdul Medjid himself spoke words nearly to the same effect. The Rayahs went that day to their homes with a new heart within them; but the Sultan had not been gone a week when they practically found that these pretty declarations meant nothing at all—were all *bosh!* (nonsense).

I had not waited upon Mustapha Nouree Pasha on our first arrival, for I expected a letter from Stamboul recommending me and my son to his kind attention.

With much difficulty I had found access to H—— Pasha, with whom I had been intimately acquainted in London. This recently elevated dignitary regretted that it was Ramazan. "After this fast," said he, "when you return from Asia you must come to my house; we will be together always; now I can do nothing; you see it is Ramazan." I asked him to give me a letter to the Pasha over at Brusa, and he said he would do so in a day or two. When I called again I could not see him; but I left a note repeating my request, and begging him to give the letter to Tonco, who would send it after me. My nimble agent went four times down to Tophana, having been assured at his first call that the letter would be ready in a day or two, and being told by the Pasha at last that Turkish etiquette absolutely forbade his writing to a personage of such very superior rank and dignity as Mustapha Nouree. If H—— Pasha had told *me* so at first it would have been all very well. As his omission caused us no inconvenience—for we got on quite as well without his letter as we should have done with it—I should scarcely have complained of him had it not been for his treatment of us at a later period. Several gentlemen at Brusa offered to take us to the Pasha's Konack. Before I could be acquainted with the Turkish etiquette, or H—— Pasha's version of it, whatever desire I might have had to see Mustapha Nouree, who had been one of Sultan Mahmoud's highest officers and primest favourites, had pretty well evaporated. We learned, however, through his French doctor, that the Pasha had been informed not only of our presence in the city but of our excursions among the villages in the plain, and

that he had made inquiries which seemed to indicate some surprise at our not having been to visit him. By means of the same Hekim Bashi I immediately sent my respects to *son Excellence* and asked when it would be most convenient for him to receive us. The Pasha named the following evening. His outward appearance was not prepossessing; it was generally said that he had been one of the handsomest men in the empire, and that it was his personal beauty as a boy and youth that had raised him from about the lowest to the highest condition; but he was now very fat, very coarse and bloated, and had a gruff vulgar voice and an unintellectual gross countenance. He, however, received us very well, and I believe he meant to be unusually courteous and kind. The Hekim had told him that I had written one work about Turkey and that I might probably write another: he also knew that I was well acquainted with *some* who formed part of the present ministry at Constantinople. The *salon* in which we sat, and which looked right over the horrible prison, was mean and even uncomfortable, and very dimly lighted by two common tin lamps; but the pipes were pretty good and the coffee was better. Son Excellence had just dined; his eructations were frequent, loud, and (to us) very distressing. He himself led the conversation to the state of the country. After confessing that the police seemed very good on the plain, although there were no regular troops to maintain it, and offering, with an effort, a compliment or two for which he was fishing, I ventured to speak of the roads. He acknowledged that they were very bad—so bad that he himself very seldom went out of the town, and when he did never rode

farther than Hadji Haivat—but he said that bad as they were the people were accustomed to them, and that he had no money to make them better. I could not ask him so direct a question as this—what became of the money the people were paying, and had been paying for ages to keep the roads and bridges passable. When he had dwelt for a time on some general topics, betraying no small amount of ignorance and indifference, he fell upon a subject which not only interested him but excited him strongly. This was the silk trade, in which he was even more interested in his private than in his public capacity; for, under the cover of the Armenian firm of Cabackji Oglou, he had been speculating largely in raw silks, setting up silk works to be conducted by a man from Lyons, buying up mulberry plantations, and entering upon other measures which ought to be forbidden to the governor of a province—and which, in fact, were forbidden in law or upon paper. "If," said he, "Brusa cannot sell her silk Brusa must starve! Why is it that you English do not buy more silk?" We told him the reasons which affected the English markets and which were likely to continue to operate very unfavourably upon the silk of this country, unless some reduction took place in the taxes and duties on its production and exportation. He was much disturbed; taxes and duties could not be lowered—that was impossible—the government every year wanted more and more money—if the English and French did not buy the silk and pay a good high price for it, the Pashalik of Brusa would soon be worth nothing either to the government at Stamboul or to the Pasha. I hinted at the immense benefits which might be derived from

improving the general agriculture of the country—from exporting wheat, maize, oats, barley, &c., which had of late been in such demand in our markets, and which England and France and other densely populated countries must continue to require. "Oh!" said the Pasha, "you send to the Black Sea and the Danube for corn and maize; other countries grow corn and maize: we grow silk." Now, of all this immense Pashalik, which is as large as some European kingdoms, the plain of Brusa (adapted by nature to nearly every variety of cultivation) and the district of Billijik, only a few miles above it, are in reality the only portions in which silk is the *chief* industry of the people, and is produced in any considerable quantity. We ventured to say as much. The Pasha replied that the districts in the interior were very poor, except Afion-Kara-Hissar, which produced plenty of opium; but then the trade in opium had become as bad as that in silk; and, up there, they had nothing worth sending down to Brusa and over to Constantinople except opium. I again spoke a few words about the rich wheat lands which existed up above as well as down below, and on either side of Brusa for hundreds of square miles, and said that if there were but roads . . . . Mustapha Nouree evidently thought my roads a bore: he eructated, and then again bemoaned the low prices and the no demand for silk and opium. I had heard a good deal of talk about a large and beautiful breed of bovine cattle which he had brought up from Syria, where for some time he had been commander-in-chief, as also of some fine merinos sheep which he had procured from a large stock imported by the Sultan; and, in the hope that

this would be a subject agreeable to him, I asked a few questions about his cows and sheep, not neglecting to pay him a compliment on having introduced these important improvements in the plain of Brusa. He told me that his herd and his flock were down in the plain towards the lake of Apollonia, where I should probably see them; that the cows were very fine cows, although they did not give so much milk as he expected; that the merinos sheep produced a great deal more wool than he could have thought, but gave a great deal of trouble and caused much expense; that as a speculation he had found both cows and sheep unprofitable. I said that provided the good breeds were spread great benefits must accrue to the country, particularly if the people would only attend a little more to their pastures, make hay, and lay in winter stock. I almost doubt whether he knew what hay was. As for the people, he said that they would not pay him anything like a good price for his merinos lambs or Syrian calves and bull calves. I had been given to understand that he had his merinos sheep for nothing, save only the understanding that he was to disseminate the breed. He talked of these matters as a grazier or carcass-butcher might have done, looking at no point beyond his own immediate gain. In the whole of this conversation—and it was rather a long one—he never let drop a sentiment worthy of a statesman, or an idea becoming an administrator even of the feeblest enlightenment. And this man had been considered as the right-hand man of the reforming Sultan Mahmoud, had been Arch-Chancellor and Seraskier, and had filled all the highest governmental posts in the empire, except that of the Viziriat!

In speaking of our journey up the country, Mustapha Nouree said that there were some wild, lawless people up there, and that we had better take two of his cavasses as a guard. He promised me a bouyouroultòu, or letter addressed to all Muzzellims, Mudirs, Aghàs, and Odà Bashis, and he said that it should be a warm one, as he perceived that I was an enlightened person who wished well to Turkey, who knew what the country wanted, &c. &c. At our leave-taking he rose from the broad divan on which he had been sitting cross-legged, and accompanied us half-way to the door of the apartment. In a rude dirty lobby we were surrounded by his cafijee, tchibouquejee, keeper of mud-boots and slippers, and other servants, all hungering after backshish. I emptied my pockets there.

The next day we had an opportunity of studying the outward man of the much dreaded Khodja Arab, chief of the police. He must have been of the very darkest tribe of Araby: his face was almost black, but did not betoken any negro mixture; his eyes were deep set, small, and rather reddened; but they were the quickest and at once the fiercest and cunningest eyes I almost ever looked into; he was very tall and very sinewy; he was no longer young, not even middle-aged, his beard was very gray, but his activity and vigour were great; the strength of his right arm, of which many a poor fellow in the town and plain could speak from experience, was said to be prodigious. It was suspected, and indeed very generally reported, that he did a good deal of business *à la* Jonathan Wild. His pay was very small, but he was believed to be rich; next to the Pasha he had about the best house in Brusa, and his

harem was said to be well stocked. His ordinary force of tufekjees, or irregular musketeers (who, by the way, were generally armed, not with muskets but, with pistols and yataghans), was small; but it was said that in any case of emergency Khodja Arab could collect in the city and in the villages of the plain 600 volunteers and followers—of course Mussulmans all. Some of the Khodja's thief-takers had been thieves themselves aforetime, and were consequently well acquainted with the secrets and ruses of the profession. The Arab allowed nobody to rob on a considerable scale except himself; and as one tyrant is better than many, so is one robber better than numerous gangs of robbers.

Before this time all the *beau monde* of Brusa (*qui n'est pas très beau*) was at Tchekgirghè, washing and stewing itself in the natural hot springs which well out most copiously from the flanks of Olympus. The village, built round the baths, to which it owes its origin, is barely three miles from the westward walls of the city. As I have already hinted, it is a rugged, filthy place; the houses are little better than big wooden sheds, and half of them are falling to pieces; but the high, bold spur of Olympus, upon which the village stands, and the natural terrace which extends a little beyond it, are exquisitely beautiful. Some great slovenly khans, or lodging-houses, where you hire bare rooms, and whither you must carry your own furniture and every thing you may want, excepting only the hot water, had been built by the sides of the principal baths, several of which, erected two or more centuries ago, when the Ottoman Empire was great and powerful, are extensive, stately stone buildings, imposing, and

now eminently picturesque. I avoid descriptions of what has been so often described, I would only warn the reader not to allow his imagination to be too much dazzled by accounts of marble halls, and white marble vases, and brilliant marble fountains; these baths are, and have long been, miserably neglected; their interiors are dingy and but too often dirty; and the coarse marble of the country, the material used, is scarcely finer, or purer, or more lucent, than good English granite.

On the 25th of September, on a brilliant afternoon, we rode from Brusa down the plain, being desirous of avoiding the break-leg or break-neck road by which we had returned from Tchekgirghè to the town, in that deluge of rain. Under the first of the baths, we struck up a rugged, winding path, which was as rough as well could be, but which, after some terrible climbing and slipping and sliding, brought us out upon a charming esplanade, standing just over the grand Hamam, and being shaded with planes and other beautiful trees, the verdant foliage of which was as yet untouched by the yellow hand of autumn. Riding on, we came to the upper part of a horrible paved road or causeway, and soon passed a stately mosque, shaded by tall trees, and a medresseh or college attached to the mosque: the temple of Mahomet was neglected and in need of repair; the college, where the Koran ought to be expounded, was empty and shut up. We alighted at the baths and khan of Nissà Effendi, where the English Consul and his family had, with difficulty, found narrow and uncomfortable lodging. Upon this lovely spot, disgraced by foul, rotten wooden edifices, a Frank

doctor, settled at Brusa, would have erected extensive, solid, elegant lodging-houses, fit to accommodate civilized Europeans. His plan was a good one, and he was backed by Frank capitalists, who would have enabled him to carry it out. The efficacy of these super-abounding mineral and hot springs, in many diseases, has long been established by experience and the testimony of medical and scientific men. The Baths of Brusa, as they are called, are the best and the most famed in all this part of the world. The place might be made, indeed, the Cheltenham of the Levant and the Black Sea. Constantinople alone, which I look upon as one of the most unhealthy capitals of Europe, would fill such a building as the doctor projected with one single class of its diseases—chronic rheumatism. But the building might have been increased, and other speculators might have erected others of the same sort. The Frank doctor wanted no monopoly; he only wished to break through one. He showed to the Pasha that an annual stream of foreign money and foreign civilization might be brought to Brusa; that nothing would be required from the government but the *laisser faire*; that the Frank company would at their own expense make a road from Ghemlik, or from the still nearer port of Moudania, &c. At first the Pasha's eyes glistened at the prospect of the grushes. "Mashallah!" said he, "it will bring us money, and money is much wanted. Hekim Bashi, thou art a wise man, and thy project is wise. Inshallah! it will prosper if Allah pleases! Baccalum! we shall see!" But the Turks and Armenians, who held the filthy old khans at the baths, took up arms or set all the force of their tongues

against the project, pleading their vested rights, the antiquity of their tenure, their privileges of *esnaff*, and the peril and enormity of allowing Franks, who were not subjects of the Sultan, nor amenable to Turkish law, to form establishments in the country and take the bread out of the mouths of true Osmanlees and faithful Rayahs. Some of the Turks and Armenians said that, if the doctor built, they would knock down and burn. What gave the *coup de grace* to the project was this—the doctor was told that Franks could hold no landed property or houses in their own names; that such property must be held in the name of a Rayah subject, who would of course be subjected to Turkish law. The same fatal bar prevents the employment of European capital in agriculture.

My old friend, Madame S——, sister of Tchelebee John, and daughter of dear old Constantine Zohrab, used her best offices for me at Tchekgirghè, as she had often done at Smyrna twenty years ago. We found her excited by an act of injustice and oppression. A poor Greek, who had bought a pair of new shoes at Brusa, had been stopped on the way to his village and told that he must pay a duty upon his shoes; and, not having money to pay, the Turks had taken his shoes from him, and had dismissed him with a cudgelling, and the horrible but usual abuse of his religion. "Cases like these," said Madame S——, "are constantly occurring; the sufferers can complain to no one but my husband, and during the absence of Sir Stratford Canning consular reports seem to be little attended to at Constantinople." It is due to Her Majesty's Consul at Brusa to state that he never failed to notice these acts

of injustice, or to make a bold stand in defence of the rights of the Ionian Greeks, and of all others enjoying British protection. There were other *trading* consuls in the Levant, of whom not quite so much could be said. No consul ought to be allowed to trade, and least of all in a country like Turkey. Mr. Canning was putting these establishments on a proper footing—according to a scheme which was, I believe, drawn up by his worthy cousin Sir Stratford—but since that high-minded Minister's death, our government has been paying paltry salaries, and allowing their consuls to traffic. The difference in cost to the nation, between the present inadequate pay and what would be a proper provision for a consul or for a vice-consul, is so small, that it would not be discoverable in a budget, or felt by any one; but (speaking more especially of the Levant) the difference to our national character would be very considerable—nor would it be unimportant to non-consular, trading British subjects. The position of a consul in Turkey may give him manifold advantages over common merchants of his nation, whose interests he is (theoretically at least) appointed to preside over. Then, there will occur now and then this case—a British consul in Turkey, exercising his liberty of trading, becomes a *bankrupt*; and, so long as the British arms are over his door, no native can have proceeding against him—the infallibility of the consul covering the fallibility of the trader.

The baths were crowded and crammed. Yet on the next day, a holiday and a Sunday, there were fresh and fresh arrivals of Armenians. We lost ourselves in conjectures as to the how and where they could all be

stowed away in the khan. I tried hard to get a wash and stew myself. All in vain!—every vase, bath, and hole containing hot water was filled by some Armenian, male or female; and, having once taken possession, they were sure to keep it for many hours—for these people not only wash and stew, but eat, drink, sing, smoke, sleep, and wake and eat and drink and smoke and sleep again in these baths. As for the women, when they enter in the morning, they are pretty sure not to come forth until the evening.

Our khan of Nissá Effendi was occupied exclusively by Armenians. In the evening these people kept high keff in the grand salon of the khan—a very spacious but badly lighted and slovenly hall. The amusements were smoking, coffee-drinking, raki-drinking (among the men) *à galore*, and distressing Turkish music. The women sat all on one side, and the men on the other; and both men and women were very obese; but on the side opposite to us we saw two large-eyed charming Oriental faces belonging to two young damsels, whose heavy figures were made picturesque by the true, old, quaint Oriental costume.

On the morrow I again made an effort to get a warm bath for myself. I was told that there was one disengaged; but when I was almost at the door, a rude Armenian rushed by me and took possession. A Turk would not have done this, nor would a Greek. But this was not the first time nor the last that I made the reflection that the purse-proud Armenian is the rudest and most selfish animal in Orient.

Not being able to bathe, I walked. We went with the consul and his family to the village of Dobrudjà or

Tobourtchè, on the side of Olympus, about two miles to the westward of Tchekgirghè. Keeping on the acclivities of the mountain, we strolled along green hill sides, through mulberry plantations, through vineyards, now ringing with the merriment of the vintage, across numerous sparkling streamlets that came tumbling down from the heights, and under some over-shot Turkish mills, most picturesquely situated on a steep, one under the other, with the same stream serving for all. A few cypresses stood by these romantic little mills. The village of Dobrudjà we found to be wholly Turkish, very small and miserably poor; but the situation was remarkably fine. Immediately in the rear there rose a bold, conical mountain, and, in front, the river Lufar swept through the valley below. Many fine walnut-trees and groves of chesnuts were growing near the village. On a green sward an old grandam was sitting in the sun making tarkhanà (material for winter-soup), and tending a little grandson sorely reduced by fever. Honest Hassan, one of the poor villagers, set before us milk, yaourt, bread, honey (rich in the aroma of the fragrant Olympus), and loads of walnuts which were fresh from the trees and of exquisite flavour.

We rose early the next morning, but were too late —the seraffs and their families had taken possession of all the baths. After witnessing a grand shaving match in the open court, where two Armenian barbers operated upon the rough, black beards of I know not how many money-lenders, we rode to the Turkish village of Missi, charmingly situated in a valley beyond the Lufar, among hills, torrents, and many running waters. The valley is part of the grand cleft in

Olympus through which the river descends to the plain, making wild music as it falls and runs, and bringing down with it a constant, cool, most refreshing current of air. Of this upper part of the little river Lufar the Turks make some use. The wood-cutters on the mountain, after reducing the trees into blocks and logs, throw them into the river, the rapid current whirls them down to Missi, where they are landed, rather neatly stacked, and kept on sale for firewood. This industry and trade, poor and limited as they are, give an unusual air of prosperity to the little village. I believe the villagers had some few privileges and immunities, and that there were some bold Mussulmans among them, like Ibrahim of Dudakli, who kept the tax-gatherers within their proper limits. We particularly noticed the village as being the only one, exclusively inhabited by Turks, in which we saw a fair number of children. The inhabitants were frank, cheerful, and kind; both men and little boys ran to offer us their services: of course they had no Mollahs or Softàs among them.

In the afternoon, our philosophical tailor, having nothing to do, rode out to the baths on his queer nutmeg pony to conduct us home. Instead of taking us by the common, direct, roughly-paved road, he led us along an upper road which was then much better, though very rough, and in winter altogether impassable. We passed by Ghieuk-derè, or "Heaven valley," hearing its resonant torrent and the soft noise of its water-mills; and then through Bournà Bashi, the "Head of the Springs," a most shady, verdant, picturesque village, or rather suburb, lying close under the old western walls and stately Acropolis of Brusa, and having at hand a

cemetery, and cypresses, and turbaned tombstones without number. Even modern, *recent* ruin looked mild and beautiful in this lovely spot. Here we drew rein at the spacious Tekè of the Dancing Dervishes, which is built much more like a Catholic monastery than any edifice of the kind I ever saw in Turkey. It is at least three times larger than the Tekè at Pera. At a fine large fountain in the midst of the open quadrangle we refreshed ourselves both outwardly and inwardly with the cool pure water of Olympus—the brightest and purest that ever flowed from a mountain to bless the thirsty plain beneath. The dervishes and their people were uncommonly courteous, and gave us that best of all welcomes—an evident gladness at our coming. In their dancing or twirling house, which is far loftier and more spacious than the one at Pera, they pointed out to our notice a gallery which was occupied by Abdul Medjid during his short visit to Brusa. They said that the Sultan was a very good Sultan, *because* he was a friend of their order and liked to see their performances. In a small practising room we saw a young novice twirling like a tee-totum. He did it very rapidly, but for only a few seconds at a time. It takes long practice and *study* to keep up the twirl for a quarter of an hour. Our dervishes told us that it was a youth of high promise.

A little way from the Tekè we met the Sheik or chief of the house, a fat old man, bloated, Bardolph-nosed, and streaked on the cheek-bone with the broad, drunkard's scarlet. Being drunk at the time he took no notice of us. Generally these dervishes are great tipplers; this head of the house was reputed to be the

greatest drunkard in all Brusa. His drink was the strongest raki, but he was beginning to find that this ardent spirit was too weak for him: like Sultan Mahmoud he would be obliged to have recourse to the pure alcohol. Later in the season we met the religious man rather frequently, but I could not depose that we ever saw him *quite* sober.

CHAPTER VIII.

Philladar — Barbarous Persecution of Albanian Christians in 1845-6 — Hadji Mustapha — Dilapidation — Padre Antonio — Hidden Treasures — Professional Treasure-Seekers — "The Being that is afar off," or the Devil — Particulars of the savage Persecution as given by Padre Antonio, the Priest of the Albanians — Malik-Bey — Tahir-Effendi — Selim Pasha — Interference of Sir Stratford Canning — Services rendered to the Sufferers by John Zohrab — Present Condition of the Albanians at Philladar — Their Eagerness to return Home — Turkish Villages — The Vintage at Brusa — Petmez.

AT the end of the year 1845, and early in 1846, subsequently to a declaration forced from the Sultan and Reschid Pasha, at the instance of the Earl of Aberdeen and by the efforts of Sir Stratford Canning, that no Rayah subject of the Porte, or any other, should be persecuted for matters of religion, there had been a frightful persecution exercised against Arnaout or Albanian Catholics, solely because they were Christians.

The accounts of these atrocities, which I had read in English journals, in letters from several of their correspondents at Constantinople, had made a deep impression on my mind.* I believe it was Mr. San-

* Several good accounts appeared, for at that time our leading London newspapers had each a regular correspondent at Constantinople, and had been fortunate in their several choices. For the cause of humanity it is certainly unfortunate that the proprietors of our journals, acting on the notion that the public care very little about news from Turkey, and that the money was thrown away, have reduced and almost entirely withdrawn this staff of writers, whose revelations and comments acted as a check

dison, our consul at Brusa, who had exerted himself strenuously in their behalf during part of their sufferings, and who had now in his service one of their number (a remarkably quiet, well-conducted young man), that first told me the remnant of this poor Albanian clan were living in a state of relegation on the opposite side of the plain, in the mountain-village of Philladar. Madame S—— afterwards gave me some very interesting details, as well of the people as of the barbarous treatment to which they had been subjected in Asia Minor; and in speaking to her brother, Tchelebee John, I found that he had been most actively engaged in succouring the unfortunate Arnaouts, and that he was the fast friend of their priest and president, who was still with them up on the mountain-top.

Having mentioned one evening to the Tchelebee that I should like to visit Philladar, he said, "Let us go! Padre Antonio and I are brothers. I know every man, and every woman, and every child of the Albanians. They will be so overjoyed to see us! Let us go to-morrow." Accordingly on the morrow morning we started, having, in addition to our usual party of three, my old ally R. T—— and his Turk Mustapha. The morning was fine and exhilarating.

upon abuse and tyranny, being dreaded by some even of the greatest rogues that have held office and power in the Ottoman empire. But of the several accounts of the Albanian persecution, that furnished to the 'Morning Post' by our friend Mr. Longworth, author of 'A Year in Circassia,' was decidedly the fullest and the best, the facts being founded on official documents furnished by Mr. Blunt, the British Consul at Salonica, and by other consular or diplomatic agents, and the narrative being written lucidly, with much spirit, and with the sundry advantages derivable from a very long residence in Turkey and a very intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of the country.

Even our dull, miserable horses seemed to feel it. We saw one or two rather fine flocks of Karamania sheep, belonging to a very old pasha named Ibrahim, who had for many years been living in exile at Brusa. The sheep had been sheared only recently. The Turks, and the Greeks too, shear without any previous washing or cleansing, and as it is shorn so is it packed; and hence the low character of Turkish wool, much of which might be of first-rate quality.

After a rough ride across the plain, we grubbed through a filthy lane between fruit-trees and some rough hedge-rows, waded through a cesspool, and reached Ahchè-keui (Money Village), charmingly situated at the foot of the mountains. We dismounted at the cafinet just in time to escape one of the short but tremendous showers of rain. All the inhabitants were Mussulmans. In the very thickest of the shower, one of our Tchelebee's countless friends, Hadji Mustapha, toddled into the village on a dapple donkey, and insisted upon taking us all to his house. There the pleasant Hadji or pilgrim (he had been to Mecca) most hospitably entertained us with fried eggs, yaourt, Turkish cheese, good bread, and splendid grapes—grapes such as we had never seen either at Constantinople or in Brusa. Here, as up at Philladar, and in all the other villages of this sunny side of the plain, or on the slopes which face the warm south, the outsides of the houses were festooned, or rather tapestried, all over with bunches of grapes, hung out to dry and shrivel in the sun. After undergoing this process they are taken indoors, and suspended from the ceilings of the rooms, and in this state they will keep all through the winter

and spring. The rain was soon over, but we tarried a long time in the house of the Hadji, and afterwards in the coffee-house, where the Turks, without any reserve, answered the queries I put to them. This "Money Village" exhibited no signs of wealth; the houses were in the usual dilapidated state; *the men had no mouth-pieces to their pipes.* On quitting it, we soon began to ascend high, very steep hills by a very rough road, and got among short ragged pine-trees. Still climbing upwards, and turning the shoulder of some rocks, we saw, right before us, the mountain-village of Philladar, and on our right, below us—deep, deep below us—a dark blue corner of the Gulf of Moudania, hemmed in by lofty mountains, and looking like a small lake or tarn. After another and a diabolical ascent over a rough stone causeway, which seemed made to break horses' legs, we entered Philladar, and alighted at a Greek café, where we intended to sleep. But the news of the arrival of Tchelebee John went through the village like lightning, and Padre Antonio and a score of the Albanians were with us in no time. The Padre would not hear of our sleeping in so comfortless a place, and took us all to very comfortable lodgings in the house of Dhimitracki, a Greek, who gave us clean beds, spread on the floor, and a very decent dinner and some good wine. It was cold up here, but Padre Antonio shared his cloaks with us. Our party was joined by another Greek, who was mediciner-in-chief, and school-master likewise to the village.

After dinner we had tchibouques and much talk, our party being still further increased by two of the Greek Tchorbájees or head men. From my making earnest

inquiries after ancient ruins, Dhimitracki, our host, became convinced in his own mind that I was on the look-out for hidden treasures. We all laughed and denied the fact; but it was of no avail. Dhimitracki, in discussing subterrene, dark, mysterious subjects, had frequent occasion to allude unto his Satanic Majesty; but he never made such allusion without first crossing himself, and he never called the Devil by his right name, or by any of the styles and titles which are so familiarly used by irreverent people: he always called the Devil "the Being that is afar off." He talked of treasures well known to be buried, fathoms deep, under the ruins of the castle on the top of the Philladar rock; of hidden treasures in other parts, and of the difficulty and danger of attempting to get at them. The "Being that is afar off" plays such scurvy tricks! You find the spot; you dig away the earth; you see the silver and the gold, and the glittering diamonds; but lo! when you stretch out your hand to grasp them, your arm is benumbed, you are paralysed all over, your blood curdles; dragons, goblins, and awful sprites glare before your eyes; peals of thunder fill your ears; you swoon, or, falling, roll away from the spirit-guarded spot; and, do what you will, you shall never find it again!

In these matters the Mussulmans are still more superstitious than the Greeks. Among them there are wild, wandering dervishes, that are professional treasure-seekers. The use of the divining-rod and hazel twig is not unknown to these Eastern Dousthersswivels; but they have various other processes. One *modus operandi* is this:—among ruins, or in any space reported to have

treasures concealed beneath, they perform certain prayers and incantations over a sheet of paper; they tear the sheet into small pieces, and throw the bits up in the air when the wind is blowing briskly; and some one of these many bits will, in all probability, if every circumstance be favourable, alight upon a spot where there is a treasure beneath. The worst of it is, so many of these bits of paper are blown away to places where they can never be found, becoming as invisible as the treasure itself! But failure does not shake faith; and the vagabond dervish keeps up his reputation for infallibility by vowing that, if all the missing pieces could be recovered, one of them would be found to have alighted upon a very mine of Golconda.

At an early hour of the following morning Padre Antonio came to me quietly and alone, and from his own lips I took down the memoranda which form the main substance of the following narrative.

Scopia, the native country of these persecuted Albanians, lies close upon the frontiers of Christian Servia, and has some little traffic and communication with the Austrian dominions. It is very mountainous, and altogether pastoral. Every man in it was a shepherd or a herdsman, tending his own flocks and herds or those of his father; for every head of a family was a proprietor, and there were no hired servants. The mountains they occupied in Scopia, and where they had their detached cottages, their cow-stables, and their sheep-folds, were remote and solitary. The town nearest to them, and the chef-lieu of the district, was Ghillano, and that was at some distance, and rarely entered by the shepherds and herdsmen. The Turkish

governor of Ghillano was a certain Malik Bey—Anglicè the *Angel Bey*—a fierce fanatic, and, as Padre Antonio expressed it, "persecutor *in capite*." He was well seconded by his Kadi, Tahir Effendi. The whole country was governed by Selim Pasha, who resided in the town of Scopia. This Selim had previously been Pasha of Beirout, and for his evil conduct there he had been recalled and relegated for some time at Brusa. For the misfortune of that part of Albania, some court intrigue or caprice had restored him to favour, and given him the pashalik of Scopia.

For generations this pastoral tribe had been Christians of the Roman Catholic Church; and although they practised their worship with reserve or secrecy, it was suspected by a good many of the Turks that they were not true Mussulmans. By the enforcing of the conscription for the Sultan's army, which three years later (in the spring of 1847) drove one half of the Albanians into open revolt, and caused an internal war which was not finished without great cost to the Turkish government, two of the young shepherds of Scopia were seized, carried to Constantinople, and put into an infantry regiment. One of these young men was the Albanian I have spoken of, as being in the service of our Consul at Brusa. They both detested the military service, and pined with grief at this forcible separation from their priest, their families and clan—for a clan it was, and the clannish feeling was and is strong among them all. The decree of full religious toleration obtained by Sir Stratford Canning made more noise than any governmental measure had done in Turkey since Sultan Mahmoud's destruction of the Janizaries. It filled, for

a time, the hearts of the Christian Rayahs with joy, and drew down well-merited blessings upon our true Christian-hearted ambassador. Being in the capital, the glad tidings could not but reach the ears of the two young recruits. They well knew that no Christian Rayah could be allowed to serve in the Sultan's army; the imperial decree screened them from being punished as Christians; therefore, if they declared their faith, they had every reason to expect that they would be discharged from the regiment and allowed to return to their beloved mountains. They were too eager to lose any time; they at once declared to their colonel and to a Mollah, who acted as a sort of military chaplain, that the y were Christians, and had always been so. The Mollah asked whether there were many concealed Christians in their district? The two Scopians, relying on the imperial decree, and imagining no danger, spoke out and said—"We are *all* Christians!" "Then you cannot serve the Sultan," said the colonel, "you are discharged! Go home!" But before they were allowed to go, the sly Mollah made them count the number and give the names of their co-religionists in Scopia.

The sharp sword of persecution — which Abdul Medjid and his reforming Government had solemnly pledged themselves never more to use, or to be allowed to be used—was kept in the scabbard for some time; but it was unsheathed at last. On the 1st of November, 1845, on the solemn feast of All Saints, their little district was surrounded, the poor shepherds and herdsmen were *all* arrested, their household property was seized or destroyed, their cattle and their sheep were driven from the mountains, and they themselves were

carried down to the town of Scopia, and there, without any examination, thrown into a horrible prison by order of Selim Pasha. This Selim was said to have received his persecuting, torturing orders from the Porte *direct*; and, scoundrel as he was, he would not have dared to resort to such extreme and extensive measures, and to make such an employment of the public armed force, if he had not received instructions from Constantinople. Until the return of the two liberated soldiers there had been no molestation or any sort of quarrel about religion. The neighbouring Turkish authorities did not know or seem to care who were Christians or who true Mussulmans, and the Mussulmans, who were better informed on these points, lived in good harmony with the Christians. There had been feuds, and sometimes bloody ones, among the mountaineers; but these were ancient and hereditary, and had no connexion with the Gospel and the Koran. But now, excited by the Kadis and Mollahs, the Mussulmans gave way to a merciless fury against their Christian neighbours. They would have remained quiet as they had done, but being once roused, their hate, their fury knew no bounds. And—alas!—I fear that it will always be in the power of a few Mollahs to re-kindle the consuming flames of the old fanaticism among these ignorant people. Tolerant as *we* found them, and many reasons as we had to think well of the greater portion of the Turkish peasantry here in Asia Minor, I yet fear that a Selim Pasha or a Malik Bey, particularly if favoured by some adventitious circumstance, might at any day excite them to madness. Up at Scopia the Angel Bey behaved like a devil, and his Kadi, Tahir Effendi, was worse than

he. The shepherds were half-starved, beaten and put to the torture in their prison at Scopia. The demon of avarice co-operated with the foul fiend of fanaticism; they were tortured that they might give up money which they did not possess, and reveal hidden treasures of which they knew nothing. After enduring this treatment for four months, they were, on the 4th or 5th of March, taken out of prison and sent down towards Salonica. On the road, they were loaded with chains, were driven and goaded along like cattle, and were beaten by nearly every Turk they met. Women, with infants at the breast, dropped from fatigue and inanition, and died on the mountain-path or by the road-side. They were twenty-six families in all, and as these poor mountaineers cherished their infants instead of destroying them (as the Turks are now destroying their progeny in the womb), the families were nearly all numerous, making a total of more than one hundred and sixty souls. At the time of our visit to Philladar two of these families were wholly extinct, and two had purchased by apostacy relief from present suffering. On reaching Salonica they were as barbarously used by Salih Pasha as they had been up at Scopia by Selim Pasha. This Salih had only a few years before been Pasha at Brusa, and had there been distinguished by the gentleness of his rule rather than by any ferocity; he had fed the poor debtors in the Brusa prison from his own table, and in other respects he had seemed to be animated by the spirit of the Koran, which enjoins charity as the first of Mussulman duties. But now, at Salonica, he acted like a monster of cruelty, being carried away, apparently, by that sudden invasion of fanaticism which had over-

run the country. An hour before entering Salonica, one of the patriarchs of the clan—a poor old man who had counted much more than the three score years and ten—died on a miserable hack which had been allotted to him because he could no longer walk and keep up with the march. The Turks would not stop for him, nor leave him behind to die more at his ease by the road-side, so, being supported by a friend on either side of him, he breathed his last on the horse's back. Thirteen more of them died in the filthy, pestiferous prison of Salonica. Padre Antonio, their sole priest, was not arrested when they were seized; he was only warned that he had better leave that country. Instead of taking the hint he followed his affectionate flock to Scopia, and there did what he could to alleviate their sufferings. Our sturdy friend, who appeared to be a man approaching his fiftieth year, had an Austrian passport, and was a *bonâ fide* Austrian subject, being a native of the island of Lesina in Dalmatia. His mother-tongue was Sclavonian, but he spoke Italian with a pure accent and a very good idiom, for he had studied at Rome, and had there been engaged as a missionary by the Propaganda Fidei. The Turks stood in awe of his Frank quality and Austrian pass; but, as he was most active and importunate for his flock, Selim Pasha ordered his arrest, and, after being knocked down and beaten, he was carried to the prison at Scopia on the 26th of February, six or seven days before his poor friends were removed from that prison to be sent down to Salonica. On the 10th of March he was sent away for the same seaport. The weather was dreadful, and so was the road, and the Padre, though a strong, hale man, was very corpulent.

He was allowed to have a horse, paying for it as well as for the rascally Turkish guard that accompanied him; but his legs were tied under the horse's belly by ropes. They also put manacles on his wrists; and the irons being too small made his wrists and hands swell dreadfully. He bore this torture two days. *Non ne poteva più*—he could bear it no longer! By paying a sum of money he got his handcuffs removed. Every night on the road he suffered prison, chains, and some kind of torture. At Deiran there was a human fiend of a gaoler named Hussein Bey. "I shall never forget that terrible man," said Padre Antonio; "a year and a half has passed since I was in his grip, but I still see him every night in my dreams!" In this prison the priest was tortured all night long; he had his feet squeezed by screws, and some of his toes broken; an iron collar was put round his neck, a chain attached to this collar was passed through a pulley fixed in the ceiling, and he was pulled and jerked up and down until he was almost hanged, to the tune of "Money! Money! Give money, thou Muscov, or die!" The Padre got his neck out of the collar by giving fifty piastres. They accused him of having stolen among Mussulmans and secretly converted the people of Scopia. He replied that those people were Christians before he ever came among them, before he came into this world; that their forefathers for several generations had secretly professed Christianity. At first he had made a bold stand on the Sultan's declaration that there should be no more religious persecution; but this seemed to excite only more wrath. He reached Salonica on the 18th of March. Here there was an Austrian Consul, M. Mehanovich, a

Dalmatian like himself, and a man of spirit, who frightened Salih Pasha almost out of his senses, and obtained the priest's liberation that very evening, still leaving the Pasha very uneasy about the consequence of all this barbarous treatment of a subject of the Emperor of Austria. On the following day, the 19th of March, Padre Antonio set off by steamer for Constantinople, to lay the whole case before Count Sturmer, and get it represented to the Sublime Porte. In the simplicity of his heart he believed that the Sultan would act up to the promises he had made to Sir Stratford Canning, and the declaration he had given to the world (a declaration which, according to the paid French journalists at the capital, placed the name of Abdul Medjid at the very head of those enlightened liberal sovereigns who had gained immortal fame by their toleration), and that the Porte would not merely give him satisfaction for the wrongs he had suffered, but instantly liberate and restore to their homes, with full restitution of property and compensation for the injuries and losses sustained, all his poor, imprisoned, tortured flock! In the meanwhile Mr. Charles Blunt, the English Consul at Salonica—a gentleman of active humanity, who for a long series of years has been the friend and champion of the afflicted and oppressed—gently interfered, and remonstrated with Salih Pasha, reminding him of the Sultan's declaration, and of the anxiety so long expressed by the Porte to take rank among civilized nations. Salih—generally considered a weak and irresolute man—was shaken at first, but his courage was sustained by some fanatics who surrounded him; and he told Mr. Blunt that this was not his affair, that these were not British

or British-protected subjects, but Rayahs; that he had his orders for what he was doing, that one of these orders was to send the Arnaout dogs into exile in Asia, and that to Asia, by the help of God, he would send them. The Consul then drew up a strong report and forwarded it to Sir Stratford. At a very early hour on Wednesday, in the first week of April (1846) the poor Albanians were suddenly embarked in two small Turkish vessels, with a very short allowance of bread and water. It was represented to the Pasha they might die of hunger and thirst during the voyage. Salih replied, "Mashallah! so much the better! We wish all the dogs dead." Among men, women, and children twenty-six of the Christians died on the voyage, and were thrown into the sea as if they really were dogs. At last the two slow, ill-navigated vessels reached the road-stead of Moudania, near Ghemlik. In that town thirteen more expired of famine, diseases contracted in prison, or of the brutal treatment received from their Turkish guard. The Mussulman savageness almost exceeded belief. As they were landing, one of the Turks, annoyed by the crying and screaming of a terrified child, took up his heavy oar, struck it and broke its limbs! They were not left at Moudania—no plan seemed to have been adopted, no place fixed for their exile. They were presently re-embarked, carried round to the mouth of the Rhyndacus, and there landed, to be marched on foot to Mohalich. In this short tour thirteen more died, and two went mad. At Mohalich they were thrown *pêle-mêle* into some horrible, filthy sheds, standing in a large courtyard, surrounded by walls, which had once served as a plague hospital, but which of late had been the

receptacle of garbage, meat-bones, offal, and other dirt of the town. Here disease soon swelled the list of mortality by *thirty* more victims. The living found no charity from the many Christians of Mohalich. These men pretended to stand in dread of the excited Turks; but as they were all either of the Greek or the Eutychean Church—hating one another as usual—it is to be feared that they felt no sympathy for the sufferers because they were Roman Catholics. Two Romish priests from Europe who happened to be travelling in that part of Asia Minor, heard, by the merest chance, some particulars of the frightful story; and, visiting the spot, they reported to the Christian Legations at Constantinople. Ever the first to move in such cases, Sir Stratford Canning was the first to send succour in this. He instantly dispatched our Government steamer with Mr. Alison, one of the gentlemen of the Embassy, and a Doctor Dickson, who was at that time in Constantinople These gentlemen landed at Ghemlik, came on to Brusa, took up our friend John Zohrab, who volunteered his services, and then proceeded by land to Mohalich, as fast as bad horses and bad roads would allow. The scene which presented itself at the pest-house was almost too revolting and horrible to be borne. On crossing the gateway and entering the yard, the stench of decomposing animal matter nearly knocked them down. At the door of the largest of the rooms, which was small enough, and crowded and crammed with the dying and the dead, the doctor paused and turned pale, and Mr. Alison rushed back in horror, said it was too much, and would not enter. John entered at once, and was followed by the English doctor. In one corner was an

elderly woman, stark naked, and raving mad. In another corner there was a filthy, ragged piece of matting thrown over something. John removed the matting and found *two dead infants*. At the sight of them their mothers set up a feeble moan, being too weak, too much reduced by hunger and sickness to make any louder lament. A young, unmarried woman, who had traces of beauty, appeared to be almost at the last gasp. Men, women, and children, eaten up by vermin, lay huddled together on the rough, hard floor, without covering, with nothing on them but their clothes, and those all tattered and torn. Their heads were all light and wandering; they were past the stage at which nature can complain; they scarcely comprehended what was said to them by a Bulgarian who spoke their language. With the exception of the maniac and the dead children (two features in the frightful picture which our stout-hearted friend and comrade could never name without shuddering), the other rooms exhibited the same horrors. A few days more, and not one of these victims would have been left alive. The very Turks appointed to watch the prison-house had been scared away. But for the prompt assistance sent by Sir Stratford Canning, whose private purse was open upon this as upon *so many other* occasions, the last remnant of the Christian clan of Scopia would have perished at Mohalich, and little would ever have been known of their fate, or of the noble constancy with which they sustained their faith under such tremendous trials. The first thing to do was to remove the sufferers from that pest-house. The Turks offered no obstacle to this removal: they had broken faith with Sir Stratford Canning, but they dared not resist his humane

intentions as strongly expressed by a gentleman of his Legation. From the moment of Mr. Alison's arrival the persecution ceased. Through the activity of John Zohrab, two clean, well-aired houses, in healthy situations, were found and hired, and to these the Albanians were carried on stretchers, and on two old hand-brancards, on which the people of Mohalich had been accustomed to carry the plague-stricken to the pest-house.

The next thing was to pass them all through hot baths, to rid them of the vermin and thoroughly cleanse them. Several of the men had upon them uncured wounds, and deep festering gashes inflicted by the Turkish yataghan. Clothing and other comforts were then provided for them all, and Dr. Dickson administered medicine to them. The fearful mortality was stopped at once; in some cases the convalescence was long and doubtful, but no one death occurred after their removal from the pest-house. Our Consul at Brusa, when made fully acquainted with the case, went to the Pasha, and had rather a stormy audience. The Pasha said that he had had nothing to do in the affair. The Consul told him that atrocities had been committed within his Pashalik, at Moudania and Mohalich, that the Sultan's promises and solemn declaration had been set at nought within the Pasha's jurisdiction, and that he ought to call the offenders to account, and send some succour to such of the unhappy Christian Raÿahs as yet survived this most barbarous persecution. The Pasha Mashallahed and Inshallahed, and Baccallumed; thought that the Consul's words were severe,—said that *he* had not been the persecutor, and that he would

think about the Rayahs, as they verily were now in his Pashalik. The next day he sent to Mohalich a piece of cheap English calico, which, if equally divided, might have made about the fourth of a shirt for each of the Albanians! And ever after this act of splendid generosity, when the subject was referred to in his presence, Mustapha Nouree said, "*I* was not the persecutor; *I* did the Albanians no harm; *I* did them good. *I* sent them calico that they might be clean and clothed."

Strange was the conduct of his Excellency Count Sturmer, as related to me by the priest himself,—strange and incredible, but for the fact that this Austrian diplomatist is a Levantine, having been born and bred at Pera. In his first interview he told the excited Padre Antonio that this was a matter to be kept quiet; that nothing could be gained by making a noise and stir about it; that as for the Albanians, they being subjects of the Porte, he could not interfere; but that he would try and get from the Turkish Government a money compensation for the Padre, as he was indisputably an Austrian subject. In subsequent interviews he told the earnest priest, who could not be quiet, that he was a very obstinate, turbulent man; that he ought to have nothing more to do with the Albanians; that this was a state affair, *un affare di stato*, the management of which must be left entirely to him and the Austrian Legation; that when undiplomatic men thrust themselves into any business with the Porte, they only spoiled it; and that his (the priest's) life was in the hands of the Internuncio and the Legation. The end of all was that the Count informed the priest that he

must accept from the Sultan's Government the sum of 10,000 piastres, as compensation and full satisfaction, for all injuries whatsoever. The sturdy Dalmatian replied that money was no satisfaction to him; that he did not do his work for money; that he was not a trader, but a priest and missionary, employed and sustained by the Propaganda Fidei at Rome; that his thoughts and his cares were rather for the remnant of the little flock over which he had presided ten years, but that he must remind the representative of the Emperor that he, a faithful subject of the Emperor, had been imprisoned, chained, and put to the torture, contrary to capitulations with the Porte, contrary to all usage and established international law, as well as contrary to the Sultan's declaration. To all this the Internuncio rejoined that the priest was not a free agent; that he must do as he was commanded; and that he, Count Sturmer, insisted that he should take the money, make the best of his way back to his own country, and leave the Albanians to themselves.

Padre Antonio took the paltry ten thousand twopences, but he would not take his departure for Dalmatia, nor abandon his suffering flock. He purchased a few comforts for his people, went to Ghemlik by the Turkish steamer, and thence found his way by land to Mohalich, where he arrived on the 14th of May. By that time the Albanians were in their comfortable lodgings, were well provided with everything, and were rapidly recovering their health. But their joy at the arrival of their pastor was described by those who had seen it as being most touching.

Having done all that could be done, Mr. Alison, Dr. Dickson, and John Zohrab returned to Brusa. On their way they met some Sisters of Charity, who had come over from Constantinople to assist those who no longer needed assistance; and the Sisters were accompanied or followed to Mohalich by an Irish Papist, named Neyler, who had been practising in Egypt and Turkey as an oculist, and who was supposed to have some knowledge of medicine. On the 24th or 25th of May most of the Albanians were removed to this mountain village of Philladar, which the Porte had appointed for their residence. The priest staid at Mohalich with such of the sick who as yet could not be removed, but in a few days he and they made the journey without any accident: and ever since then (some sixteen months) they had been living in a tedious, melancholy idleness at Philladar. At the time of our visit—on the last day of September, 1847—there were living eighty-six individuals, including seven little children that had been born here in the village. Through the offices of the Sisters of Charity, four boys had been sent over to the Lazarists' school at Galata, but of this number one had died. Most of the children at Philladar had picked up Greek, and were attending the Greek school kept by the worthy phlebotomist who has been already mentioned, and who spoke very favourably of their intelligence and behaviour. Ten children—some male, some female—and running from five to ten years old, were forcibly separated from their parents and kindred at Ghillano and Scopia, and distributed among Turks; it was not known where they now were, or whether they were alive; their fathers

and mothers, without one exception, were *dead;* but brothers of some of them were alive and in good health at Philladar. The family affections of these poor mountaineers are remarkably strong and lasting, and of this we saw some proofs ourselves. "The women who lost their children in this way," said the Padre, "died absolutely of grief—*assolutamente dal dolore!* Not quite so quick, but they died of grief as much as one shot through the heart or brain dies of that shot!"

After the representations of Sir Stratford, the Porte could not allow these poor people to starve. They allotted to them six houses to live in, and paid them at the rate of 105 paras per diem a head; and allowed the priest Don Antonio six piastres, or about thirteen pence a day. There had once been a talk of giving them an extensive farm, whereon they might live—as other exiles had done—as an agricultural colony: but of agriculture the mountaineers knew nothing. It was then said that they should have a range of pastoral country in the mountains, where they might live according to their native habits, and that a stock of cows and sheep should be furnished them wherewith to make a beginning. In this manner they would be able to keep themselves, and even to grow prosperous. But nothing had been done or begun, and there was no prospect of a beginning. Some of them, wearied to death with their inactive, useless life, and imprisonment in the village (beyond the precincts of which they were not allowed to move), would gladly have fallen into the second of the two schemes; but by far the greater number were strongly set against it, saying, that if they gained their own livelihood and made themselves useful

in the country they would never be allowed to quit it; whereas, if they continued to be idle and useless, and to increase the numbers of their families, the Turks might get weary of keeping them; and so, instead of sending them money, would send them back to their own dear mountains.

The men we had seen before, but, after taking notes of Padre Antonio's details, we went to one of their houses and there saw five or six families with the women and children. They were decidedly a good-looking people, with frank, honest countenances. Some of the young women might be called handsome, and none more so than poor Cucu, the damsel seen by John Zohrab in the pest-house, and rescued at Mohalich from the very jaws of death. But Cucu was no longer a damsel, but a wife and mother. One of the young men had married her, and she was now nursing her first child, a fair-skinned, pretty little boy, born up in the airy village of Philladar. Her gratitude to Tchelebee John was affecting. Men and women, being joined by those from the other houses, all implored me to speak in their behalf to Sir Stratford Canning, and to do whatever I could to get them sent back to their own country. They knew from their priest, who went now and then to Brusa and to the English Consul's, that Sir Stratford had left for England, and that he was now expected back at Constantinople. They said that if that best of good men, that friend and champion of all the oppressed Christians of the country, had been at his post, they would have been liberated ere this; and they hoped, *now*, that his return would lead to their liberation. But again and again—Padre Antonio joining in the

prayer as earnestly as any of them—they beseeched me to speak to Sir Stratford, to express their gratitude for all that he had done for them, and to tell him how unhappy they were in their exile. "The Turks," said they, "have burned our houses, and driven away our cows, and eaten our sheep, and taken all that was ours; but they cannot take away our mountains. Send us back, hungry, naked, to our own dear mountains, and we will be happy, and bless you every day we live!"

I never saw a stronger love of the native soil. As the crumbling, tumbling houses let in the wind at every side, and the rain at some corners, and as, even in this cheap district, people cannot wallow in luxury upon five pence and the fourth of a farthing per diem; and as the winter is cold up here, and as some of the younger matrons were in the "interesting situation," we gave them some money—not what we would have given, but what we could afford; and after many acts of reverence and gratitude from the poor people, and one or two warm accolades with Padre Antonio, we took our leave and mounted our sorry beasts. I believe that the little money we left with them was the very last thing they thought or cared about; their gratitude was given for the interest I had taken in their story, and was in part anticipatory for the good I might do them by speaking to our Ambassador.

Before leaving it we rode through Philladar, which, for this country, is rather a prosperous and a large village. It is occupied almost entirely by Greeks, who seemed to be good specimens of their race, and who lived, upon the whole, on exceedingly good terms with the exiles, taking their children into

their school, and never molesting Padre Antonio at his masses. Their comparative prosperity—as no doubt their good humour also—depended upon their having had for a good number of years a kind old Turkish Aghà, or governor, who had himself farmed the taxes of the village, who was incapable of injustice and extortion himself, and who prevented the exercise of them in others. He made little or nothing by his contract; but he was contented to get back what he paid to the government, and to see the people happy and thriving. Some efforts had been made to oust him by out-bidding him; but the Aghà would not be out-bidden, and he had told the people that until the angel of death called him hence, he would be the sole Ushurji of Philladar.

We did not take the road by which we had come, but a much rougher and steeper one—a path which plunged headlong down a ravine in the mountain. As I was sliding down the steep, expecting my steed (the tailor's nutmeg-pony) to be on his knees at every move, two of the exiles, who had come running after us, took the pony by the head, propped him up with their shoulders, and began to conduct me over the worst and most slippery part of the road. They could not go far; we parted on a level strip of ground; and at parting the poor fellows kissed my hands, my knees, my feet, and with tears in their eyes once more implored me not to forget them.

I did not forget them.

Continuing our journey from Philladar, we rode through tracts covered with fir trees and dwarf oaks, and came down among the vineyards of the village, which, like those of Ahchè-keui, were extensive, and rather fine.

The vines were cut back, and kept at the height of about four feet. They were planted in open rows, in the manner recommended by Virgil; but the rows were somewhat too close together. From the size of the stems we judged that some of these vineyards were of considerable antiquity, and too old and rugged to be very profitable. It is a saying here, among both Greeks and Turks, that a man ought to plant his own mulberry-trees, inherit his vineyards from his father, and his olive-groves from his grandfather. But very frequently we found that the vines were too old, and the olive-trees too young. A ruthless destruction almost constantly going on in some place or other, may account for this: the small size of the vine offers little temptation, but if some lawless Turks stand in need of fuel they will cut down olive-trees—the dried wood of which makes a most pleasant fire—without scruple. The vineyards spread far along the southern slopes of the Philladar Mountain. Except a patch of tobacco here and there, we saw hardly anything else. The tobacco was tended by labourers brought from Samsoun and Sinope on the Black Sea. We rode through the Turkish village of Mascarà. Like all the rest, it was picturesque without and filthy within. The people were very courteous and very poor: some of the houses were deserted, and others seemed half unroofed. From this spot we sloped away for the plain by a less precipitous path, and very soon came upon level ground. We passed through two more Turkish villages, Yenikeui and Balukli, both very small and foul, and exhibiting every symptom of wretchedness and decay. In one of them the tailor's pony made a stumble, and

nearly prostrated me in the cesspool. I flew out against those accumulations of filth, and the stupidity and indolence of the people. "Oh!" said Tchelebee John, "the people think that dirt is lucky. Old Ibrahim Pasha began to clear away the filth and the dung-heaps of one of these villages. The villagers went in a body and implored him to desist, and not to take away their good luck; and the Pasha yielded to their superstition!" Thus dirt, and stench, and poisonous miasma are consecrated in Turkey.

At Brusa the Turks were carrying in their grapes on the backs of camels. The quantity was very great, but the fruit was sadly disfigured, bruised, and otherwise ill-treated. Although many of the Mussulmans will not now-a-days scruple to drink them, they make neither wine nor raki. Nor do these Turks dry their grapes into raisins and prepare them for exportation, like their brethren at Smyrna. What, then, do they with these mountains of crushed grapes?—They make *petmez* of them. With a press, so big, awkward, and primitive-looking, that it must have been invented only a few years after Noah's plantation of the vine, they squeeze out the juice of the fruit, which is caught by wooden troughs hollowed out of trees, like Indian canoes: instead of allowing the juice to ferment, they take it and boil it down in great copper caldrons; they boil away until the juice is of the consistency of a jelly or jam (to the eye it does not look unlike raspberry jam); then they let it cool, and pack it up in great earthen jars, wherein, with a little care, it will keep for a very long time. This is *petmez*. They use it as we do treacle, or rather as the Americans, in some of the

States of the Union, use molasses—which means that they use it for almost everything, from a joint of meat down to a slice of bread. It serves as a general sweetener, the use of sugar being almost unknown to the common people. There is a very refreshing acid in it. When carefully prepared—as Tchelebee John could do it—it was a delicious *agro-dolce* and strongly to be recommended with a dish of wild boar. It is a very important article in the domestic economy of all. Although the Greeks make plenty of wine, and an abundant use of it when it is made, they also make their annual stock of petmez; so do the Armenians, and the poor Israelites likewise. "I am in trouble and in woe," said one of our friends among the Greek peasants, "I have been obliged to sell all my grapes to pay my taxes! I have none left to make petmez. What will my children do without petmez? How are we to get through the winter without petmez?"

We hardly ever took a walk in the upper part of the town of Brusa without seeing the presses at work in the open streets. The pressure is produced by means of an enormous, rough, wooden screw, which is turned by the hand with a pole or lever, and which does not revolve from right to left like our screws, but from left to right—another trifle to add to M. Volney's proofs that Asiatics do no one thing in the manner we do it.

CHAPTER IX.

Journey to Kutayah — The Pasha's Cavass — Ak-Sou — Decreasing Population — Merry Halil — Plain of Yeni Ghieul — Hills of Gypsum — Town of Yeni Ghieul — Dinner and Lodging at the Governor's — The Aghà of Yeni Shehr, a Turkish Antiquary — The sour Kadi — The Conscription and forced Abortions — A glorious Country Depopulated — Village of Musal — More Poverty and Oppression — Tales of the Turkish Villagers — Sir Stratford Canning — Mr. Sang and his Calculation — Hospitality of Turkish Peasantry — Solar Eclipse — Hot Springs — Terrible Mountains — Villages of Domalich — Yerook Encampment — Kukoort-keui, or the Sulphur Village — More Misery — Two Trebizond Tinkers — Ancient Remains — Plain of Kutayah — Depopulation.

WHILE we were making trifling preparations for our tour, we were told in an indirect manner that the Pasha would not be answerable for our safety, unless we took at least one of his cavasses. In a more direct manner I represented to the Pasha that, seeing the quiet state of his pashalik, we could apprehend no danger within it, that we did not intend to travel beyond its limits, and that I would thank him for the bouyouroultou, or circular letter which it was usual to give to Frank travellers. In a day or two we received the bouyouroultou, sealed by the signet seal of Mustapha Nouree, who, very probably, could not read it. It was put into our hands by the French hekim bashi; but into other hands we had to pay a price for it. I thought this negotiation was over, and was priding myself on my diplomatic success, when the question of the cavass was re-opened, in the same indirect manner as before—or

rather in several indirect manners, for I heard in various quarters that Mustapha Nouree still thought that we ought not to go without a guard, as part of the country up above was so very lonely and wild. I was not at all grateful for the Pasha's solicitude. I had taken counsel of Tchelebee John. "The Pasha," said he, "has two objects: he wants to get a job for one of his many hungry hangers-on; and he wishes to have your proceedings watched. The money you would have to pay to the cavass will clear half our expenses on the road. If you take a cavass of the Pasha's, none of the country people in the villages will dare to speak out, for he will always be with us: he will be a spy upon you, and a gag to them. He will never lose sight of us; and if he should chance to be an ill-tempered fellow, he will pretend, in his quality of Mussulman and servant of the Pasha, to have a right to control our movements, and to exercise arbitrary acts among the poor villagers. If we should be attacked by thieves, depend upon it the cavass would run away and leave us in the lurch. We shall have Ibrahim; and I would not give Ibrahim, in an emergency, or in any case where courage was required, for half-a-dozen of the Pasha's cavasses."

On Wednesday, the 6th of October, without any further communication with Mustapha Nouree's hungry retainers, and without beat of drum, we rode away to Hadji Haivat, as if we were going for a day's shooting. On the following morning, at a quarter before eight o'clock, we mounted and took the *high* road leading to the interior. That place being nearer to his farm at Dudakli, and on our way, the bold Ibrahim was to

meet us at the village of Ak Sou (White Water). We had a charming ride round the off-shoots of Olympus, passing through some wooded defiles, and at a quarter before eleven we reached Ak Sou, not having met a living soul between Sousourluk and that place. The small village was eminently picturesque, and rather less ruinous than many we had left behind us in the plain of Brusa. There were a ravine, a foaming torrent, a mosque, and one solitary cypress-tree—the last of its family that we saw for many days. The cypress, like the olive, loves the vicinage of the sea—at least I never saw it far in the interior.

The houses in Ak Sou seemed to be all Turkish. At the beginning of the last century, when Tournefort passed through it, it was a well-peopled village; but it did not now contain more than twenty-five houses. Here a sad disappointment awaited us; Ibrahim, "that famed gallant fellow," could not come! The malaria demon had got him again in his grip, and had floored him at Dudakli; but he had sent his brother Halil to supply his place. Poor Halil had never been up the country before, nor out of the plain of Brusa in the whole course of his life, therefore of the roads he could know nothing; moreover he was quite a young fellow, inexperienced, with a face that was always laughing, and without any of Ibrahim's gravity and imposing dignity of manner; but he too had been a pupil and sporting companion of our Tchelebee, who warranted him as a brave, stanch, merry, affectionate lad, who would do everything for us that he could, and die rather than leave us in a difficulty. As for finding the roads, or rather for choosing among the diverging

tracks and paths (for road there was none) Tchelebee John had a natural instinct which was almost infallible. So we retained the laughing Halil. But Halil could not start without first carrying over to Dudakli some of the contents of our medicine-chest to cut his brother's fever. We gave two or three calomel pills and some quinine, and he rode back to the plain, promising to overtake us at Yeni Ghieul, where we were to sleep that night.

At half an hour after noon we re-mounted. At a very short distance above the village we came to a steep ascent: the descent was less, the plain to which it brought us being considerably above Ak Sou, as that place is above the plain of Brusa. In this manner the country gradually rises, in broad steps separated from each other by ridges, the western elevations of which are greater than the eastern. This accounts for the great difference of climate between Brusa and Kutayah. On the edge of the fine, open, extensive plain of Yeni Ghieul we passed a number of hills or hillocks, that were composed entirely of pure gypsum. Of this useful material hardly any use is made, except in preparing *petmez*, when small quantities are thrown into the caldrons to clear the jelly. We saw a prodigious quantity of it on our journey. The plain, which spread far on every side, was verdant and beautiful, but we could not see a house, or a hut, or a living being upon it. Having waded through a more than usually long and deep cesspool and passed a number of houses in ruins, we dismounted at the khan of Yeni Ghieul at five o'clock in the evening. True to promise, merry Halil was there a few minutes after us. It had been market-

day: the dirty khan was crowded by Greeks and Armenians, who had brought down corn, and timber, and a little silk for sale. As there was no chance of getting even a very small and filthy room to ourselves whereon to stretch ourselves for the night, we dispatched Halil to the Aghà or Mudir of the place with Mustapha Nouree's bouyouroultou. I was rather curious to know the effects to be produced by this talisman. Without looking at it the Aghà told Halil to go and bring the English Beys to his house, as he would have the pleasure of lodging and entertaining them himself.

The government house of Yeni Ghieul was not quite a palace: it was a large, rambling, tumbledown house, built, as usual, of wood, and having a puzzling variety of exits and entrances, narrow door-ways, dark passages, and tottering, creaking staircases which could not have been washed for ages. The Aghà received us in a small room in which he did business and gave audience. He was a middle-aged, quiet, very gentlemanly Turk, rather of the old school than of the new; he had been a very handsome man, but was now in a deplorable state of health: the deep yellow tint of his face, his hollow cheeks, his parched and cracked lips and sunken eyes told in a loud voice that the malaria fiend had been often upon him, and was eating away his liver. His voice was low and almost plaintive; nothing was vigorous about him except his grand, long, jet-black beard. He spoke of his complaints. We recommended quinine. He said that during the three or four years that he had been at Yeni Ghieul he had swallowed an oke of that most unpleasant of bitter drugs; that his fever this last August and September had been worse than

ever, and that hardly anybody in Yeni Ghieul had escaped. I said a few words about draining; and he, with a melancholy smile, asked who there was in the country that could direct such works, and where the money was to come from.

Being joined by another Turkish gentleman, the Aghà of the neighbouring town of Yeni Shehr, we sat down on the floor à la Turque to dinner, ranging ourselves round a low skemnè or stool, on which was placed a large circular pewter tray that served for table and table-cloth. We all helped ourselves with our fingers or with wooden spoons, mixing hands in the same bowl or basin in the most amicable and familiar manner. A melon and some grapes completed the repast. Then came the tiny cups of strong coffee and the tchibouques, and the easy after-dinner gossip on the divan. Our fellow guest, the Aghà of Yeni Shehr, proved to be an exceedingly courteous and communicative person, and, for a provincial Turk, a very clever and well-informed man. At our second pipe-filling the kadi or judge of the place came in and took his seat close at the Aghà's right hand. When he had been seated two or three minutes he gave us the stinted salutations which rigid Mussulmans bestow on Christians. Like nearly every one of his class that we encountered either in Europe or in Asia, he was a starch, sour, bilious, repulsive man. His complexion was awfully sallow, but his loose Oriental robes were bright in colour and of exemplary cleanliness, and his caouk and green turban were carefully and tastefully arranged. Our host handed him the Pasha of Brusa's bouyouroultou, which he seemed to spell over with much

difficulty. He was a wet blanket on the party, but he did not stay long, and at his departure the two Aghàs appeared to be as much relieved as ourselves. Our host could not quite understand the object of our journey, or comprehend why we should put ourselves to so much trouble and expense to see the mountains and rivers and old ruins when we had nothing to do with buying, or selling, or making contracts for corn, or silk, or opium. But the Aghà of Yeni Shehr, in all respects a superior man, understood perfectly the interest offered by such a tour, and regretted that he could not accompany us. He had himself travelled a good deal about the country for the gratification of curiosity; he had a relish for fine scenery, and a decided taste for ancient ruins; he was in fact a Turkish antiquary, and if his science was but small, his enthusiasm was great. He indicated to us several spots up the country whereon ancient remains were to be found; and he earnestly recommended us to visit some hot springs in the Ak-Daghlar or "White Mountains." He cordially invited us to visit him at Yeni Shehr on our return. At about 11 o'clock he and our host withdrew, leaving us in possession of the reception room.

At a very early hour the next morning we were up and in the bazaar. This town of Yeni Ghieul now consists of about 400 houses, more than one-half of which appeared to be Greek. The Christian quarter was swarming with children; in the Turkish quarter the children were few. The Mussulmans, particularly in these rural districts, no more shut up their children, whether male or female, than do the Greeks or Armenians: if we saw few Turkish children it was

because few existed. It was becoming almost rare to find a poor Turkish family rearing more than one child. We seldom saw two in a poor Turkish house; three was a number altogether extraordinary.

On the other side, the poor Greeks and Armenians had very generally large families. Many of the poor Turks did not scruple to say that they could not afford to bring up children; that daughters were a useless encumbrance, and that if they had sons the government tore them away, just as they were beginning to be useful at home, to make soldiers of them. *The conscription was the dread and abhorrence of all the Turkish women.* The Greek and Armenian matrons had nothing to fear from it, as acknowledged Christian Rayahs could not serve in the army. Again, though always borne down by a heavier weight of oppression, the Christian Rayahs, by superior industry and intelligence, can always command more of the necessaries of life than the Osmanlee peasants, and will—speaking comparatively—thrive where their next-door neighbours, the Turks, are half starving. It was no mystery at all, or a mystery only covered with the thinnest and most transparent veil, that forced abortion was a prevalent, common practice among these Turkish women. The dark horrible secret as to the means to be employed was pretty generally known, and where ignorance prevailed there were "wise women," old hags, professional abortists, paid Turkish Tophane, who went about the country relieving matrons of their burthens for a few piastres apiece: and it was said that these hell-dames not only destroyed the present embryo, but prevented all chances of future conception. I was told of these

practices at Constantinople by three Frank physicians of the highest standing there, and by two Perote doctors; I was told of them again at Brusa by two Frank doctors, by the English consul, by one of the American missionaries, by the French consul, and by others. John Zohrab said that the fact was notorious, that everybody in Brusa and in the plain knew it, as also that the life of the mother was often destroyed! A young Turkish woman recently married, and then healthy and handsome, though very poor, told Madame —— that she was determined to have no children; that no son of hers, after being suckled at her breast and brought up with care and cost, should be taken from her to live far away in barracks and be a soldier. While we were at Brusa this young Turkish woman, gaunt and haggard, was crawling about the streets; she had no children, nor had she any health left. Confirmations of the horrible fact met us wherever we went. The Sultan's limiting the soldier's service to five years had not abated it—the growth of poverty was increasing it—it had never been so prevalent as within the last two or three years, a period during which the speedy resurrection of the empire had been predicted by the salaried journalists at Constantinople, whose vaticinations seem to have been taken as accomplished facts by many people in Christendom, predisposed to expect miracles from everything that is called a political reform. The march of Turkish reform has trampled out the deepest feeling, the most glowing affection of the human heart; it has dashed the mother's joy at the birth of her first-born; it has deprived the father of his love and pride for his progeny. Twenty years ago I heard not of these horrors.

We loitered in the bazaars and streets of Yeni Ghieul until it was 8–30 A.M., and then mounted. The plain extended far to the eastward of the town, and was beautiful and pleasant to the eye. At a distance, near the mountains to the northward, we saw groups of small villages, some of the many dependencies of Yeni Ghieul, which all together make the sub-government of that place one of considerable importance. The best and largest of those villages were Greek; but we passed through no village at all, unless that name could be given to a massive, majestic khan (built of bricks admirably made, and of thick hard tiles, like those found in ancient Roman ruins), and three or four most wretched Turkish houses, which stood a little beyond the khan. We rode through this place at 9–35 A.M. The spacious khan, built two centuries ago by some charitable Mussulman for the accommodation of travellers, was now deserted and in ruins. Far apart we saw patches of corn land, and here and there a few buffaloes or a small herd of cattle. Not an inclosure was visible on all that level space. They calculate that when the crop is growing about one-fourth of it is trodden down and destroyed by cattle, for the careless herdsmen are apt to go to sleep and leave their herds to stray where they will; and few travellers hesitate to turn their horses loose in the standing corn. We crossed the plain, slanting a little to the southward, and not taking it lengthwise; and at about 10–30 A.M. we came to the foot of some green hills. Between Yeni Ghieul and these hills we forded four copious streams. Ascending the first ridge we found ourselves in a beautiful wild valley well sprinkled with trees and abounding with

the finest pasture, but offering no sign of cultivation or of human habitation. As we went up the valley the grand heights of the Ak-Daghlar or White Mountains rose right before us. The Turks probably call them "white" because they are *so very black*. From base to summit they are covered with thick dark forests, retaining an intensity of gloom under every light that they can be seen under. At the head of this valley, where the hills break away into a narrow hollow, which affords a passage to one of the principal torrents of the Ak-Daghlar, stands the small Turkish village of Musal. Here, where Tchelebee John had many friends, we dismounted at 11–30 A.M. An honest old Turk, the Odà-bashi, or chief dispenser of hospitality, would not hear of our going farther that day; he said that the road over the mountains was dreadful, and that if we went out of the way to see the hot-springs it was impossible we should reach Domalich, the first village on the other side of the mountains, before dark night.

The situation of Musal was as romantic and picturesque as could well be imagined, but the houses, and the very mosque itself, were dilapidated and tottering, and everywhere signs of decay and unmistakeable symptoms of poverty met the eye. The house which the Oda-bashi reserved for the exercise of the soul-saving virtue of hospitality, and in which we were lodged, was one of the best in the village: it consisted of one large room on the ground-floor, which had been turned into a stable, and of a smaller room above; the ascent to the superior apartment was by a rude staircase, or a sort of broad stable-ladder, outside the house: the planks—the only separation between the men above

and the horses below—had wide openings between them, and were in several places rotten and broken: over-head were the rafters and bare tiles; the wooden walls had had a coating or lining of plaster, but the plaster was full of holes and crannies, letting in the cold night wind; there was no window, the light, when wanted, being admitted by the open door: but at the upper end of the room there was a good spacious hearth and a chimney to carry off the smoke; and as there was no want of fuel in this land of woods and forests, we made a splendid fire. After the evening prayer, or a short time after sunset, the old Odà-bashi sent us a pilaff which his own wife had cooked in his own dwelling-house, a peasant furnished fresh eggs, another a fowl, which the Tchelebee prepared, and cooked *à la sauvage* over the glowing embers of our wood fire. We dined in public, as the kings of France used, on a Sunday. All the elders of the village, all the heads of families, came and seated themselves round the room, and two of the youngest and tallest of them acted as our candlesticks, standing between our table or stool and the door, and each holding in his hand a bright red torch, being a bit of resinous pine which burned rather steadily. They make very good tallow candles in Turkey, it is a branch of industry in which the Turks excel: we saw plenty of them down at Yeni Ghieul, but there was not one in Musal; the people were too poor to buy them, and they said so. Having finished our repast, and the Turks having wished that it might be good for us, the Tchelebee made some coffee, and with this and a little tobacco we regaled the party. We sat cross-legged upon some matting and very thin

mattresses furnished by the Odà-bashi, stretched ourselves at length now and then, and making pillows of our saddles and Turkish saddle-bags. The living candelabra threw their pine brands upon the hearth, and the room was lighted only by the crackling, blazing wood fire. The scene often recurs to my memory, and the conversation which followed will never be forgotten. I was grateful to the Tchelebee for having delivered me from the company of the Pasha of Brusa's cavass.

First one old man began to tell John how badly he was off, and how cruelly he had been treated by the tax-gatherers. Then another told his story, and then another, and the comments and lamentations went round the room. Of their own accord they entered upon the subject of their grievances. The Ushurjees had seized the carts and ploughs and the very seed of some, the little household furniture and cooking utensils of others. In one case they had taken copper utensils to the value of 400 piastres, for a debt which did not exceed 200; when the victim went and paid his debt in full, they would not give him back his property, and when he remonstrated and fell into a passion he was soundly bastinadoed. The man who told his own story—and told it with tears of shame and rage—was one of the youngest of the party, and a very handsome fellow, with a frank countenance. He told the tale aloud, and all present concurred. A grey, sensible old man—the Odà-bashi himself—said that he had narrowly escaped the same treatment, and that too when he owed nothing at all. The Ushurjees cheated them in the corn, bringing measures of their own which were not fair measures, throwing aside the inferior grain, and taking their tithe

only from the best, and making that tithe much more than a tenth by their unfair measures. The collectors of the Salianè, or property-tax (which is not farmed but collected by the Pasha and the local Mudirs), were always taking advantage of their ignorance, and giving them papers and receipts which said one thing, while the collectors with their lips had told them another. One man said that he would do away with his vineyard, and root up his vines, rather than be tormented by the Salianè collectors, who had taken from him as much as the produce was worth. Another, who had a small mulberry plantation, said he would abandon it—and for the same reason. Another bitter complaint related to the *corvées*. "The forest," said they, "is our friend, giving us fuel and light; but the forest is also our enemy, for they cut great trees there for the Padishah's ships, and they take our oxen to drag them towards the coast. To-day there is a demand upon us for twenty pair of oxen, to drag a giant tree! We have not twenty yoke left in the village: we could not do the thing even if we left our fields all untilled, and the time for tillage is at hand. We cannot do it, but we shall suffer for it! When we work ourselves and our cattle to death, we are never properly paid. Yes! it is a bad fate to be born near a forest." They spoke of the conscription with horror; and it was vain to tell them, as we did, that some of the Sultan's regular troops seemed to be in much better condition than themselves, or than any of the Osmanlee peasantry in these parts. They said that a life in barracks was not a life for a true Mussulman. If the matrons of the village could have been admitted into our society, we should have

heard much more passionate lamentations about the recruiting.

The men returned to the subject of taxation. In addition to the tenth, there was another impost called *Moncatà*, the proceeds of which went into the pockets of the Ushurjees. They were here paying this Moncatà at the rate of four paras per *deunum*, upon corn lands, and sixty paras on vineyards and mulberry-gardens. As everywhere else the tenths on corn were levied in kind; but on other productions they were taken in money. But when money was not forthcoming the collectors would often take produce, fixing their own low price upon it. One of the evil effects of levying the tenth in kind, was this—it made the government Ushurjees or farmers of the revenue corn-merchants, and gave them a control over the markets. Not long ago the Ushurjees made the poor people carry the tithe-corn, at their own expense, down to some central depôt, or even down to the coast, at the distance of two, three, four, or five days. Here was another tax! But orders came from Constantinople to stop this oppression; and it had been stopped. Our friends at Musal did not murmur at the taxes, but at the manner in which they were collected and apportioned. One of them was paying 300 piastres of salianè, which was as much as was paid by a very rich Turk, then the Aghà of Domalich. The wealthy bribe and compound, and get off easily, throwing the burden on the helpless and unfriended poor. On one occasion the men of Musal despatched one of their elders to Brusa to implore the intervention of the Pasha; Mustapha Nouree handed the old man over to his Kehayah Bey, the Kehayah handed him over to

Khodja Arab, and that terrible chief of the police kept him in prison until a sum of money was paid for his release. It appeared to me that such amount of oppression as might have been removed, by the Tanzimaut, from the shoulders of the Rayah subjects must have been clapped upon the Mussulmans "to make the dance even." Except the Kharatch, or capitation tax, which in its highest amount does not exceed ten shillings a-year per head, the Turks are now paying the same taxes and imposts as the Rayahs. They cannot bear this all but equal weight; unless their industry be stimulated, unless a new life—hardly to be expected—be put into them, they must sink and disappear under it. This was the opinion of every intelligent Frank who had lived long in the country and who had attentively watched the workings of the reform system. M. C—— said, "The Turks could not keep their ground even then, but they managed to live when they could make the Christian Rayahs work for them, at the very lowest pay, and when, with the connivance of the Pashas, who then presided over the collection of the revenue, there was always a wide difference made between their taxes and those extorted from the Greeks and Armenians; but with only the difference of the kharatch in their favour, the Turks will starve and die out, and a little sooner or later all their farms and villages must either be deserted or fall into the hands of the Rayahs. There can be no mistake about it. The process is going on. It was in progress even before this farming of the revenue and equalizing of taxes. Thirty-two years ago when I first knew the plain of Brusa, there were villages that were entirely

Turkish, and other villages where Turks and Rayahs were mixed; in the first sort there are now more Rayahs than Turks, and in the second the Turks have almost entirely disappeared—in many cases there is not a Turkish house left in such villages. As you go up the country, into the districts where there are no Greeks or Armenians, you will find nothing but poverty and wretchedness."

The poor men of Musal entertained the best opinion of the kind young Sultan, and gave his government credit for good intentions; but they said that both Sultan and government were ignorant of the wrongs they suffered, and they begged me to make them known to some member of the government when I returned to Stamboul. They all joined in this request, or earnest prayer—they nearly knelt, to *me*, a Christian, a ghiaour! When Turks can do this, matters must indeed be desperate with them. The good name of Sir Stratford Canning or the fame of his good deeds had reached this obscure Mussulman village; the people believed that his influence with the Porte was all commanding, and was never exercised but for good, and in the cause of humanity. They implored me to speak also to the good English Elchee Bey. Nor was this the first or the last place where such a request was made, or where our Ambassador was mentioned with affection and reverence. The poor Christians of the country, of whatsoever denomination, regarded him as their best friend and protector; the Mussulmans spoke of him as the one upright man among Elchees.

High as he stood in the estimation of the men of Musal, I think our Tchelebee did that to-night which

must have raised him still higher on the morrow. It was the eve of the grand solar eclipse of the 9th of October. Our scientific friend, Mr. Edward Sang, had calculated the appearances of the eclipse for the meridian of Constantinople, had published his paper in one of the Constantinople journals, and had given a lithographic print, representing the appearances of the solar body during all the stages of the eclipse, with the precise time of the day marked above each phasis. John, with the dignity of an astronomy-professor, announced to the Turks the knowledge he had gleaned from us and Mr. Sang's paper — told them that to-morrow there would be a great eclipse—told them the hour and the minute at which it would begin and the minute at which it would end; and bade them have no fear at seeing the heavens darkened, as, most assuredly, *we* knew that the sun was not going to be put out. In general the Turks have no better notion of these phenomena than the common Chinese, who believe that what we call an eclipse is caused by the attempt of a big dragon to devour the sun. Our poor villagers of Musal looked at us with astonishment not unmixed with alarm.

On their departure we pulled our cotton coverlets over us and addressed ourselves to sleep, all four (Halil being included) littering down in the same room.

Sleeping in these Turkish houses certainly promotes early rising. We were up at the first crowing of the village-cocks. The Odà-bashi would take no payment, and would have been grievously offended if we had pressed any upon him; to the other peasants who had

contributed to our provend, we gave a little money, which they neither refused nor thanked us for. Your true Turkish peasant has a high gentlemanly feeling in these matters: he takes the stranger's money, but he takes it as if he were ashamed, and thought the least said about it the better—he takes it as if it were against the grain, as if in accepting payment for a few creature-comforts he submits to an unkindly fate—his poverty but not his will consents. Give them what you will, they will never ask for more, or say one word about it. No poverty—and we soon saw them in the deepest—altered this gentlemanly feeling about money got or to be gotten in this way.

We were determined to visit the hot springs recommended to our attention by the Aghà of Yeni Shehr. The men of Musal assured us that the paths leading to the spot were precipitous and dangerous, and very difficult to find. The Odà-bashi said we ought not to go without a guide, and thereupon a long, naked-legged, active younker stepped forth and said he would be our conductor. At 7 A.M. we mounted our hacks. Dipping into the narrow valley which separates Musal from the feet of the White Mountains, we presently came to the bed of the torrent, which was then, and down there, only a rapid, sparkling, shallow stream, swarming with the finest trout, which the poor Turks knew not how to fish. Crossing this stream, and then recrossing it, and getting into an opening of the mountains, upon an ascending path which overhung the stream, we found ourselves among scenery which strongly recalled the memory of the Trossachs, in the leafiest time of the year. Though so much cooler than down in the Brusa

plain, scarcely a leaf had fallen or taken the yellow tint of autumn. As we slowly ascended the ravine the scenery became more and more grand, effacing the recollection of the Trossachs, to recall the memory of Apennines and Alps: the glen contracted in breadth, the ravine beneath us increased in depth; the stream, only rapid under Musal, was here running a headlong course, and falling over black rocks, like foam on the chest of a jet-black steed, and making twenty cataracts in so many minutes—cataracts small but loudly resonant. We went on strictly in Indian file, the peasant of Musal leading the way, and merry Halil bringing up the rear, singing and talking and criticising the state of the roads. At the head of the ravine, or rather where it took a turn to S.E., stood a lofty broad bare mountain, with the grandest face of solid rock I had beheld for many a year. This rock was perpendicular and of a beautiful bright red colour. Our path now quitted the edge of the chasm and struck into the thickest part of the forest, where we heard a grunt or two from the wild boars and saw at every step their footmarks and the traces of deer, chevreuils, and other people of the wild woods. The overhanging branches and the dense foliage of the trees shut out the view of the sky and made a solemn gloom. But just as the solar eclipse commenced we reached an open green glade, and saw the bright blue heavens and the sun, with the shadow of the moon beginning to invade his glowing surface. John pointed to the orb, and reminded the Turks of his last night's discourse. They looked at the sun, and at him, and at us with wonder in their eyes. As the eclipse advanced, we all became

thoughtful or silent; even merry Halil ceased to talk and laugh. We rode slowly along the glade, entered the thick forest again, and then emerged upon an open unwooded slope of the mountain. By this time more than half of the orb was covered, and the bright blue of the sky was changed into a cold gray leaden colour. So grand a phenomenon was never seen from a grander spot or with more solemn accessories. There was not a breath of wind, the sound of the torrent below was softened by distance to a gentle cadence, a soft indistinct murmuring; two eagles, from the summits of the Ak Daghlar, flew over the forest and across the profound ravine to the majestic red rocks; some smaller birds of prey that had been screaming, became suddenly mute, as though terror or an instinctive awe shut up their throats: all was hush! When the eclipse was complete, the effect was most awful. The broad lofty red precipice which had been shining in the sun, was dull and indistinct; the colour of all things was dimmed and changed, and we ourselves were strange as we looked at each other through that leaden, mysterious atmosphere. Except our poor horses and ourselves there was nothing moving—there was not a sign of life.

Our approach to the hot springs was announced by small columns of steam rising from among trees and underwood, and by several streamlets which rippled down the mountain emitting steam and a smell of hot water. At 9·20 A.M. we reached the baths, situated on an open green esplanade, surrounded on all sides, except towards the ravine, by the forest. The spot is about 2000 feet above the level of the sea, the loftiest

ridges of the Ak Daghlar rising some 2000 feet above it. There was a plain regular stone-built bath or bathing-house, looking like a country-church of the Greeks, and being about the size of one. It is probably a work of the Lower Empire. The roof has been allowed to disappear, and the building is otherwise in a ruinous state. Within the walls, the hot water, conveyed in a subterraneous channel from the spring-head at a short distance (where it is at boiling heat), wells copiously, as pure as crystal, hot but perfectly sweet, and without the slightest volcanic or mineral taste or smell. It was received into a basin about twelve feet long by five in breadth; from this basin it passed into another of the like dimensions, and from this it flowed into a large lower basin in which the people bathe, and which measured about thirty-five feet by twenty. A wall separated the small chamber, in which were the two basins, from the larger one. On one side of the bathing-room there were oval recesses in the wall for dressing and undressing. In the upper basin or cistern the water was much hotter; but in the large bath the temperature was then about 100°. After filling this bath the water had an issue by which to escape. Besides the well-head which supplied this bath, there were several other hot springs close at hand, the steaming waters of which ran to waste, racing against one another in numerous rills down the steeps and through the forest, to fall, at the end of their race, into the torrent at the bottom of the black abyss. Near their sources it was curious to see dense columns of steam rising and twisting among the green forest-trees. The spot and the scenery around it merited the praises of the amiable Aghà of Yeni Shehr.

On one side of the green esplanade were four or five huttings made of the rough stems, branches, and twigs of young beech-trees. These, together with some tents, had served to lodge whole families of Armenians, who are fond of frequenting the place and taking the baths in the summer-months. They sometimes come from villages a long way off, and even from the city of Kutayah. We left the springs at 10·35 A.M., to find and fight our way to the top of the Ak Daghlar through one of the thickest and wildest of forests. As we ascended we got out of the beeches, the chief of the trees which cover two-thirds of the mountain, and entered into the region of fragrant, ever-murmuring pines. Many of the beeches were of magnificent growth; but generally they wanted thinning, and were choking one another. There was hardly a trace of the woodman's craft. For the convenience of transport the Turks cut only the trees that are nearest to the plain. They will cut down a whole tree to get a mere plank or stick from it; but they never think of cutting in order to thin, or with a view of giving light and air and space and full development and growth to their fine trees. On the loftier parts of the mountain we had nothing but pitch-pine. Traces of deer, wild boars, and other game were everywhere visible. At noonday we came upon the horrible bridle-path which was called the "high road," and here our guide from Musal quitted us to return alone to his village. We had to cross three peaks called by the Turks Eutch Tepè, or the Three Hills. We mastered one of these peaks by riding or climbing round and round about it. Halil said it was just like winding up the staircase of a minaret. Still—

"Su per lo scoglio prendemmo la via,
Ch' era roccioso, stretto e malagevole,
Ed erto più assai che quel di pria." *

We rode over bare sharp rocks and up and down the steepest of acclivities and declivities; but we crossed the utmost ridge at last, and began to slope down the eastern face of the Ak Daghlar towards the plain or green valley of Domalich. Here the path was better, but the scenery very inferior, this side of the mountain being rocky, arid, and rather bare of trees. A line in Ariosto describes the country—

"Aspra, solinga, inospita e selvaggia."

Except a taciturn old Turk, who was riding on one poor hack and driving another before him, we did not meet a human being in the whole of this day's journey. We entered the village of Domalich at 5 P.M. It was small and poor—poor and hungry, even as compared with Musal. The houses were mere log huts, covered with rough planks and shingles, with great stones put upon them, to prevent their being blown away. There was a bakal's or chandler's shop, but it furnished nothing but yaourt, a few eggs, a little gritty bread, and half of a tallow candle. The Odà-bashi, a green-turbaned but rather ragged Turk, conducted us to the guest-house, and, after the time of evening prayer,—at which hardly anybody seemed to pray—he sent us a very primitive pilaff, made not of rice, but of *boiled wheat*. The Odà-bashi and the other notables of the village spent the evening with us, and were scarcely less communicative than the men of Musal. They complained of their Aghà, who, it appeared, lived away

* Dante, 'Inferno,' Canto xxiv.

at Kutayah, of the ushurjees, and of the collectors of the salianè, saying that Mussulmans could no longer live in a Mussulman country. They cultivated nothing but corn, and upon wheat they almost entirely lived. They had no kitchen gardens: they had not so much as a cabbage growing. They sometimes brought a few cabbages and carrots down from Kutayah, where also they laid in their stores of onions, garlic, &c.

Domalich, it appeared, was rather the name of a district than of one particular town or village. There were several villages in the valley all bearing the same name, all inhabited exclusively by Turks, and all poor, hungry, and going to pieces. The one at which we slept was the best of the group, and had the advantage of being upon the Kutayah road. It was poorer than the poorest village I ever saw in Portugal, or the south of Spain, or in Calabria, or even in the interior of Sicily; yet the corn-land, which stretched for many miles from north to south, was excellent, and the valley was well watered and irrigated by nature. It ought to have supported in abundance and comfort a thick population, but the thinnest was starving! Allowing for misgovernment and every abuse, it often struck me that nothing but the doom of heaven could reduce people to such a condition in such a country as this.

We quitted Domalich at 7 o'clock the next morning, and crossed the valley diagonally. We rode by two wretched villages, and forded three streams, one of which was rapid and considerable, with some very pretty falls. Before 9 A.M. we began to climb more mountains, running in a line nearly parallel with the Ak-Daghlar, but very inferior in height. After cross-

ing one ridge we dipped into a deep narrow valley, and then ascended another, parallel with the first:—

"Tutto pende,
Lo sito di ciascuna valle porta
Che l' una costa surge, e l' altra scende." *

Firs and junipers were the chief trees on these heights.

At length, at noon-day, we saw an encampment before us in a small, green, oval valley, which was surrounded by wooded hills, and traversed by a broad, deep watercourse. The principal tent was so placed as to face the road or path, and a crazy wooden bridge which crossed the watercourse; the front of the tent was entirely open, and the Yerook chief sat there, so that nobody, whether coming from Domalich or Kutayah, could pass without his seeing him. Beggar or Bey, he allowed no man to walk or ride by without stopping to partake of his hospitality. If he would take nothing but a cup of coffee, he must at least take that. Such is Yerook fashion, or, at least, such the hospitable rule with the patriarchs and chiefs of the clans. Seeing how very few people pass, and what solitary places the Yerooks generally pitch their tents in, this hospitality cannot be a very heavy tax upon them. As we rode up to the large open tent, some lads ran to hold our horses; and the chief, who had been sitting cross-legged, and smoking his pipe of tranquillity, rose to bid us welcome. He was a venerable old man, a true image of the Eastern patriarch of old; a figure that might have stood to a painter for a picture of the Patriarch Abraham, when

* Dante, Inferno, canto xxiv.

he was migrating with his flocks and herds, and living in tents with his wives and his children and his grandchildren about him, on the bank of some cool running water in Mesopotamia. Having filled a tchibouque for me as the senior of my little party, the Patriarch prepared his own pipe, and we all sat down cross-legged, and smoked silently for a short season. When we arrived the Yerooks were baking bread in a little rustic oven they had improvised on the bank of the stream, by piling up stones, and covering them with broad thick slates. We did not sufficiently observe the process, but they baked good sweet bread. The venerable chief had had his meal: but we soon saw three or four young fellows coming in processional order from a black tent higher up the stream, bearing dishes in their hands for our repast. Our first dish was boiled wheat, mixed up with grated cheese; our second was of the same materials, but, after being boiled, it had been baked and browned, so that it bore the outward appearance of a good Milanese *polenta*, and it did not taste much unlike one. An immense bowl of yaourt followed, and this, being eaten with the bread hot from the oven, was a dish for a king. The Yerooks had nothing more to offer us, and we could have eaten no more. The tchibouques were again filled, and the handiest shepherd of the party went to work to prepare us coffee. A fire was kindled on the green sward, between our tent and the bank of the stream; the Patriarch took some coffee-beans out of a leather bag, the shepherd roasted the beans then and there in an open iron pan, then ground the beans in a very portable and primitive Turkish coffee-mill—grinding them before they were

cold, and with all the aroma in them—and then put the powder in the pot, poured hot water upon it, and made it boil rapidly over the embers of the wood fire. That coffee, under the Yerook tent, was better than any I ever tasted in any mansion in England; its flavour was exquisite; one tiny cup of it was more reviving to the spirits than a goblet of the best wine. Let not the reader dream about Mocha: the berries were the common West Indian or Brazilian, which we use, or *misuse*, in England. The Yerooks had no sugar, and, except among the rich and luxurious, no Turk considers sugar as a necessary accompaniment to coffee.

The tent was not made of cloth or canvas, but of a very thick, rough sort of stuff, woven by the Yerooks themselves, and consisting of horse-hair, goat-hair, and coarse wool, mixed in about equal proportions. They and their women make all that they wear, and nearly everything that they use. With money they rarely make any purchases, but they barter in the towns and fairs. To the cotton-growers in the plain they give the wool of their flocks for cotton; their females spin and weave the cotton into coarse shirting, &c. They prepare and spin their own wool, and make of it a rough but strong cloth, nearly always dyed a plain brown colour, and out of this they cut their clothes and winter coats; the thick, soft carpets, the covers of the cushions, were all their own handiwork. With the same material they make skull caps, and socks and stockings. Though they do not buy, they very often sell their sheep and cattle for coined money; and a good many of their chiefs are said to be even richer in

coin than in flocks and herds. As regards the community at large this money is lost, for it is secreted, buried in the earth for safety. At times it is lost altogether, even for the family and tribe; death suddenly overtakes the old hoarder, and he dies, and carries his secret with him to the grave; or plague or cholera sweeps away the whole family—at times the whole tribe—and no one is left that knows the hiding-place. Some of the treasures which are now and then found hidden in the earth—just often enough to keep up the mania for searching for them—no doubt belonged to some of these rich Yerook patriarchs. No Yerook would ever trust his money in the hands of an Armenian seraff, and, knowing what I do of that class of men, I am not surprised at the distrust; the possession of money, if known, would expose the chiefs to the fangs of Turkish cupidity, therefore nothing is left but to dig and bury. They would be, perhaps, wiser if they did not accumulate coin at all. Except their coffee, the muslin for their turbans, and a few other articles of luxury, they can procure everything by barter, or make it themselves out of their own materials.

The Yerooks are generally pretty well provided with arms, yet neither now nor in 1827–28 did I ever hear of an authenticated case of a robbery being committed where they were. There are other pastoral tribes of whom quite so much cannot be said. The Bulgarian shepherds, who frequent the valleys and plains of Asia Minor which lie round the Propontis, are noted thieves and cut-throats. These Yerooks, who repair to the same pastures year after year, are well known

along the roads; and their chiefs (though avoiding an intimacy as much as possible) are personally acquainted with the Mudirs, Aghàs, and other authorities, to some of whom they are bound to pay toll. Nothing can be more unlike "flitting from place to place" * than their very slow and deliberate movements. Their herds and flocks, their yearlings and young heifers, will not be over-driven, they must graze as they go. Where the pasture is abundant and the water good, and where a pleasant, sheltered valley presents itself (as here), the Yerooks pitch their tents and booths, and often tarry for a week or a fortnight, and, when in motion, they rarely perform more than five or six miles a day. In the rear of our patriarch's booth there were five or six rather large tents. The women were going about the encampment with uncovered faces; one of them, a tall, straight, stately old matron, was the wife of our host—a Sarah worthy of such an Abraham There was a quiet cheerfulness about the whole place; the green little valley had a romantic name: they called it *Zeugen Eutù*, or the Stag's Leap.

That night we halted at a Turkish hamlet called Kukoort-keui, or the Sulphur Village. It was far more miserable than Domalich. We found our own way to the guest-house, where other travellers—two Greek tinkers from Trebizond—had arrived a few minutes before us. The house was a hovel. The dispenser of hospitality, the poor Odà-bashi, was so very poor that he could furnish us with nothing but some straw-matting, a little milk, and a bowl of boiled wheat. The Odà-bashi, his son, his brother, his nephew, and six or seven

* Dr. Chandler, 'Travels in Asia-Minor.'

more of the chief-men of Kukoort kept us company until ten o'clock. They were indeed steeped in poverty to the very lips, for they had hardly a pipe among them to put to their lips, and no tobacco until we gave them some. They were gloomy and most sad; we did not hear one cheerful voice or see a smile in Kukoort. They complained that the load of taxation was heavier than they could bear; that the ushurjees and the other collectors never allowed them any peace; that the village was deeply in debt, and that, though they were always paying, the Armenian seraffs showed by their papers that the debt was increasing instead of decreasing. They went into explanations which, if at all correct, proved that the usurers were charging interest upon the debt at the rate of from 40 to 50 per cent. The famine of 1845 had visited these districts. By order of the humane Sultan, seed or money to purchase it was furnished to them that they might rally and escape future starvation; the seed and money were provided by the Aghàs and the Armenian seraffs at Kutayah, and for *these advances* they were now paying interest at the rate of 25 or 30 per cent. The poor fellows said that they could never rally; that it was utterly impossible for them to pay the ushur, the moncatà, and the salianè, the enormous interest on the old debt of the village and the heavy interest on the recent advance—an advance which the Padishah had intended should bear no interest at all;—that there was nothing for it but to stay and die in misery, or to follow the example which had lately been set them by the Turks of two neighbouring villages, who had fled for some distant district, leaving their empty, falling houses and

their untilled fields to pay their flinty-hearted creditors, who could make no use either of the houses or the lands, as there were no people—no men to plough and sow! It may be mentioned here that these sudden desperate emigrations were becoming frequent up the country. The Pasha, and the Mudirs, and other local governors did what they could to prevent them; for, if the population disappeared, or flowed in secret streams to the capital or to other places out of the Pashalik, what would become of the taxes expected from the province? And how were the farmers of the revenue of this district or that to keep their contracts with the Porte? Here, indeed, they had adopted, and were—to the utmost of their power—enforcing the *adscripti glebæ* principle; men were to starve upon their lands, but were on no account to leave them to seek a better fortune elsewhere. Our consul at Brusa gave me several instances of the violent operation of the system. Two instances came under our own observation—one in October, and the other in December:—some Turks had abandoned their villages, and were migrating with their little stocks towards the lower part of the plain of Brusa; their Aghà came down after them to the Pasha; Khodja Arab was let loose upon them, and the Khodja's tufekjees drove the poor people back to their villages, threatening to shoot or hang them if they tried another flight. In spite, however, of all this vigilance and rigour many families do disappear, and some villages are annually deserted. As I have already intimated, the Turkish population of the capital, as of Smyrna and other large towns, is kept up by these immigrations.

There were only thirty houses, or thirty small stinted

families, in this village of Kukoort, yet six of the strongest men had been taken this spring as recruits for the Sultan's army, and four had been taken the year before. In each case this had deprived a poor family of its main stay. They said that it was only those who had no money and no friends that saw their sons taken from them. The money all went as bribes; it was not given to provide substitutes; thus the whole weight of the levy fell upon the miserably poor. One of the old villagers in losing his son, his fellow-labourer and his only help in the field, had lost all heart; he had sold his yoke of bullocks and was living on the produce of the sale: he said he did not know what he should do when he had eaten his bullocks!

When the party withdrew for the night, our two tinkers had their story. They made an annual tour through the towns and villages scattered over the wide tract of Asia Minor which lies between Trebizond and Kutayah, coming southward in the autumn and returning northward in the spring. Where they found most work there they stopped longest, and where they found none they made no stay. In the remote villages they were regarded as men of some importance, for it was a very great matter to get the holes in the tin and copper vessels mended, and only the two tinkers carried the news of one district into another, or could give any notion of what was going on in the world at large. They were shrewd, observing fellows. Let a man travel where he will, the mere act of travelling will rub off the rust and sharpen his intellect. For a distance of three hundred miles they knew every town and village, and had known them for a good many years. Their account

was that, except Trebizond and two or three seaport towns on the Black Sea, all those places were growing poorer and poorer, and the Turkish population was diminishing year by year all over that wide country. This autumn, as they came southward, they had followed the march of cholera. They said that the fearful disease had committed great ravages about Trebizond, and that they thought cholera worse than plague and more likely to be brought on by poverty and bad living. Last spring they had mended the pots and pans of Kukoort, and the people, having no money then, had promised to pay them after harvest time, on their next return: they had come to-day for the payment, but not a para could they get; *para yok!* Kukoort had no money. It was the same with other villages where they had done business for years.

We all slept in the same room; nor was there to choose unless some of us had gone to sleep with the horses. On going out at a very early hour the next morning to take a survey of the village, we found that the hovels were roofed with earth, on which grew long rank grass, and weeds, and thistles, and that on the top of nearly every roof was perched a very diminutive stack of hay, as black as horse-beans drying in the shell. This was the first and almost the last hay we saw in Turkey. The villagers said it would help to keep life in their oxen during the season when the country would be buried in deep snow. On a slope outside the village we saw a large ancient marble sarcophagus lying near the poor little cemetery. The villagers said that the lid of the sarcophagus, which was very massive, and had sculptured figures and inscriptions upon it, had

been broken and carried away some years since, to be cut up into tombstones. A few other fragments lay scattered about, small and in other respects inconsiderable, yet enough to show that some ancient Greek town had stood near the spot where now stands the forlorn Kukoort.

We mounted at 7 A.M. The weather was fine but chilly, and heavy threatening clouds hung over the lofty mountains beyond Kutayah—which city was a great way farther off than it appeared to be. Excellent corn-lands lay on either side of us, and stretched before us for some three or four miles; but they were only scratched here and there. We passed a low calcareous ridge, and came upon the broad and long alluvial plain of Kutayah, which is nearly as flat as a bowling-green, and looks as if it had once been the bottom of a large lake. We could see hardly any cattle on the bright, green, far-spreading pastures. At about 10 A.M. we passed a solitary chiftlik, which had once been a building of some consequence and even elegance, but which was now falling rapidly to decay. A little farther on, on the bank of a fine clear stream, we saw a hamlet consisting of five or six hovels; and a little beyond this we began to meet a few people on the road, Greeks as well as Turks. The streams and streamlets were numerous, but there was scarcely a tree to be seen in the plain. Seen at a short distance, the view of Kutayah, from the westward (striding up the steep sides of a hill and showing out its mosques and minarets, with the ruins of its immense castle, and massive dark towers, rugged and thick, and standing the one close to the other, tower upon tower, on a steep mountain be-

hind the town, and with loftier, wooded mountains towering high above all, and looking the loftier from the dead flatness of the plain) is exceedingly striking and romantic, and one of the most picturesque we saw in Turkey. Close upon the town we rode through two large Turkish cemeteries, where the tombstones were sadly maltreated, most of them being broken and lying prostrate on the ground. We then passed some rather large kitchen-gardens, well walled in with strong stone walls, but wherein there seemed to be growing nothing but cabbages and carrots. Trees were plentifully spread about here, and all along the foot of the hill on which the town stands: with a very few exceptions, they were poplars. Besides the nimble air there were other things to indicate that we were in a climate far colder than that of the plain of Brusa, and that the winters up at Kutayah were severe. In Brusa there is scarcely a chimney to be seen; here every house had its chimney or its chimneys standing high up from the roof.

CHAPTER X.

City of Kutayah — Carrots — Wonderful Cabbages — Dr. Bozzi — The Greek Bishop: his house — The Bishop's Dinner — A merry Evening — Holloway's Pills — Achmet Pasha — The Barracks, the Troops, the Military Hospital, &c. — The Pasha a keen Sportsman — What the Bishop paid for his Bishopric — Cold Weather — Journey to Aizani — Volcanic Mountains — Goats' Flesh — Wretched Horses — More Desolation — Village of Hadji-keui — Taxes and crushing Weight of Interest — Ruins of Aizani — Latif Effendi and the Monopoly of Opium — Tarkhana — Wretched Condition of the Turkish Peasantry — An awful Old Woman — Return to Hadji-keui — Burrow underground like Jackals — Our Fellow-lodgers — Hatred of the Peasantry to the Army — Back to Kutayah — Castle of Kutayah — Ibrahim Pasha and the Army of Egypt — The Arnaouts — The Sabbath morning in the house of the Bishop spent in collecting and counting Money — Population of Kutayah — Greek School — The State with which we departed from Kutayah — The last words of the Bishop.

WE traversed a broad filthy quagmire, entered the town by a steep dirty street, and alighted at a Greek coffee-house at about 11 A.M., cold and hungry. The first things that came under our hand were some of the fine large Kutayah carrots, which we eagerly ate like fruit.

For carrots and cabbages Kutayah beats the world. These are the only two productions for which the place is famed. The carrots are three times the size of our best; and I know not by what number to multiply in order to express the superiority of their flavour. The cabbages

are still more remarkable. There were some at a stall by the side of our café, the circumference of which I could scarcely embrace with my two arms, and all the loose outer leaves had been pulled off them, leaving only the compact body and heart; and the people told us that these were common things, cabbages of no size. They frequently weigh twenty okes a piece, sometimes twenty-five okes, and they are known to weigh thirty-five okes. Though so very large, they are firm and compact, full of heart, and of an admirable flavour. A year or two ago Tchelebee John sowed some seed on his farm at Hadji Haivat, but he made little of it, his cabbages not being much larger than the common cabbage of the Brusa plain. In buying the seed he forgot to buy the soil, the climate, and the nimble air of Kutayah. This soil abounds in the gypsum which gives the mountains to the westward of the town their curious snow-covered appearance. The cabbage-gardens seemed to be well watered. On looking down from the upper parts of the town we saw nothing beneath us but red tiled houses, chimney-tops, and pale-green cabbage-gardens with their grey stone walls.

Although we soon found that the boys were lively enough, the people of Kutayah do not enjoy the reputation of being quick and clever. Halil thought them all very slow and stupid, for he could hardly get an answer from any of them, or any intelligible direction to the shops in the bazaars, or any kind of information. He fairly lost his patience—a difficult thing for Halil to lose—"What!" said he, "are there no men here?" "*Men!*" said a roguish Greek: "art thou looking for men? Dost not know that not *men* but *cabbages*

grow at Kutayah? It is easy to see that thou art a stranger, and comest from afar off."

By the aid of the caféjee Gentleman John found a queer, tumbledown Greek house, belonging to a priest, where there was not one perpendicular or horizontal line, but where the priest was willing enough to lodge us, anticipating good *backshish*. A tottering staircase brought us to a large cold room; there was a good fireplace at the upper end of the apartment, but one side of the room was nearly all windows, and none of the windows were framed and glazed; they had wooden shutters which did not shut very well, and it is not pleasant in the day time to be obliged to keep out light in order to keep out the cold. The house was high up the hill; the *al fresco* of the room gave me a shivering fit. The priest, who had a sublime black beard reaching to his chest, ran and brought two cloaks lined with skins, a plate full of parched peas, and a swingeing bottle of raki—the best and strongest of that native brandy—for when was Greek priest known to be unprovided with good raki? But even with skin cloaks and raki the prospect of passing three or four days in such an apartment was not cheering. We sallied out to a kibabjee's that we might get something more substantial than parched peas and carrots. Flavoured by our appetites, the Turk's kibabs were very savoury. Not far from that threshold, where a tribe of mangy dogs stood or lay with their noses all turned towards the odours of roast-meats, being ever ready to defend that, their own, ground against the intrusion of any other tribe of dogs, our Tchelebee met an acquaintance in the person of a young Armenian, who was compounder of medicines to

the troops, and kept a sort of apothecary's shop besides. While we were talking at his shop-door, a smart, brisk young man, dressed in the Frank dress, but wearing the red fez, came down the street, and, with exceeding great joy at the sight of a hat, accosted us. It was Dr. Bozzi, a very alert, joyous, well-spoken Corsican, hekim-bashi to the troops in Kutayah. He shivered when he heard where we had taken up our lodging; he was sorry he could not accommodate us in his own quarters; he had only one room, his windows had no glass; except at the barracks, at the house of the civil governor, and the houses of the Armenian seraffs, and three or four *very rich* Turks, there was hardly a pane of glass in all Kutayah; there had been some splendid khans, but the Turks had let them go to ruin long ago; but there was his bosom friend the Greek Bishop—a social man, a bon-vivant, like himself—who had a warm, most comfortable house, with *mangals*, or charcoal-pans, for every room, and good framing and glazing to every window; he was going to the Bishop's, he was to dine there this evening; we must all go to the Bishop's, and dine there too—it would make a merry party—and sleep there afterwards, and live at the Bishop's as long as we stayed at Kutayah, for where else could we be so well off? As for our scruples about intrusion (which were not very strong) the Corsican hekim could not but smile at them; the Bishop would be the obliged party, not we; the Bishop was so fond of society and got so little of it up here that he would skip for joy at the sight of us! hospitality was cheap in Kutayah; provisions went for nothing, so did wine and raki; the wine was not very good, but the raki *was*, and the

Bishop was an amateur and connoisseur and always had the best: and then, could we not square matters by giving *backshish* to the servants, and leaving a parting donation for the church?

We all went to the Greek Bishop's, in the midst of a heavy fall of rain and sleet. The house and the Bishop deserved all the commendations which Dr. Bozzi had bestowed upon them. The first was warm and very clean: and the Reverend Father did skip and dance with joy at the sight of us! Having received us, and warmly embraced us one by one (I believe he even kissed the Turk Halil), he led us up stairs to his drawing-room, which was carpeted all over with a rich, soft, Turkey carpet, and which had a broad, low, soft divan, with plenty of luxurious cushions, running round three sides of it, and an air of neatness, cleanliness, and comfort, of which we had scarcely had a glimpse since the day we left our friend J—— R—— at Malta. Having embraced me again, and seated me in the place of honour, the Bishop clapped his hands and a warm pan of charcoal appeared. Then he whisked out of the room, and presently he whisked back again, slowly and solemnly followed by an old priest with a long grey beard, a younger priest with a long black beard, and an old Greek woman—the housekeeper—in a sky-blue jacket and a pair of very full shalvars, bearing, on clean trays, sweetmeats, coffee, white wine, and raki, as clear and sparkling as the waters of Olympus. We must eat and drink; the air was sharp up at Kutayah; raki was very necessary to keep the cold from the stomach; his reverence, who had not been here long, and who had not been a raki drinker at Constantinople, found it, by experience,

to be very necessary; so each of us tossed off a liqueur glass, and the Bishop and Dr. Bozzi took two.

Our host was a hale, hearty man of middle stature and middle age; he looked about forty, but very probably his long, thick, black beard and mustachios made him look five years older than he really was. He wore rather a high, dark-green silk skull-cap (with a Greek cross embroidered on one side), a long loose caftan of light and bright green cloth, lined with the skins of foxes, purple Morocco boots and papoushes of the same. He had large, intensely black, and knowing eyes; but the general expression of his countenance denoted good humour and a love of good cheer. The hekim-bashi affirmed that the Bishop had only one fault, and that was a nervous dread of fire, attended by a fidgetiness about the *atesh* of the tchibouques, and putting out candles at bed-time. He had been brought up in the Patriarchate in the Fanar at Constantinople, and had *bought* his bishopric some eighteen months ago. He said he had been made to pay too dear a price for it, that for a Constantinopolitan this Kutayah was a sad dull place, and in winter horrible! but to-day he touched in the slightest manner on the sorrows of his exile; he was so happy to have our society, he would not cloud the joy of our feast of welcome. And it was indeed a feast that he gave us. At the dessert we hob-nobbed and drank toasts; the Bishop was supremely blest, he had not been within fifty leagues of so much happiness since he came to Kutayah. But, in the full flow of his joviality, our host opened his wide nostrils and large black eyes, paused, sniffed again, and then, springing from the divan on which he had been sitting cross-

legged, rushed out into the ante-room, clapped his hands, and almost roared. We were going to rise, but the doctor said, "*Non badate à lui. E la sua malattia. Povero uomo! è l' unico difetto ch' abbia! Si rimetterà subito. Ancora un bicchierino di questa mirabile acqua vita.*" Gentleman John uncurled his very long legs and went after the Bishop; but as we could smell no fire, we sat as we were with the doctor. Soon the Bishop returned, saying, "*Tipotes*" (it is nothing); "but I am so afraid of fire! Fire is a terrible enemy! I was burnt out five times in Stamboul." "Take a glass of raki and forget it," said the Corsican. The Bishop took the doctor's prescription and was better; the harmony of the party was restored, and was not disturbed again that night; but on the morrow, just after dinner, our host again smelt fire.

Together with the tchibouques two of the Tchorbàjees arrived. In the household of the Bishop was a cribbage-faced, squint-eyed Greek, who passed for the best musician and singer of the place, and was in great request at all marriages and other festivities, whether Turkish, Armenian, or Greek. We had him up, and he thrummed and twanged on the country guitar, and sang long, plaintive Turkish songs, awfully through the nose. When he had sung and played until the perspiration dropped from him, he was dismissed with backshish. The hekim-bashi gave us a few voluntaries; and then one of the Tchorbàjees gave us another long monotonous Turkish song, which had no meaning whatever and was still more awfully twanged through the nose. But it was not until the head-men of the Greeks had departed that the glee of our company reached its acmé. Then

the Bishop himself sang Romaic songs, some amorous, and some patriotic, or Philhellenic. Towards the midnight hour the Corsican took his departure preceded by his Greek servant, who carried a prodigious lantern. We had not far to go to our beds; the old lady in the capacious shalvars brought in comfortable mattresses, clean cotton-sheets, and warm coverlets, and spread them upon the soft divan of the drawing-room; and, almost before the Bishop had time to see the candles well extinguished, we were fast asleep.

The next morning we looked about the town. The bazaars appeared to be tolerably well supplied with the rude manufactures of the country, with cheap French and Swiss stuffs; and there were also small quantities of sugar and coffee, which, if not grown by our ruined colonies, might probably have been carried to Turkey in British ships. But of British manufactures we scarcely saw a trace, except in a few large common English scissors and sundry boxes of—*Holloway's pills!* The traders looked poor. Everywhere the wooden houses were dingy and half in ruins, except in one street where the Armenian seraffs had built three or four new houses, which were painted blue and yellow and quite dazzling to behold. The streets were only partially paved with rough, big stones; in places the mud was very deep, and, in the midst, the streets were to be passed only on horseback. Of the common people all looked very poor, but the Turks the poorest. They were silently civil.

Dr. Bozzi came and conducted us from the bazaars to the barracks, to show us the troops, and introduce us to Achmet Pasha, who commanded them. The barracks

were built on a fine large open plateau of the hills, just beyond the eastern limit of the town. They were very extensive, rather solidly built (of stone), and, being plastered and whitewashed outside, they had quite an imposing appearance. They formed an oblong square, with a spacious and airy *cortile* within. Such as they were, we have hardly any barracks in the United Kingdom that could stand a comparison with them.

Achmet Pasha was a young man—little if anything above thirty—he had travelled in Christendom, had resided two or three years at Vienna, had studied military matters in the midst of an Austrian army (no bad school), spoke German, and had a good deal of the manner and bearing, and even look, of a well-trained, active Hungarian cavalry officer. He was by far the most active Turk we ever met with holding high rank. He had the frankness and straightforwardness of a soldier: he did not deal in those stereotyped phrases of politeness and compliment or those "*melliti verborum globuli*," which, at a subsequent period, the great men at Constantinople so frequently gave me to swallow. He answered plain questions in plain words: instead of shirking them, as Pashas and Turks in office usually do, he frequently anticipated them. He spoke favourably of the docility of the common men, but he complained of the *almost total want of educated men from which to draw efficient officers;* and he admitted that there yet remained a great deal to do to bring up the army to anything like the condition of *any* of the armies in Christendom. In general the officers were scarcely superior in manners or intelligence to the common soldiers, and the majority of them were drawn from the

same class of society. After tchibouques and coffee, Achmet Pasha conducted us himself all over the spacious barracks. There was no preparation, no waiting or delay to put things in order and get up an effect—we saw the troops in their ordinary state, and the barracks as they were. The entire force consisted of one thousand infantry and three hundred and forty horse. We had been assured in the capital, and also at Brusa, that there were more than three thousand men at Kutayah. Almost equally exaggerated reports were afterwards made to us about other places. The inference was that the Sultan was paying for a great many more men than existed, and that his regular army, set down at 150,000 men, only reached that number *upon paper*. Achmet Pasha told me his own numbers, and Dr. Bozzi gave me a note of them. The Pasha further told me that there were between 200 and 300 horse up at Angora, and that there were no more regular troops in the immense Pashalik of Brusa.

The barracks had only a ground floor and one floor above. The infantry were lodged up stairs, where the apartments were far superior to those occupied by the cavalry. Both above and below the men slept on the two sides of immensely long rooms, which were as clean and neat as well could be; they spread their mattresses on the floor and lay side by side, being about four feet apart from each other. Every man had his narrow mattress stuffed with wool, and a good warm coverlet stuffed with the same material. In the several rooms the Pasha drew them up in line. On the whole they were a fine set of men. They wore blue jackets, without any padding or sham, buttoned up to the bare neck, and blue panta-

loons. Their clothes were tolerably clean; the Pasha, accustomed to Austrian neatness and precision, must have introduced the useful arts of beating and brushing. The arms, kept in separate apartments, were clean and bright; but there was a good deal to criticise in the state of the stirrup-irons and bits of the cavalry. This corps, like all the cavalry we saw in Turkey, was armed with the lance, a weapon for which the Osmanlees have no peculiar aptitude, and one that has not been found very efficient in our English armies. In the stables there was not much to praise: the horses, though in good condition, were small, weak, and under-bred; their litter consisted of nothing but their own dried dung; they were tethered each to a peg in the ground, by a rope made fast to the near hind-leg—a simple method universal in the East, which has its advantages and its disadvantages; for, if it gives the horse more freedom in the stable, it is very apt to ruin his hock should he be suddenly alarmed or take to kicking. The Pasha agreed with me (and regretted) that there were hardly any horses worth anything left in the country. The good, active, well-bred fourteen-handers of my time had been used up in Sultan Mahmoud's wars with Russia and Ibrahim Pasha; the country gentlemen who bred them had also been "used up." We saw nothing but cripples and weeds, *rien que de rosses.* In 1828, eight pounds sterling would buy at Smyrna or at Brusa a good compact horse; and the price was not much higher at Constantinople. At present anything like a horse is much dearer than in England, and you must hunt a long time before you can get one.

The hospital was in a corner, on the western side of

the plateau; it stood within a walled enclosure, having a few poplars round about and a pretty little mosque attached. There was a proper division of wards for different diseases (until recently the Turks threw all their diseases together); the apartments were well ventilated and thoroughly clean. Here there were iron bedsteads, and each bed was supplied with two good mattresses, with pillows, sheets, and coverlets. There was a very neat pharmacy, which seemed to be pretty well supplied with medicines; the bottles, jars, &c., were labelled in Latin and Turkish, and all was arranged in excellent order. There was another detached room for the performance of difficult or painful operations. There were baths and all conveniences and appliances: it might truly be called an admirable military hospital. At this moment the number of sick amounted only to nine (four foot and five horse), a remarkably low per centage on 1340 soldiers. Of these, seven were convalescent and two apparently in the last stages of consumption. Though miserably cold in winter, the climate of Kutayah is reputed to be very healthy, and these barracks are free from the pest of malaria. But the wonderful healthiness of the troops reflected credit on Achmet Pasha and Dr. Bozzi, without whose care and skill it could scarcely have existed. The Pasha was unremitting in his attention to the comfort, health, and well-being of his troops; he exposed them as little as possible in bad weather, he did not fatigue them with numerous guards, he examined the provisions daily, he saw to everything himself, not trusting to reports of officers; and this was no doubt the reason why the troops were remarkably well fed.

We tasted the dinners of the convalescent in hospital, which were very good and served up with much cleanliness and neatness. The men appeared to be fully sensible of what they owed to the Pasha. While we were with him we saw abundant proofs of his vigilance and activity. It would excite a smile among our own officers, who are but too much accustomed to have everything done to their hands, and to rely for almost everything on subalterns and non-commissioned officers, if I were to describe the minutiæ to which this General of Division directed his attention, or some of the things which he actually did with his own hands; but all this was most praiseworthy in him, and absolutely necessary in a rude infant army like the Sultan's. It depended entirely on the personal character, intelligence, and activity of the Pasha in command whether the troops were well or badly off. Take away an Achmet Pasha and substitute some indolent, thick-headed fellow, or some rapacious rogue, and you would cram the hospital at Kutayah in a week or two, and have horses and men and all things out of condition and out of order! There was good drilling-ground on the plateau, and plenty of most excellent ground for manœuvring and cavalry evolutions in the plain just beneath; and in the fine seasons Achmet availed himself of both. But, as usual, the troops were kept too stationary; these corps had been up here more than three years, and were likely to remain as much longer without ever being moved from Kutayah or making a day's march. A picquet of lancers was now and then sent to a village that would not pay its taxes, or was employed, on very rare occasions, as an escort to

some great man; but this was about all. Owing to the horrible state of the roads, or rather to the non-existence of roads anywhere in the country, the removal of even a small corps was a difficult operation, and attended with expense and loss. The horses were very apt to founder among the rocks and steep mountains, and the soldiers rather apt to desert in the woods and wildernesses. Well treated and in excellent case as they were, Achmet confessed that not many of his people liked the service. They were quiet, orderly, respectful, but certainly not cheerful—and cheerfulness in a soldier is good 25 per cent. in value. He entirely disapproved of harsh military punishments. This was a subject we discussed in his salon, over the coffee and tchibouques, and it gratified me to hear, in a Turkish barrack in Asia Minor, the praises of an old friend and countryman,* whose writings, during a period of thirty years, have largely contributed to the improvement of the condition of the common soldier in the British army. With extracts from some of these writings Achmet Pasha was acquainted through German translations.

Achmet was one of the very few Turks (above the condition of peasants) I ever met with that was a keen sportsman. Pashas and Effendis love the soft corner of the divan, and look upon hunting and shooting as hard, coarse work, fit only for clowns and menial servants.

To-day we had a quiet dinner at the Bishop's, and instead of toasts and music and singing; a quiet talk after it. "Yes!" said our host, "they made me pay

* Dr. Henry Marshall, Deputy Inspector-General of Army Hospitals, author of 'Military Punishments,' 'Hist. of the Recruiting of the Army,' 'Military Miscellany,' &c.

too much for this poor bishopric of Kutayah and Angora. They took 70,000 piastres from me! It is not worth the money."

"To whom was the money paid?"

"Half went to the Patriarchate at Constantinople, and half, according to custom, to the Turkish Minister for Foreign Affairs."

"But are these bishoprics always sold?"

"They are *never* given without money, and, as far as my experience goes, those who bid highest get them, whatever may *be* their learning, or their ignorance, or their general character."

No wonder that the Greek clergy in the Ottoman Empire should be in so degraded a state!

Our Bishop said that he had been grossly deceived as to the value or in-comings of the diocese. In Kutayah there were only three hundred Greek houses, and they were all very poor; up at Angora there were not so many houses, and they were still poorer. When the Greeks had paid their kharatch, ushur, moncatà, salianè and other imposts, they had next to nothing left to give their bishop or their church. Many of them were deeply in debt and could not pay all the government taxes this year. Out of his receipts he had to remit a certain sum to the Patriarchate; then there was always something to give to the local Turkish government, and something to the Greek poor; and when his small income was thus nibbled away, what could remain to him? He declared that he scarcely got interest for his 70,000 piastres. He counted interest at the very moderate rate of 25 per cent. per annum! He ought to have a better bishopric for his

money; he was sick unto death of Kutayah; he wanted to be removed; he was quite sure that, if he were condemned long to this exile, ennui and the winter weather would kill him; he was in delicate health now (he was as strong and hearty as a man could well be); he much needed a milder climate and a town that had more society; and he pointed out an intricate labyrinth by which he thought that, on my return to Constantinople, I might very possibly aid in procuring his translation to a better See. I was to begin by declaring, of my own knowledge, that the state of his health was deplorable —that his lungs were seriously affected by the Kutayah cold! I, who had heard him sing last night with a strength of lung that made one envy him!—I, who had seen and continued to see such evidence of his alacrity and vigour! It was too much for the Bishop to ask.

We had made our arrangements for a journey to the interesting ruins of the ancient city of Aizani. Although so near, and so remarkable a place, nobody in Kutayah could tell us the precise distance: some said that it was a journey of six hours, some of fourteen. All agreed that the road was horrible, and the country very dangerous. The Bishop thought that we ought to take a strong guard, or—which would be better still—not go at all. Achmet Pasha offered us a guard, and the civil governor of the town sent to press one upon us. But we had declined this honour when offered by the Pasha of Brusa, and we had found no reason to regret having done so. My object was to ascertain the condition of the people. If we had taken a guard we should of a certainty have scared away the peasantry, who were sadly in arrears with their taxes. So far,

and through a country more intricate, Gentleman John had piloted us without making a single mistake. So we set off without suridjee as without guard, and the road, though not *quite* so easy to travel, was as easy to find as the way from Piccadilly to the Bank.

We left the Bishop's at 8:30 A.M. We descended into a valley between the castle hill and the mountain, and then entered a long ravine, deep, verdant and pleasant, with a rapid stream running through it, and a few over-shot mills. Above this pleasing scene the defile suddenly became bare and horrid: we were in strange volcanic chasms, in the crater of some ancient and enormous volcano. There was such a jumble of materials as I had not seen since visiting Etna—burnt rocks, enormous masses of tufo, beds of sand, heaps of lapilli, hills of scoriæ, iron stones, like clinkers thrown out of a forge, were jumbled together in the wildest manner: all things looked awry or topsy-turvy. It seemed as if a number of contiguous craters had been blown into one in some prodigious eruption, and as if the ejected matter had been tossed and tumbled and transposed by a succession of awful earthquakes. The ascent was most rugged, and in places, worn by the winter torrents, under overhanging rocks and masses of tufo which projected beyond the narrow path towards the bed of the stream. High up the pass there was deep clay lying on rocks and tufo, and being, on account of the recent rains, most difficult to cross. Still higher up we got upon good hard slate lying in laminæ that were almost perpendicular; and thence, after a little descent on the southern side of the mountain, we came upon a lofty moor, thinly dotted with juniper-bushes and dwarf oak,

and abounding with the red-legged partridges. The journey continued to be very rough, over a succession of lofty hills with narrow valleys between. We were almost constantly ascending or descending. In two of the valleys the fine soil was very remarkable for its colour, being as red as ruddle. In the bottom of each valley there was a broad running stream. At noontide we stopped at one of these, turned the horses loose to graze, and refreshed ourselves with brown bread, black olives, and sweet Kutayah carrots.* In two fields—the only patches of cultivation we saw in that fertile valley—four Turks were scratching the ground with their wooden ploughshares, that were slowly and painfully moved by two yoke of thin, small oxen. There were said to be two small Turkish villages in recesses among the hills, but we saw no village, no house, except one log-hut on the side of a mountain—we saw only solitary Turkish cemeteries, where the graves were marked by shapeless pieces of stone, set up on end in the state in which they were found.

We remounted at 1 P.M., and after toiling over more

* Gentleman John, being aware that we were going into poor hungry regions, had provided a large lump of meat, but when we came to eat it, or rather to smell it, we threw it down with turning stomachs. What meat was it? John laughed, and said that it was *goats' flesh*, that we had been eating nothing but *goats' flesh* at the Bishop's; that all the *mutton* in Kutayah was *goats' flesh*, and that there was no other kind of butcher's meat there. But the Bishop's dishes had been well dressed, and his goats' meat, which we had eaten for mutton, must have been young and tender. A kid, as everybody knows, is a dainty dish to set before an epicure. Moreover, there is a small breed of goats in this part of Asia with long silky hair, somewhat approaching in quality to the Angora goat, and of this sort the meat is good and tender even when the animal may have been past his infancy and early youth. The flesh of an old goat of the large and common breed is tough and most rank. The Tchelebee had bought a piece of a *vieux bouc*. We left it by the bank of the stream.

ridges we came down upon the wide, dull, open, treeless plain of Aizani, very broad and very long, and running from W. to E. The mountains which faced us from the S.E. were tipped with snow. Here, if we had had horses instead of *rosses*, we might have enjoyed the pleasures of a canter. But these were pleasures not to be thought of, and we never had a canter all the time we were in Turkey. I only felt my horse under me by a distressing uplifting of his backbone when he grew weary. It was like riding a wooden horse without joints, set in motion by some rough mechanism. The fatigue of riding eight or ten hours on the same dull beast at the same slow pace is the severest I have known! I sighed and groaned for the good little horses of twenty years ago. The vast plain was everywhere covered with excellent wheat soil, but it was scarcely touched. As we advanced we saw at a distance three or four groups of Turkish hovels. Of men moving in the fields we saw none. We had met three Greeks in the volcanic ravine, and these with the four Turks ploughing were all we had seen in a journey of nearly eight hours. This was the once populous, thriving, and highly-civilized district of Aizanitis! It was pleasant to overtake, near the village of Hadji-keui, a black Mussulman who had been to look after some sheep. At 5·30 P.M. we dismounted at a most miserable odà in Hadji-keui. The logs of the hut were falling asunder, and there was some difficulty in obtaining wood to make a fire. The Odà-bashi, our acquaintance the black man, and some other Turks arrived, with a mess of boiled wheat, some yaourt and fresh eggs. The fire which warmed us lighted us also. As

we had been advancing up the country sundry little things had indicated that we were receding in civilization. At Musal the houses were of two stories; beyond the Ak-Daghlar they were of one; at the Domalich village the houses were roofed with planks and shingles; at the Sulphur village they were covered with mud and earth; at Domalich Tchelebee John could not procure a narguilè; at the Sulphur village there was not so much as a tchibouque; at the Sulphur village (although there was only a separation made of loose planks between stable and sleeping-room) there were two doors to our quarters, one leading into the stable, and the other leading into the room; at Hadji-keui there was only one door for man and beast. Down the country, fuel at least was plentiful; here, there was very little, and if we had gone another day's journey to the eastward we should have found nothing to burn but dried manure.

In the course of the evening eight or ten more villagers came to keep us company. They told us of their sufferings in the year of famine, 1845, of their present debts and distresses, of the enormous rate at which they were made to pay interest, of the extortions of the revenue farmers and collectors of the salianè, and of the abhorrence of the conscription which had taken from them some of their best young men. But for the *magnum vectigal* they could not subsist. No people can live more sparingly. At Hadji-keui it was quite evident that they scarcely took food enough to keep body and soul together. They were all in rags and tatters, the poor women being even worse clad than the men. They had not so much as a straw mat to

lend us, so we slept on the hard, uneven boards of the hovel. As fuel was scarce we could not keep up a fire: it was a cold night and a cold place, the wind whistling through a hundred holes and crevices, and roaring down the low chimney. The fuel we had was dwarf cypress, which burned almost as fragrantly as cedar, yea, as the cedar of Lebanon. We rose very early in the morning to warm ourselves by walking. The village consisted of sixty or seventy houses scattered loosely and irregularly about on some gentle undulations of the plain. There was a great show of equality, one house or hovel was not richer or better than another—all were on one dead level of poverty. *Miseria! Miseria!* The little village mosque was falling, the minaret was down already. Yet here, too, were rich corn-lands and far-stretching pastures; and on every side were mountains covered with wood and abounding in mineral riches!

We mounted at 8 A.M. A slow ride of about an hour and a half brought us to Aizani, which is nearly due E. of Hadji-keui. The modern Turkish village, standing on a small part of the site of Aizani, is called *Chauvdèr*, and by this name the traveller must inquire if he would find the ancient Temple. Seen from the plain, at a short distance, the view is very interesting. There are considerable remains of walls of Hellenic masonry; the Turkish hovels, rudely picturesque, are mixed with some tall black poplars; a considerable and rather rapid stream runs along the southern side of the village, and beyond it, on a broad mound, stand the columns of the Temple, the loftiest and most conspicuous objects on the plain.

These ruins were unknown to Europeans until some three and twenty years ago, when Dr. Millengen and Lord St. Asaph, making circuitous tours with one of the couriers that travel between Smyrna and Constantinople, successively passed them and were struck by their beauty. They are now well known by descriptions, plans, and drawings. Although we passed a day on the spot, I shall therefore say but little of them.

The mound on which the ruins stand seemed to me to be almost entirely artificial. A slight swelling of the plain (close on the southern or left bank of the river) had evidently been enlarged, raised, and secured from falling away by the study of the architect and engineer and the labours of the mason. At the base of the Temple the mound is between thirty and forty feet above the bed of the river; on the side of the river it is supported upon arches, rudely but strongly built; and on the other sides it is strongly walled up, the walls being of immense thickness, and rising from the level of the plain like the walls of a fortress. The Temple, which stands in the midst of this extensive mound, rests upon the boldly arched roofs of subterranean chambers or crypts, which seem indestructible, and which none of the many earthquakes of the country have shaken. These arches and vaults are built of a fine hard stone nearly equal to marble; the blocks are large, sharply and beautifully cut and fitted, and put together without any cement. Part of this ancient and most admirable masonry had been disturbed and broken by the hands of barbarians, and some of the earth of the mound had been allowed to choke up portions of the vaults: but for the Turks they would be as perfect now as on the day

they were finished; and, perhaps, as much might be said of the entire Temple which was so firmly seated upon them, as upon a foundation more reliable than a rock, and the admirable disposition and workmanship of which were calculated to secure an indefinite durability. The Temple is 120 English feet in length by 60 in breadth. On the northern side twelve columns are erect, and in front six columns are pretty perfect, with the architrave standing firm on the capitals, and within these six (standing out from the pronaos) are two other columns, with Corinthian capitals, the capitals of all the other columns being light Doric. At the end and on the southern side not a column or the fragment of a column is standing. The columns are all beautifully fluted, their diameter being about 3 feet 2 inches. The bases measured 2 feet 10 inches, and the capitals nearly as much, this giving the columns a height of 30 feet, less three or four inches. They stand upon a basement of *gradini* rising about four feet from the level of the soil. On the northern side eleven of the twelve columns have their architrave upon them, giving support to and receiving connexion and steadiness from it. The twelfth column stood detached, without any architrave on it: it was twisted round or turned awry in a most curious manner; the two columns which had stood one on either side of it, and the shafts of which lay on the ground near its base, and the portions of the architrave which had fallen with them, must, in falling, have turned this column round. Not having the connecting support of the architrave, and being much broken and worn away towards the base, it is wonderful that this twisted column does not fall also. But a stork has built her

nest upon it, and the storks bring luck. So long as the nest remained there no Turk would touch the column; and it was their firm belief that no thunderbolt could strike it, or tempest lay it flat. I wish that some of the sacred birds that next come down from Ethiopia would build a nest over every column. The building would then be tabooed, and preserved at least from the destructive hand of man. The characteristics of the Temple are lightness, grace, delicacy, and high finish. The carving, the fitting, and every part of the workmanship is perfect. The platform of the artificial mound or gentle Acropolis on which the Temple stands appears to have been at one time covered with edifices. Of these nothing remains except the broken shafts of some round plain columns, of coarse material and workmanship. The excellent materials of the Temple were brought from the mountains to the S.W. of the plain, at the distance of a few miles, where the spacious quarries and an immensity of the same materials are to be seen.

They call the river which flows between the Temple and the miserable village the Bedìr: it is the classical Rhyndacus. It is a clear, quick stream, and for this country not inconsiderable. It is traversed by two ancient stone bridges, which stand at a very short distance from each other, and which still serve the people to go from the village to the Temple, or from the left to the right bank of the river. Between the two bridges and beyond them—evidently through the whole length of the ancient city—the river had been artificially embanked; the banks had been protected by masonry, and converted into neat and regular quays, with architectural and sculptured ornaments, set up, at the edge of the

quays, on the brinks of the stream, at short distances from each other. We saw a number of large blocks of marble, deeply hollowed, and rounded at the top, and which, if placed erect, would look like niches for the reception of busts or small statues. Over the rounded arch of one of them was the figure of a flying eagle cut with great spirit, and upon another the broken and almost obliterated head of some animal. These beautiful embellishments of the ancient quays were prone on the earth, and in two of them some women of the village were washing their dirty rags. Other fragments, with traces of beautiful carving, were scattered about, denoting that in the time of the Greeks these substantial stone quays had their fountains, their seats, and their shrines. On one of the fragments was the figure of a lion. The banks of the river were now all rough and broken, and the circular arches which supported the mound, and which had evidently been masked, were open to view and looked savage and uncouth, like the mouths of dens or catacombs.

A good deal of the work of destruction at the Temple had been perpetrated of late years, and a vast deal of it within the memory of man. Some of the old villagers told us that they remembered when there were nearly twice as many columns erect. Those missing had been knocked down to supply materials for building hovels and stables; some of the fragments were to be seen in the village, others had been carried away: some had been destroyed merely for the sake of the little iron and lead that united the several parts of a column or fixed it to the frieze. The old men said that it was hard work; but a Turk will labour to destroy, although he will not

labour to build, and the temptation of a few pounds' weight of iron and lead is irresistible to these destitute people. At the instigation of Sir Stratford Canning and other influential persons an imperial ordonnance has been issued against any future destruction of similar edifices or any ancient remains. The order comes too late in the day; nearly everything in Turkey has been already destroyed. And who is there to attend to the execution of the order or to the punishment of transgressors? Who among the great Turks travels to see? Who is there in these wilds to make a report? What does a Pasha of Brusa care about our reverence for antiquity and Grecian art, or for the preservation of a few columns? Mustapha Nouree Pasha, in one of the accesses of fanaticism to which he is said to be liable, would gladly hear that the last column had been overturned, and that not one stone had been left upon another in the Temple of the infidel. The ordonnance, published in the paid French papers of Constantinople, would impose upon the civilized, art-loving nations of Europe, but it will remain—like that other imperial rescript for the formation of an Osmanlee museum, in which to preserve objects of art and antiquity—a dead letter and a sham.* The traveller that follows me at the distance of twenty years (when I shall have made a longer journey) will not, in all probability, find half of the columns that we found erect at Aizani. If the

* There is an apartment in the Serraglio at Constantinople called the "Imperial Museum." I could not get access; the effendi who kept the key was never there. I was assured by some who had seen the collection that it contained nothing worth looking at as a work of art, and nothing that was curious except a few old ponderous keys of city gates.

Turks remain masters of the country, I drop the *probability* and put in the word *certainly*.

The village of Chauvdèr, standing on the site or part of the site of an elegant Greek city, and within the shadow of that stately and beautiful Temple, was little better than a collection of tumble-down pigstyes. It contained about eighty hovels. *Miseria! Miseria!* The people seemed even poorer than at Hadji-keui—poorer and more spirit-broken. The head-men—who looked as if they were dressed in clouts—came round us in the smoky wigwam in which we stayed the cravings of hunger with dry bread and a little coffee, to chaunt the same *miserere* we had heard before. Some of them had been accustomed to cultivate the poppy and make a little opium; but the opium had been taken from them to pay taxes, and Latif Effendi, the governor of *Afion* (or Opium), Kara Hissar, the mart of the commodity, had established a *monopoly*, had fixed low prices, and had driven away the agents who had been accustomed to purchase for the markets of the Franks. It was no longer profitable to grow poppies and make opium, and therefore they had given it up. Here, at Chauvdèr, it had always been a minor object; but there were villages more to the eastward and southward, and nearer to Kara Hissar, which depended a great deal on their annual produce of opium, *They* were ruined by Latif Effendi's arbitrary and illegal proceedings. All monopolies, it will be remembered, have been abolished and stigmatized by the Porte; but up the country and in out-of-the-way corners they are practised as much as ever; and I have good reason to believe that some of the poor Sultan's reforming Ministers have an imme-

diate interest in maintaining them. Of this particular case—or the monopoly of the opium at Kara Hissar by Latif Effendi—we had heard a great deal from some of the Frank sufferers thereby, and particularly from my old friend R. T——, who had commissions to purchase very considerable quantities of the drug for two English houses at Constantinople, and who had a smaller speculation on his own account. The Armenian agent he sent up to Kara Hissar, though offering a price very different from that fixed by Latif Effendi, the governor, was not permitted to purchase a single *tchekè*, and when he ventured to remonstrate and quote the law against monopolies, he was insulted and threatened by Latif's people. Upon the complaints of the two English houses at Constantinople, the matter was taken up by our Embassy, and at that instance the Porte gave a Vizirieal letter ordering Latif Effendi to come down to Brusa and render an account before the Pasha. The governor neither came nor sent. When Mustapha Nouree, the Pasha of Brusa, was applied to, he said—"What can I do in this affair? Latif Effendi may have done that which he ought not to have done up the country; assuredly the trade in opium is free; but Latif Effendi is a strong man and has strong friends—he is powerfully supported over at Stamboul—there are times when Vizirieal letters mean nothing." Latif Effendi was the protégé, disciple, and friend of Reschid Pasha, the much-applauded Vizier, who had procured him his place at Kara Hissar, and had maintained him in it as an honest Osmanlee reformer. Seven months after our visit to Aizani, when we left Turkey, the Effendi had never been brought to account, and the

parties whose interests had been injured by his proceedings were waiting to see what could be done for them by Sir Stratford Canning, who had then been only a few days at Constantinople.* As the subject interested me—although it had escaped my memory until it was mentioned by the peasants at Aizani—we made sundry inquiries afterwards; and at Hadji-keui, at Kutayah, and other villages in that neighbourhood we found these facts to be notorious—the governor of Kara Hissar had seized the opium for arrears of taxes, a measure which could be lawful only by his taking it at the fair marketable value; he had arbitrarily fixed a low price, and had prevented the peasants from selling to those who offered higher prices; and he had dispatched his own agents to sell all the opium at Smyrna—of course at the highest prices that could be obtained. One poor fellow said, "But why talk of opium? Why talk of Latif Effendi? If the Aghà of my village wants my corn, will he not take it at his own price? He will, and I can do nothing." "*Evat*, Ismael," said half a dozen other villagers. "Yes! Ismael, so it is!"

Some of the poor women of Aizani were drying their *tarkhana* in the sun and wind. This is a common preparation here; we had seen it before at Dubroudjà near Brusa. I believe it to be common only in these parts of Asia Minor. They keep a quantity of milk till it turns quite sour; they then boil it and throw into it very

* By a letter dated the 26th of March of the present year, 1849, I learn that none of the foreign merchants have obtained any redress, and that the monopoliser Latif Effendi, instead of being punished, has been promoted. "He was one of Reschid's men," says my correspondent; "we never had a chance against him; I hardly know what was done by our Embassy, but Latif is now to be sent governor of Cyprus, with the rank of a full Pasha."

coarsely ground or pounded wheat; they continue the boiling until the flour cakes; they then take it out and put it to dry in the sun: the next operation is to break it up into small pieces, about the size of a walnut. These pieces are spread on a matting, or a piece of old carpet, or a piece of cotton, and again exposed to the sun and air. This was the operation in which the women of Aizani were engaged; they were turning the material over and over. The next operation is to rub the pieces together over a sieve. Finally they are reduced once more to a very rough flour, which retains the acidity it has absorbed, and will keep a long time. They use this tarkhana as the Italians use their *semola*, and make a greater use of it than some of our Scotch peasants do of their oatmeal. It is the one ingredient of their winter soup. Even in situations far more prosperous, the farm-servants and the farmer himself take each a bowl of it every morning for breakfast. When well made it is very palatable. Here and all about Kutayah, where that Scriptural tree grows wild in abundance, they mix in the preparation quantities of the cornel berry, which gives it an additional flavour and a deep rose colour. At the first glance I thought the dames of Aizani were drying rose-leaves in the sun. Except this *tarkhana*, some wheat—which they more frequently boil than bake—a dozen or two of miserable fowls and a small flock of geese, we could see no signs of provision for the winter, which up here is both long and cold. They had no sheep. If they killed and ate their poor lean oxen, how could they plough? The luxury of *petmez* was unknown to them: they had no vines; there were none within many

miles. They had a few wretched haystacks, like those pitched upon the tops of the hovels at Kukoort. The men were gaunt, the women fleshless and haggard, the few children thin and sad. They brought us a number of copper coins, but they were nearly all rubbish of the Lower Empire. Out of charity we bought for about fifteen shillings, which I verily believe was more money than could at that moment have been found in the whole village. The women who had taken the most care of the coins—hoping that some day a Frank might pass that road—came to the door of the hovel with their faces muffled up, and sent in their children. But there was one dame that would neither come nor trust her treasure —a small silver coin of the time of the first Cæsars—to any other hands than her own. She sent for us.

She was standing at the half-opened door or gate of a yard, in the wall of which were several ancient fragments embedded in mud: she was a very tall gaunt woman, aged and eager; she kept her muffle to her face (of which we could see nothing but the sharp eyes and the deep wrinkles underneath) with her left hand, and with her right, which was like the hand of a skeleton, she presented the coin. She had fixed her own price upon it—ten piastres; and as we took it she cried out with a shrill, painfully sharp and eager voice, which yet rings in my ears, "*On grush!*" and, forgetting her muffling white rag, she threw both hands into the air, to denote by her ten fingers the price she wanted. The apology for a yashmac fell away, and her wan, shrivelled, death-like face was revealed. As she stood thus, a wreck and ruin among ruins, on the threshold of the tottering gate, with her loose, ragged dress fluttering in

the wind, and with her hands and skinny arms raised above her head, that ancient dame of Aizani was awful to behold. We gave her the money she asked and a trifle more; she gave us the traveller's benison, "*Allah bilendjeh olsoon*," or "God be with you," withdrew into the yard, and shut to the door.

Great was the contrast between the remains of the beautiful ancient Temple and the miserable modern mosque of the village, which stand looking at one another from the opposite sides of the stream. The mosque was a low narrow wooden barn. In its front were four square wooden pillars—small and mere sticks—resting upon four ancient capitals turned upside-down. The Turks, who invert the order of all things (except the two ends of the pipe), are very fond of thus employing ancient capitals as bases. Specimens of these adaptations are to be seen at Brusa, and at every town or village where there are such fragments to be appropriated. In some we saw ancient square bases used as capitals, while the ancient capitals were doing duty as bases. At many places on our road we saw parts of the shafts of fine columns hollowed out and converted into mortars, wherein (in the absence of corn-mills) the villagers pound their grain with an enormous pestle. They also serve for a variety of other purposes; and in those of a smaller shape coffee is often pounded instead of being ground. Having treated the head-men of the place to a carouse of tobacco, which they smoked out of my little travelling tchibouque—having no pipes of their own—we mounted at four o'clock to ride back to Hadjikeui.

It was getting towards dusk when we reached the

quarters we had occupied last night. We found that the round-about courier from Smyrna, with his two suridjees, another traveller, and some bags of money, were lodged in the hovel, and were not likely to take their departure for some hours. Miserable as the place was, there were three Odà-bashis or dispensers of hospitality in Hadji-keui. We went to their several Odàs; two had travellers in them, and the third was unroofed, except for a few feet over the fireplace. Leaving us shivering in the cold, Tchelebee John went to find out the head man of all, and to show him the Pasha of Brusa's bouyouroultou, which, among other things, enjoined all such dignitaries to provide us with *good* lodging. In about a quarter of an hour, as it was growing quite dark, the Tchelebee re-appeared with a long and naked-legged Turk; and this retainer of the head-man led us beyond the edge of the village, and down a slope between hills, and stopping at a hole in the hill-side to our right, told us *that* was the best lodging that could be allotted to us. On looking more closely I saw that this hole was closed by a sort of wooden door, and I discovered something like the top of a chimney peeping above the green sward of the sloping hill. It was in fact a small under-ground house like those described by Xenophon in the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, and which are still common in many parts of Armenia. Our Tchelebee told the Turk that his master's best quarters were not very good. Halil said that we were going to burrow like jackals. We stooped our heads and entered. On the left hand of the *souterrain* was a dark recess in which there was a donkey, though we could not see it, and on the right a

planked apartment, the planks being raised some two feet from the ground; and there was a small fire burning brightly on the hearth, and a very old green-turbaned dirty Turk sitting cross-legged and warming himself. The long-legged youth said that it was only an honest pedlar, that would soon be gone; and with these words long-legs disappeared without rendering us any further service. Merry Halil enjoyed the novelty of the situation exceedingly. He said we were all turned into jackals, and suiting his voice to the metamorphosis, he made a noise like one. He could never laugh enough about it. Months afterwards, whenever the village of Hadji-keui was mentioned, he would say "that was the place where we were jackals, and burrowed in the ground." Another Turk arrived to lodge in the same hole with us. This honest man was a worker in brass, and not cleaner than the pedlar, but instead of being surly he was very civil and good-humoured, and he helped us to spend rather a pleasant evening. Halil brought in more firing, and we had yet a drop left of the Bishop's *mirabile acqua vita*, which was tasted both by the Emir and the other Turk, and pronounced by both to be good. The hole was so very small that there was very little room for visitors; but two or three of our friends of last night dropped in (it literally was *dropping* or *diving*), and they brought with them a discharged soldier, who had served in the war of Syria in 1840. The poor fellow did not complain much of ill treatment; but he was happier in his native village, in his rags, and with his pinched belly, than ever he had been while a soldier in the regular army. Such is the natural aversion of the Turkish peasantry

to the *gêne* of discipline. Hunger must be strong indeed before he can play the part of recruiting-sergeant in this country. We stretched ourselves on the hard boards, and as the fire had warmed the souterrain and there were no crevices and draughts, we slept pretty soundly for a few hours. About midnight the Emir rose, took out his donkey and took his departure, without making any noise. The worker in brass tarried with us until day dawn. As Gentleman John was preparing the coffee in the morning, and we were sitting cozily round the fire, we congratulated ourselves on not having found a single flea since leaving Yeni-Ghieul. "Fleas!" said Halil, "fleas must feed, and they could get nothing to eat up here!"

We returned to Kutayah by the route we had pursued in coming. The Bishop was overjoyed to see us alive and back again. The Tchelebee told him that, with our guns and pistols, we might have conquered and occupied the country which had been described as so terrible.

On the following day, when the weather cleared up, we climbed up to the old castle, and spent an hour or two, not unpleasantly, among its ruins. The situation is splendid. Though it does not so appear from the plain below, the lofty castle-hill is entirely detached from the wooded mountain: a deep ravine of good breadth runs everywhere between them. On the side of the castle the cliffs are tremendously steep, and in some places perpendicular. Walls, with battlements and massy towers, run along the edges of these cliffs, and there is one low circular archway and gate leading out to the cliffs and to a curious zig-zag pathway which descends to the bottom of the ravine. The hill-top,

within these walls, is a broad long flat, whereon are the rent walls and parts of the arched, shattered roofs of immense apartments, chambers and galleries. Thence the hill has a long steep descent to the town, to the very edge of which it is more or less covered with ruins, towers having stood within towers, citadels within citadels, and each and all having walls of tremendous thickness. The number of towers in the outer walls must have been prodigious. These were most perfect on the western side, being that which we had seen in approaching the city from Kukoort. The works there are nearly all towers—square towers, round towers, barrel-shaped towers, sexagonal towers, and octagonal, but still towers, declining one below another according to the steep slope of the hill, but all huddled close together with hardly any wall or curtain between them, in a way I had never seen before. Upon this side we counted four and twenty towers, and two or three, at the foot of the castle-hill, were down. The barrel-shaped towers, bulging out in the middle, are very curious; they stand on the hill-top or near to that level platform. The entire area of the castle is so vast that you might place six Edinburgh castles within it and have room to spare. A number of modern Turkish houses and two little mosques stand, high up, among the ruins, some of the houses being built up against the shattered walls, or in the angle of two walls, standing upon tall wooden pillars, or stems of trees with the bark still on them—this being a favourite mode of building among the Turks wherever ruins exist near a town. In the composition of these immense defensive works brick is a greater ingredient than stone. A very

large proportion of the bricks are ancient Roman, flat, beautifully made and baked, and harder and much less perishable than most stones. Some of the work appeared to be Roman of the good time; but more frequently more modern hands had wrought with ancient materials. Some fortress had no doubt existed on these heights long before the Roman conquest, and even antecedently to the occupation of the country by the Greeks. The greater part of what now remains must have been built by the Emperors of the East before their wealth, and power, and boldness of conception were gone from them, and have been repaired in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries when the Empire, overrun or threatened by the Turkish hordes, was hastening to decay, when its effeminate rulers sought the aid of the Pisans and Genoese alternately, and enterprising and ingenious Italians erected works which the degenerate, barbarized Greeks could no longer execute. A good deal of the work on this Asiatic hill seemed to me to be Italian—the workmanship like that traced in old castles and towers in the Genoese and Pisan territories, and in other parts of Italy. An inscription in the lower castle surmounted by the arms of the Genoese republic, intimates that subjects of that state had been engaged here. The towers "by war or tempest bent," the battlemented walls, the dark passages, the winding galleries, the low, dark arches of the castle of Kutayah had in them all the elements of the romantic.

They led us to a bastion on the S.E. side of the castle, wherein were two brass culvèrins of curious shape and prodigious length: the bore would scarcely admit a four-pounder ball; but the pieces were nearly twenty

feet long: they lay on the ground, with their innocent muzzles pointing through a wide embrasure towards the lofty wooded mountain, having no carriages near them, nor any signs of ever having had such things. If there were other guns within the old fortifications (which I much doubt) they were concealed.

Sitting under the ponderous walls of one of the loftiest towers, and looking down upon the broad plain and the city of Kutayah, where Ibrahim Pasha and his Arabo-Egyptian army were compelled, by the protecting movement of the Russians upon Constantinople, and by the threats of the diplomacy of all Europe, to halt, and there to suspend their victorious march in 1833, I could not avoid reflecting on the serious trouble that might have been given to that army if the upper part of these works had been occupied by a few hundred patriotic, resolute men, with only their muskets and a few pieces of artillery. Some of the massy towers up there are still very perfect, having on them their domed roofs, which would not be affected by ball or bomb. The place is commanded by the lofty wooded mountain beyond the ravine, but great would have been the toil and long the delay before Ibrahim could have got any guns in battery on the rough precipitous sides of that mountain; and then, with such firing as the Egyptian, it would have been still longer ere any impression could be made on these immense walls. But I was speculating upon that which had never entered into the heads of any of the subjects of Sultan Mahmoud. Their patriotism was gone even then, and the last shadow of it has departed since. All spirit had been crushed out of them by oppression, wrongs, and poverty. Not a

remnant of the Osmanlee pride was left; they could contemplate without the slightest emotion the conquest of their country by a revolted vassal of their Padishah, and by the descendants of people whom the Osmanlees had conquered long ago, and had always considered as being immeasurably their inferiors. They were in that deplorable state when men expect that every change may be for the better. In their crass ignorance they did not know that the Pasha of Egypt was a crueler oppressor than Sultan Mahmoud, and that badly off as they were, the people of Egypt and Syria whom he ruled, were in still worse condition. The dormant spirit of fanaticism could not be awakened to supply the vacant place of patriotism, for the Arabs and Egyptians were Mussulmans like themselves, and were much more observant of their religion. Five times in the day and night the Muezzin in Ibrahim's camp on the plain sent up the cry, "There is no god but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet!" Why fight these men? And for what? These Mussulmans would not defile their mosques or insult their women. And where was ammunition?—where a supply of provisions?—where a reliable commander, if they had been ever so well disposed to make a stand and fight? Ibrahim was a savage, but he had many of the qualities of a soldier; he maintained excellent discipline in his army, and upon occasion he could be affable, accessible, kind, and generous. At Kutayah we heard that the people had rather benefited than lost by his visit, that his army paid for whatever it took, that the soldiers committed no excesses. We were told the same at Hadji-keui, at Kukoort, and other villages.

"The people of Ibrahim," said the villagers, "did us nothing but good. Those who did us harm were the Arnaouts, who came over in swarms from Europe to fight for the Padishah against the Pasha of Egypt. These horrible Arnaouts, though passing for Mussulmans like ourselves, plundered us and beat us without mercy. Higher up the country they ravaged whole towns and butchered many quiet Osmanlees. But on their return, when Ibrahim had beaten the Padishah's army, and when these Arnaout robbers came running back by small companies—running any way to get on the faster—they paid for it! The people they had injured in their strength fell upon them in their weakness: thousands of them perished; the jackals got their bodies and Dgehennum their souls."

Tchelebee John and others had related to us at Brusa many tales about these Albanians and their excesses and cruelties on their advance into Asia, and their humiliation on the retreat. In ascending the plain of Brusa they went marauding about the villages and committing atrocities. John said that on their return they generally came hurrying along in small parties; that the villagers often made a battue and shot them as if they had been game, first recalling to their recollection how they had behaved on their advance; that many who came hobbling by Hadji Haivat were dreadfully frost-bitten, having been obliged to sleep out in the snow on the mountains in the interior, where very many of them had perished. Others were so reduced by famine that they could scarcely crawl; others bore deep festering wounds inflicted, not by the Arabs and Egyptians, whom few of them had ever seen, but by

the Osmanlees—their fellow-subjects. There were no historians or writing men on either side; if there had been such, the horrors of this retreat, in the dead of winter, through a mountainous and almost uninhabited country, might have been made to figure among the most memorable military disasters, such as the retiring of the French from Moscow, and our own wretched retreat from Cabul. On the side of the Sultan, the battle of Nedjib was followed by as perfect a *débâcle* as was ever known in war: irregulars or regulars, none rallied or attempted to make a stand, although Ibrahim had to find his way through a long succession of deep gorges and most difficult mountain passes: there was no heart in anybody; no proper supplies anywhere. The scanty population wreaked their vengeance on the Albanians, and cared not whether Ibrahim came on or not.

Turks—Osmanlees of some rank and condition—were heard to boast at Kutayah, Brusa, and elsewhere, not of the valour with which they had fought the invaders of their country, but of the agility with which they had run away, or of the cunning by which they had avoided being ever put in any danger. Before the arrival of the Russians in the Bosphorus Ibrahim Pasha sent down a handful of men with two or three officers to Brusa; this handful of men passed through the difficult country which I have described, not only without having a musket fired at them, but with the friendly greeting of the poor villagers; and to this handful of men the great city of Brusa offered a surrender. As far as the people are concerned, I am thoroughly convinced that what Ibrahim did *then*, his successor might do *now;* nor do I believe that even a

Russian army, preserving good discipline and carefully abstaining from any insults to the women (from the decay of religious feeling the *mosque* is secondary to the *harem*), would encounter, in any of the parts of Asiatic or European Turkey we visited, the slightest resistance from the Mussulman population. And in these regions the Greeks would join the Muscovites almost to a man.

Achmet Pasha sent a kind message through the doctor: if we would stay two or three days and the weather should be fine, he would have out his troops in the plain to let us see how they performed. But we had made up our minds to take our departure for Billijik and Nicæa; and as I then expected Sir Stratford Canning would be returned by the end of October, I thought it would be conducive to some projects I entertained to be back at Constantinople early in November. I therefore sent my thanks to the Pasha, with an assurance that we should long remember his kindness.

The next day was a Sunday. We were awakened long before daylight by a rattling, clattering noise. The Greek church was close to the house, and the noise proceeded from a priest beating upon a hard sonorous board, which served instead of a bell (odious to, and prohibited by the Turks) to summon the people to worship. When the noise ceased we went to sleep again, and as it was a raw morning, as we had not gone to bed at a very early hour, and as the Bishop's beds were so very warm and comfortable, we did not rise until nearly 8 o'clock. By this time the church service was over, but we could see nothing of our friend the Bishop. Going down to look we found him in a small room opposite to the church door, which was still

open, and separated from the church only by a narrow court-yard: he was very busy, his countenance wore a serious eagerness—he was receiving money and cautiously counting it; and about a dozen Greeks, crowded in that little room, were waiting to pay some contribution or other, or to present an excuse for being unprovided with the wherewithal. The Reverend Father, who had just stepped from the church and the performance of the religious service to sit at this receipt of customs, was dressed in pontificalibus, wearing round his neck his large gilt Greek cross, having on his right hand his episcopal ring, and by his side his episcopal crosier mounted with silver. The contrast between, or rather the commingling of the spiritual and the worldly, the things of heaven and the things of earth, the bright emblems of salvation and the paltry, dirty, tiny pieces of mixed metal that are made to pass for money in this country, might have excited the merriment of a cynic. I knew the little spirituality that exists in this degraded church; I had witnessed similar scenes and on the same holy day before now; but the present exhibition saddened me. I observed this difference in the demeanour of those who had money and those who had none; the first merely stooped before the Bishop, kissed his hand, and made as if they kissed the hem of his garment, then clinking down their coin on a very low table; the moneyless threw themselves at the Bishop's feet, kissed both hands and both papoushes, and then, slowly rising, with their hands crossed before them and their heads bent, they tendered their excuses. The Bishop knit his brows and talked loudly and angrily at them through the nose; but his speeches were

short and mild compared with the addresses delivered by a black old priest and a dirty old tchorbàjee who sat at his left hand. All this eloquence was in Turkish, the Christian Greeks of Kutayah speaking and understanding no other language. In many places, even less distant from the coast, the Greeks have entirely lost the idiom of their forefathers; yet at Iconium, which is so much farther in the interior, they still speak Greek, and a language more like the ancient than is the Romaïc spoken at Constantinople. Some of the defaulters, being harshly rated, went out to the portico of the church, where other Greeks were counting money, and borrowed a few pieces; but the rest, who could not or who would not borrow, were dismissed with angry words and with threats of the prison if they did not pay soon. A Turk was sometimes in the room of accounts and sometimes at the portico, but whether he received any portion of the money paid to the Bishop or was there to settle private accounts we did not ascertain. As we were walking back to the dwelling-house the Bishop gave notice that there were no candles for the church service. "Religion is going out at Kutayah," said he, "there are no candles!" And he ascended the staircase of the house repeating "candles! candles! candles!" It appeared as if the Sabbath morning, which brought all the Greeks to church, was the season chosen for the settlement of all accounts, and that the places for such settlement were the church portico, the little room close by, or the Bishop's apartments. We were scarcely seated in the house when a number of men came in, talking very earnestly about grushes.

Doctor Bozzi estimated the entire population of Kutayah at between 30,000 and 40,000; the Bishop at much less. A good deal of the town runs up into ravines, and is not seen by the traveller who passes along the plain, or merely goes through the lower part of the town. The Armenians were rather more numerous than the Greeks, counting between 300 and 400 houses. We saw no Jews except two or three who appeared to be travellers. All classes wore the livery of poverty. By imperial mandate, dated two or three years ago, every city and town in the empire was to possess an organized Turkish school—a good school, wherein other things were to be taught besides the reading or rote recitation of the Koran—and encouragement was held out to the Greek and Armenian communities to erect schools of their own. The Constantinople journalists had treated this project as a *fait accompli*, and had challenged for it the admiration of Europe. From what we heard and from what we saw with our own eyes in the provinces, the project remains a project still, and the mandate is forgotten or despised. At Kutayah nothing of the sort had been done or even begun by the Turks. At Brusa they had built up a school-house, but, owing to a miserable deficiency of 4000 piastres, the building remained incomplete and useless, and was likely to continue long in that state. The Greeks of Kutayah had recently spent 17,000 piastres of their own in building a commodious school-house for children of both sexes. The building stood close by the Bishop's habitation, and was finished; but no use was made of it. Asking why, we were told that Turkish jealousy had prevented its being opened as a

place of instruction; that the governor, in spite of the Sultan's liberal orders about general education, had sternly prohibited it. In this country one never believes a first story. We asked again and again, and the result of these further inquiries was this—the Turks of the place had no great affection for the Greek school, but what really prevented its being opened was a mad jealousy and feud among the Greeks themselves, who could neither agree in the choice of masters, nor in any other particular. There was of course a standing feud and an irreconcilable hatred between the Greeks and Armenians. They would not consider each other as belonging to the same oppressed Christian family.

Uneducated, or cabbage-headed as the Mussulmans of Kutayah might be, they were quiet and orderly, and to us civil and obliging. I should think all the Turks in this part of Asia Minor might be as easily governed, by an enlightened European power, as our Hindoo or Mussulman subjects in India. I believe that their affections would be conciliated and their reverence obtained by a display of that justice, impartiality, and probity with which they are wholly unacquainted in their rulers.

Having deposited our donation for the church—which, I hope, set the Episcopal mind at rest about candles—having backshished the servants and the priest to whose house we had first gone, and two priests who had performed menial offices for us, and a number of poor hungry-looking people who were wishing that our journey might be safe, we took our departure from the Episcopal palace at 10.30 A M. The Bishop, who was desolated at our going, and, as I believe, sincerely

sad (for he loved company and would not get any more in a hurry), insisted upon seeing us out of the town, and fairly on our road. Such a procession ought to be seen or painted! Halil and two of our miserable horses opened it, and a blue-turbaned Greek, leading the two other hacks, followed Halil; then marched two old priests with beards to their girdles, and after the priests I marched at the Bishop's right hand, the Bishop being still dressed in pontificalibus, as he had come out of the church, and carrying his silver-mounted crosier; Charles and the Tchelebee followed on our footsteps, with as much gravity as they could command, and after them came a long train of priests and tchorbàjees, girls and boys. In this order we marched through some narrow dirty streets, where everybody was at a door or a window to look upon us; and down a steep hill, where there was a stone causeway in the midst, and on either side a deposit of mud and filth. At the edge of a Turkish cemetery a little beyond the foot of the hill on which the town stands, we exchanged farewell salutations, the Bishop and I mixing arms and beards in the tenderest manner. A long-bearded priest held my stirrup while I mounted. Speaking in Greek, which was unintelligible to the people, the Bishop said—"Do not forget to tell them at Constantinople that this climate is killing me; that I am all but dead!" So saying, and waving his crosier in the air as if to give us his parting benediction, he strode up the steep hill with a quick elastic step; and we, flogging our horses into motion, pursued our solitary way.

CHAPTER XI.

Journey back to Brusa by Nicæa — Desolate Country — Log-huts — Great abundance of Game — Village of Derè-Lailek — Hospitality of the Peasants — Decay of Religious Feeling — Uren-keui — Pine Forests — Boseuk — A Theft — The Kara-derè or Black Valley — Village of Kara-keui — Turkish Deserters — The Mason and the Imaum — Splendid Scenery — Bash-keui — Wooden Legs — Keuplu — Silk — Billijik — M. Garabet, our hospitable Armenian friend — The Khans — Sandalji-Oglou and his Improvements — A terrible Derè-Bey — An accomplished Turk — Raït Bey — Ancient Tombs near Billijik — Spirit of Destruction — A Turk cruelly insults the Armenians — Barbarous Treatment of a poor Greek — Old Castle at Billijik — Dinner at Raït Bey's — Wretched Turkish Villages — Dangerous Mountain Pass — Nicæa — Unhealthiness of this place — Vast Ruins — Innumerable Otters — Symptoms of Malaria Fever — Charms — Lake of Nicæa — Yeni Shehr — A Turkish Agricultural Improver — Ghimbos — Village of Kestel — Hadji Haivat.

IN crossing the plain of Kutayah we took a northerly course, declining a little to the east. At 1 P.M. we entered a wild volcanic chasm. Emerging from this, we soon came to the edge of a very steep hill, and descending this hill we came upon a beautiful fertile valley, with another stream in it, but without a human habitation or any of the cheering traces of cultivation. At 3.15 P.M. we stopped at a rude Turkish village called Sirisoen, if the name of village can be given to a small collection of log-huts. At a little distance I took these dwellings for rocks. They were made in the rudest manner; the roofs were of the same materials as the walls, only covered over with earth on which the

green grass was growing. Not a nail, not a small piece of iron was to be seen in any part of them: except the axes which had cut down the trees in the neighbouring forest, and had lopped off the branches, it might be doubted whether any edged tool or anything so hard as iron had been employed in their construction. No care had been taken to cut the trees into equal lengths, or to cut off the projecting ends, so that some of them projected two feet, some three feet and more beyond the angles of the houses, looking like gigantic combs with jagged, irregular teeth. Such was the style of rustic architecture which prevailed in the small hamlets throughout these districts. The wigwams of most of the Red Indians are regular, artistical edifices compared with these huts. The people here seemed to be in want of everything except fire-wood. One of them, a melancholy-looking but good-natured fellow, volunteered to show us a short cut to the village where we intended to pass the night. He led us over some very rough hills and through a fine forest of pitch-pines, where traces of deer and other game were most frequent. The abundance of game might be a capital resource to the poor villagers; but the Turks are generally very inexpert sportsmen, and the guns and the powder of these poor fellows are deplorably bad. It was one of John's consolations that if a Turk, with a Turkish gun, fired at you from a few yards' distance, the chances were three out of four that he would miss you; and from what we saw of the practice of the country-people I should conclude that this was a fair calculation. On more than one occasion we derived considerable comfort from the reflection. Quitting the pine-forest and its soothing

murmurs—like the voices of an inland sea—we descended into a pretty broad plain, considerable patches of which had this year produced grain. The sun was setting, and hares were scudding about the unenclosed fields in all directions. Rabbits are altogether unknown in this country. A little farther on we saw a good show of flocks and herds, which betokened unusual prosperity. At the northern side of the plain, on a slope of the hills, stood the Turkish village of Derè-Lailek—the "Stork's Valley;" and there we dismounted at 5.30 P.M. This was a stately place compared with Sirisoen, but was yet very, very poor. The flocks and herds did not belong to the villagers, but to some thriving Yerooks. The Odà-bashi brought us some boiled wheat and yaourt, having nothing more to bring.

In places so poor none but Turks would think of bestowing gratuitous lodging and entertainment on travellers. Yet here there were two Odàs; and in places far more miserable we never failed to find one Odà — that is if the village or hamlet were Turkish.

When a devout Turk finds his substance increase, or fancies that he is growing prosperous, he reminds himself of the injunctions of the Prophet, and of the blessings promised hereafter by the Koran to such as exercise charity and hospitality, and he takes the resolution of setting up an Odà. If he continue prosperous, the poor wayfarer shares in his prosperity; if he become poorer, the stranger must take what he can afford to give. I apprehend that with the decay of the religious sentiment (some proofs of which we saw daily) these

primitive and touching usages will disappear. Bad as his religion was, the Turk was a better man with it than he will be without it. The Turk was no idolater; but better the worst idolatry that ever existed than no faith at all! If these reformers who are uprooting the faith established, had in contemplation to substitute a purer one, there would be hope and promise for the future; but such a notion certainly seems to form no part of their system, and the man that should attempt to convert a Mussulman to Christianity would still do it at the great peril of his life.

Our guide from Sirisoen returned rich and rejoicing to his village with thirteenpence in his pocket; and at 7 A.M. we bestrode our steeds and quitted Derè-Lailek. At 8.15 we passed a little place named Uren-keui, or the "Spinning village." Shortly after this we were engaged in pine-wooded ascents and descents—parts of a haunted forest—and had fine bold rocks flanking us on the right. Here the road or path was comparatively good. Rugged as it was, the arubas or four-wheeled carts of the country travelled over it; but they travel where no European would ever think of driving a wheeled carriage. After our descent from the forest we crossed some lower ridges and two or three long, narrow, winding valleys, watered by streamlets and brightly green. In the broadest of these silent dells we saw a fine herd of cows belonging to Yerooks, whose tents were concealed from us; and in another valley we halted for a few minutes by the side of a lone Yerook cemetery. One of the pastoral tribes had frequented these verdant hollows for many generations; and such of them as died while they were encamped hereabout

were buried in this cemetery, and had rough unshapened stones, without inscriptions, to mark where they lay. In the course of our journeys we passed a good many of these lonely homes of the dead. A cemetery in a solitary place is not *always* to be taken as a sign that some town or village must once have stood near it; frequently it only denotes that there have been tents in its neighbourhood, and that the country has been inhabited during a part of the year by some pastoral tribe.

At 11 A.M. we came down upon the broad open plain of Boseuk. A hillside on our right, and close to the road, was covered with broken columns, architraves, and other ancient fragments. Here must have stood a town or station. Little more could be discovered; but, judging from the fragments, I conjectured that none of the buildings had been of a classical or even a *very* ancient date. The road along the plain was level, smooth, and hard. It was a treat after the horrible tracks we had been so long travelling upon. We halted half an hour while I took a distant view of the town of Boseuk, which has one green mound or small tumulus immediately in front of it, and bare lofty mountains, with magnificent precipices and curious chasms and rents and caves, just behind it. We rode between some extensive corn-fields, and at 12.15 P.M. alighted at a Greek coffee-house in Boseuk, near to a spacious mosque. The streets were filthy drains or stagnant pools *à l'ordinaire*; the houses, which seemed all falling to bits, were said to amount in number to about 200, including some hovels not a bit better than those we had left at Sirisoen. It was quite evident, not only that the place had *once* been much larger, but also that *recently* it had been

larger than it now was. These *recent* ruins—these signs of a decay and a depopulation which must have taken place (in many instances) within the few last years, is perhaps the saddest sign of all! It frequently came under our notice, as well down below as up the country. But the Greeks formed a good part of the population of Boseuk, or, as they call it, Bosi; and there was consequently more life and activity in the town, and a somewhat better cultivation in the fields. We presently found that we were approaching the borders of civilization, for my son's riding-whip was stolen at the cafè. The Greek cafèjee very solemnly swore that he and his people were innocent. We rather suspected a party of travellers—Greeks and Armenians—who set off very soon after our arrival, and while we were looking at the mosque.

We re-mounted at 1.20 P.M., riding to the N.W., under the mountains which back Boseuk. We saw some Greeks ploughing in the fields, and Turks driving several arubas along the road chiefly laden with firewood. We had soon, on the left of us, a bold opening in the mountains and a wooded verdant valley, through which that beautiful stream the Kara Sou came racing down nearly to the road-side. Along this river the verdure (on the 18th of October) was most rich, the sun was warm, and the banks of the stream were sprinkled with cattle. At 2.15 P.M. we left the fair plain of Boseuk behind us, and entered the charming, the enchanting mountain-pass of Kara-derè or "Black Valley." All Turkish names seem to be given on the *lucus à non lucendo* principle. We found their blacks all whites and their whites all blacks. The Kara Sou

went along with us into the valley: we did not part company for twenty good hours. It was not *Kara* in the Turkish sense, but *Cara* in the Italian meaning—"Chiare, fresche e dolci acque!" At 3 P.M. we made a short halt at a picturesque Turkish cafè and guard-house, where the old Bashi or head of the guard and his few tufekjees gave us some refreshing excellently made coffée, and were uncommonly courteous. The scenery hereabout reminded me of parts of Dovedale: it was exquisite—it was all beauty; the sublime was to break upon us higher up this long pass. A little beyond the guard-house the river set in motion two small saw-mills, which sawed very small and bad planks, but which did their work musically and looked most picturesquely. As we went along the valley, still keeping on a level with the stream, or rising only a few feet above it, the mountains grew in height and showed out grey rocks and precipices among or over the green wooded hills.

At 4.15 P.M. dismounted at the picturesque Turkish village of Kara-keui, on the right bank of the river, lying a little beyond a bridge, in a hollow left by the mountains—a sloping green recess, among trees and rocks, such as occur rather frequently in the pass. Here we had a melancholy sight in a drove of poor peasants who had deserted from the army and who were chained by the neck. There were nineteen of them, and only two tufekjees to guard them. Chained though they were, we wondered that they did not try to escape again, the escort being so weak and badly armed; but they looked like men resigned to *kismet*—like men who felt that if it was their destiny to run away, so was it their destiny to be caught; and on the failure of one

experiment your poor Turk will not often try the same again. They had been brought all the way from Iconium, their native place, to which they had fled. A matron of the village, seeing them in chains, said with a bitterness that came from the soul, "What mother would now have male children?" All the women seemed deeply to commiserate the fate of the deserters; the men were afraid to speak in the presence of the tufekjees. The sight of the unlucky deserters must have awakened feelings not very favourable to the government or regular army in every Mussulman town or village through which they passed on their long journey. Osmanlees chained by the neck like beasts—free Osmanlees driven along the road like slaves for the market—the spectacle must have been revolting, exasperating, horrible! We found at Kara-keui other proofs that we were getting back to civilization: our Odà-bashi was cautious, circumspect, and un-communicative, and, Mussulman though he was, he tried to cheat our Tchelebee in the price of barley for the horses. The other Turks of the village, instead of flocking round us, stood aloof. We were not, however, robbed of anything, for there were no Armenians here, and of Greeks only one. This Greek—a mason or tiler—had just finished roofing in a Mussulman's house, and, according to ancient usage, the Mussulman's friends had been giving him money, and from the house-top he was proclaiming their munificence to the world in a stentorian voice which made the impending rocks ring again. Altogether he might possibly have gotten one shilling sterling. But now the Greek was quiet, and the Imaum of the village ascended the minaret to proclaim to the

four corners of the earth the dogma of Mahometanism, and to call the faithful to prayer, with a voice louder than the Greek's. But no sooner had the Imaum finished than the tiler went to it again. "Oh, yes! the bountiful Hadji Mustapha hath given me ten paras! May the name of Hadji Mustapha be praised! Selim Beshlik Oglou hath given unto me at the finishing of this roof fifteen paras! May the roof of the house of Selim Beshlik Oglou be strong and sound, and keep out this winter's rain! But what shall I say of Ned-ridden Aghà, who hath bestowed upon me twenty paras? May the name of Nedridden Aghà . . . ." &c.

The next morning we mounted at 5.50 A.M., and re-crossed the Kara Sou. We soon crossed it again, back to the right bank. We continued riding or climbing on that side, at times being low down, on a level with the bank (now very rugged), and at times high up on the mountain side, where the path ran along narrow shelves of the rock. Here and there the track was perilous. We were five or six hundred feet above the stream and the sharp rocks which embanked it; the way our horses were treading had steep rocks on one side and the precipice on the other, and might measure some three feet in breadth: if a horse tumbled he could tumble only over the precipice. At one place we met a Greek peasant mounted on a donkey: he was obliged to put into a hole in the rock, which very fortunately was between him and us: we could not have given him room to pass, nor could we have turned our horses to go back to a broader space. The scenery was here grand! —the grandest of rocks—the most precipitous of precipices—the darkest of woods—and, below, in the morning

sun, the most sparkling and flashing and resonant of waters! As we went on, the mountains opened, leaving a broader valley, and we came upon cultivation. The hollows and the slopes over the Kara Sou were covered with mulberry-trees. Then succeeded beautiful and majestic walnut-trees, still full of leaf.

At 8.30 we re-crossed the river by an old staggering bridge. We ascended a terrible bank, by a path fit only for goats; turned a shoulder of the mountain, and caught sight of the two tall minarets of Bash-keui. At 9 A.M. we dismounted in this village, which, by contrast, seemed very prosperous. Some of the houses, of two or three stories, were to us *di una vera magnificenza!* While taking coffee and a pipe I was consoled by the sight of a wooden-leg. As I am neither Quaker Bright nor a bucolic poet, as I believe neither in James Silk Buckingham nor in the Peace Congress, as I disbelieve in the perfectibility of human nature, and do believe that so long as men are men, there will be wars and rumours of wars (the rarer the better), I must regard with joy that which tends to alleviate the sufferings and preserve the lives of soldiers and combatants. Moreover there are accidents and diseases, wherein amputation is indispensable to the preservation of existence. In 1828, when arms and legs had been knocked to pieces in the murderous war in Greece, and were then exposed to Russian bullets, ball and grape shot, I never saw a wooden-leg in Turkey. The Sultan's army had then no surgeons at all: the wounds were left to gangrene and the men died. In 1847—in this tour alone—we must have seen half a dozen wooden-legs, of the true old Greenwich and Chelsea model. They were but

wooden arguments if you will; yet they were arguments —and among the best we saw—to prove an advancing civilization among the Turks. Our timber-toed friend of Bash-keui, who was very cheerful and enjoying his tchibouque, had been a soldier, had received his wound in battle, and was now receiving a small pension from the Sultan. At Bash-keui that admirable scenery which renders the pass of Kara-derè one of the finest I ever threaded, ceased, or began to fall off; yet there was fine scenery still, and all the way on to Billijik. Just under the village of Bash-keui we went over again to the right bank of the shining river, crossing by a lofty queer bridge, under which women were washing their clothes and laughing and singing. A very short ride along the right bank brought us into the large and—for Turkey—very prosperous village of Keuplu, nearly surrounded by mulberry-groves or gardens. Silk! silk! silk! The mulberry-leaves fed the worms, and the main subsistence of the people was drawn from the product of the silkworm. There was a large silk *Filatura* which belonged to a company of Armenians, and which had recently given employment to a good number of hands. In many of the private houses we saw the large wheels for winding off the cocoons. There were other signs about the place of industry and trade, and there was beauty among the Greek and Armenian women—another sure sign of comparative prosperity, for where misery exists the women are hags. Here too I caught a faint glimpse of my dear friends the cypresses; for in a Turkish cemetery two or three were growing, and though poor and thin they were still cypresses. Here also the climate was again genial—

warm. A little below Keuplu we crossed the Kara Sou for the last time, and began to ascend a steep ridge of hills, sloping away to the southward. The rapid river, which had gladdened our eyes and ears so many hours, now left us, rushing away through a rocky ravine to the northward, to join the broad Sangarius and to fall with it into the stormy Euxine. The sources of the Kara Sou—three in number—are at the distance of not more than five hours from Billijik, if you take the direct road across the mountains which flank (on the left) the Kara-derè; they spout out magnificently from massy rocks. The scene was described as eminently beautiful. The country people have a saying that, when one source fails the harvest is sure to be scanty, when two fail, very bad indeed, and when all three, a total dearth.

At 10.45 A.M. we came in sight of the thriving town of Billijik, oddly built, part at the bottom of a deep, bare, rocky chasm, part on the steep slopes, and part on the ridges of hills, the upper portions looking as if they were going to slide down upon the lower, and only required a thrust or a kick to begin moving. Had the roads been a little better I would have gone back to the plain of Boseuk to enjoy again and again the scenery of the Kara-derè, through which very few European travellers have ever passed.

Leaving behind us a dishonoured cemetery and a mosque in ruins, we plunged into the ravine, and got among the first houses of Billijik, where we found some Turks manufacturing those covers for divans or sofas which are so common at Constantinople. They are strong and very durable; the materials are coarse silk and coarse cotton; the embroidery upon them is often

pretty and tasteful; so are the fringes. Billijik is famed for this manufacture. From the hollow we ascended the steep hill, passing through very narrow and dirty streets, and went on until we reached level ground, and a fine, broad, new street, running from the hill-top towards the open country. Here at 11.15 A.M. we dismounted at a smart new cafè opposite two comfortable-looking spick-and-span new khans.

We thought of taking up our lodging for the day and night in one of the khans, but our friend the French consul at Brusa had written to M. Garabet, a Catholic Armenian merchant of the place, and this cheerful and hospitable man, who was, moreover, an old friend of our Tchelebee, would have us to his house for a week or ten days at least. This house, to which we were forthwith conducted, was most clean and comfortable; the projecting windows of the drawing-room commanded a curious and interesting view of the straggling town, the ruined castle and towers, the mosques, the chasm, the opposite mountains, and the bold bare rocks which stand at the head of the Kara-derè. There was a cheerfulness about the house and all in it, the like of which I had never seen before among Armenians; but the lady of the house was a *Greek*, and her liberal-minded husband was only an Armenian by accident of descent. This general cheerfulness was the best welcome. Wherever I find sulky servants, I suspect my host to be a churl and niggard.

In the afternoon we went to one of the new khans—a spacious not inelegant building standing on a quadrangle with an open corridor on each side and a pleasant, cool fountain and kiosk (with a cafè under it) in

the midst of the square. The apartments were occupied as counting-houses and store-houses for silk; but I believe that some of them upstairs were occupied as lodging-houses. Below, the silk merchants, all the Catholic Armenians, were sitting at their several doors, smoking their tchibouques and gossiping — having nothing better to do, for there were no demands for England, and trade had long been very dull. The other new khan, which stands by the side of this, is entirely devoted to the accommodation of travellers. Compared with some of the splendid stone khans which were built by the Turks in the days of their greatness and prosperity, and which are now abandoned and in ruins, it might be called a mean wooden building; but it was roomy and convenient, the corridors and apartments were as yet neat and clean; and there was good stabling on the ground floor for horses and mules and the pack-horses that brought in silk.

The more solid and splendid khan, for warehouses, counting-houses, &c., was built entirely by a clever, active, and enterprising Catholic Armenian, Sandalji-Oglou, and at his sole expense. The contiguous one was erected with money furnished by the Billijik silk-merchants and factors settled in Constantinople, but according to the plan and wholly under the direction of Sandalji-Oglou. But for *his* khan this second one would never have been thought of. The places which existed before were horrible! Sandalji-Oglou was also the good engineer who planned this broad, open, airy street—the one broad street we saw in all Turkey. His plan was violently opposed: the Turks of the place wanted to know what he could mean by taking

up such a wide space, and having rows of houses built so far apart from each other; the Armenian shopkeepers, having no notion that a street was a street, unless it was narrow, close, and crooked, and had a dirty kennel in the middle, said that it would look like country and not town, and that they should lose their custom; but the persevering Sandalji overcame these prejudices—the street was formed, and was now extending in length, and the most thriving shops in the town were in it.

M. Garabet, our host, conducted us to a very neat Filatura, above the town, and on the southern side of the rocky chasm, where we found some thirty or forty Armenian girls and young women winding off silk. In busier times many more hands were employed, and there were reels in many of the private houses giving occupation and the means of a tolerably comfortable subsistence to many families, who nearly all grew silk on their own account, some more and some less. Sandalji-Oglou introduced the large wheels and all the other improvements on the old machinery and processes. Before his time the Billijik silks stood low in the market; they now almost rival the best Brusas, being only a very little less fine than the Demirdesh-Brusa silks. This Sandalji-Oglou has been the Man of Ross—and more—of Billijik. He too has made the water flow from the dry rock,

> "Not to the skies in useless columns toss'd,
> Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
> But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
> Health to the sick, and solace to the swain."

He had erected a dwelling-house for himself which might serve as a model; through his exertions, and in

good part by his money, the Catholic Church had been rebuilt or repaired. He had roused the Armenians of the place from their Eastern lethargy, and had infused into the whole community some portion of his spirit and enterprise. He had brought down the rate of interest at Billijik to 15 per cent. per annum; and high as this interest may appear in England, it was *very* moderate in Asia Minor. By the last measure he had excited the bitter hatred of many of the seraffs: but by it he had given an impulse to industry, and it was mainly through it that the town and neighbourhood had risen from a state of misery to its present state of prosperity. He had erected no alms-houses nor did he feed one. He had done what was better; he had improved the industry of the place, and taught the people how to gain their own bread. Unfortunately at the time of our visit, this interesting, rare man was absent at Constantinople. He was described to us as an active, fearless person, not much above thirty years old. He had begun life as a poor, unfriended youth, and had found his way to wealth and to high credit by industry and perseverance, and by acting upon the principles that men must live and let live, that, whether in interest upon money or gains upon merchandise, to be over greedy of gain is to incur the great risk of eventual loss. He was convinced that most of the seraffs were ruining the poor people without benefiting themselves. This is a man the Sultan ought to delight to honour; but Sandalji-Oglou, being no intriguer, had no friends either in the palace or at the Porte. Like other men of his class, he wears a small decoration on his fez, embroidered in gold; but Abdul Medjid ought forth-

with to send him his highest Nishan. He is a good Catholic without being intolerant, and perhaps the most wonderful of his achievements is the having prevailed upon the Catholic and Eutychean Armenians of the place to live in peace and amity with one another. That they did so at present we had several ocular proofs, one of which will be mentioned in another page.

Not far from the silk-works our host pointed out to our notice a solitary house, now in ruins, which, towards the close of the last century, was the strong abode of one of those terrible Derè-Beys, or Lords of Valleys, whose atrocities are related, and it is to be hoped exaggerated, in the popular traditions of the country. This Derè-Bey of Billijik set the feeble government of the Sultan at defiance for many years; but—as the boldest and cunningest of Orientals do—he fell at last into a wretched trap, and, quietly submitting to kismet, he had his head taken off in his own strong house, and in the midst of his armed retainers. His head went to Constantinople at the saddle-bow of a Bostanjee, but his body lies just under the windows of his own harem in a little cemetery which occupies nearly all the space between the house and the precipices that overhang the deep rocky ravine.

Returning to the silk khan we were introduced to a Turkish Bey of a very different character, who occupied a counting-house in the khan, and one of whose duties appeared to be to receive the duties levied on the silk. Raït Bey was son and grandson to Effendis who had served the Porte in secondary offices, without aspiring to the high and dangerous posts. Among this

class there were always well-educated men—meaning of course Orientally educated—who were men of honour. Of these few, the descendants of *very* few, are now to be traced, or to be found above the dead level of poverty; but it is in this class that the most gentlemanly and best principled of the Constantinopolitan Osmanlees are to be found. They have, as it were, an hereditary gentility. Two such men I knew well, and they were incomparably superior to all the grandees of the day. Raït was about twenty-eight years old, and a perfect enthusiast for antiquity and ruins, and old Greek coins, and everything that was ancient. Such tastes are to the furthest extent uncommon among Turks. Yet in this tour we met three who were tinctured with it—the Aghà of Yeni Shehr, Achmet Pasha, and Raït Bey, who had most of it. He had travelled a good deal in the interior of Asia Minor, and appeared to have visited ruins altogether unknown to European explorers.

The following morning I employed in sketching those portions of Billijik which were seen from the saloon, and in collecting information about the place. In the afternoon we called upon Raït Bey, and heard some more of his travels. The weather here was quite hot, although it was the 20th of October. Towards evening the Bey conducted us to some ancient sarcophagi, about an hour to the westward of the town. The ancient tombs were situated on a wild heath. We saw only two; but Raït Bey knew a third at some short distance, and the shepherds and sportsmen spoke of a good many more as existing in unfrequented places among the hills. The two we saw are at the distance

of a few hundred yards from each other. Both have their lids or tops on them; but both have suffered at the rude, violent hand of barbarians. On the side of one of them the Turks have made a great hole, wide enough to admit the body of a stout man. This was done long ago in search of hidden treasure. The tradition says that they found nothing but an enormous dragon that swallowed the gold and precious jewels, scared the treasure-seekers out of their seven senses, and then flew away. The other sarcophagus had been the finer of the two. On one of the sides there were four large heads in basso-relievo, with other injured sculpture and an inscription in very ancient Greek characters; on the other side the sculpture and ornaments had been wholly defaced; but at one of the ends of the sarcophagus there were two small full-length figures, one sitting with legs crossed and head bent, leaning on an extinguished torch. The sarcophagus was hollowed out of one solid block, the lid being made of another solid block, and beautifully shaped. Each of these sarcophagi was set up on a high, solid base. The better one of the two measured about ten feet by five, and the total height, including the base, was nearly eighteen feet. They were very interesting remains, and had been very graceful and beautiful until the Turks fell upon them. The lids or covers struck me as being most graceful in form; they had been richly ornamented, but the hammer or great stones of the Turks had made sad havoc with the delicate work of the Greek chisel. All the people of the country are sad destructionists. The Armenians are as bad as the Turks, and the Greeks are not much better than the

Armenians. They wantonly destroy or maltreat whatever comes in their way; but it is their incessant hungering after gold—their incurable fantasy that everything that is old must contain some of the precious metals—which has hastened and is still hastening the destruction of all ancient relics. At Boseuk we tried to give a lesson to a barbarous Greek, who brought us some coins, and the head of a figure in terra cotta. The head, which was hollow within, had been broken in two. We asked why? The Greek said that there was something that rattled inside; that he thought this might be gold, and that he had broken the head to get out the gold. We told him that he had spoiled his market, that the head was now worth nothing; that we would not give him ten paras for it. The Greek was chapfallen. He sorely wanted money; he hoped we would give him a few piastres for his head, though it was broken. We were harder than terra cotta—we were flints—we would give him nothing. "And if I had not broken the head," said he, "what would you have given me for it?" The head had never been of any value; it was a production of the barbarous time; but, to punish him, we told him a lie that the head, if unbroken, or in the state in which he had found it, would have been worth at least 2000 piastres. Woful was the countenance of the Greek! He uttered a yell, slapped his own face, and rushed out of the café.

At the little Turkish village of Chacker-Bournà on the hills about a mile beyond these tombs, there are many minute ancient fragments scattered about; but as it was growing dark we returned to Billijik, stopping on the way at a ruined Turkish fountain, most distinctly

built over ancient remains—Greek, Persian, or Assyrian, or all three in one.

The comparative prosperity of the place, the objects of interest about it, the good company and good cheer and good lodgings were disposing me to indulge in a tranquil and very agreeable dream, and to forget that there were such things in Turkey as tyranny and oppression, or that the Christian Rayahs could any longer be subjected to the injustice and brutality of the utterly crippled once dominant race.

But one cannot stay long in any place in Turkey—let it be in Europe or in Asia—without being reminded of the wrong which is and the right which is not. This morning (the 21st of October, 1847) our Tchelebee and host went out early to the great silk-khan. They returned in about an hour very much excited. There had been a terrible fracas. A turbulent Turk, who rejoiced in the name of Halil Kulè Oglou Abdullah, and who was a member of the municipal council of Billijik, had cruelly beaten the servant of one of the most respectable Armenians of the place; and, after beating the man, he had beaten the master for remonstrating, and had then followed him to the khan where all the Christian merchants were assembled, and in their presence had traduced him, abused his mother and his religion, calling him by the prohibited name of ghiaour, defiling the cross, and doing or saying all those things which have been proscribed by the Tanzimaut and by so many of the Sultan's manifestos and declarations. The poor Armenian was sadly humiliated to be thus treated in the presence of all the people. The silk-merchants had not courage enough to knock the bully

down, or turn him out of the khan; for he would have brought all the Turkish rabble of the town down upon them, and this rabble, in infraction of another ordonnance of the Sultan, was armed to a man. Halil Kulè Oglou Abdullah Effendi was the famed maker of many disturbances, and all quiet men stood in dread of him: he was a most violent, passionate brute. Our host and others were of opinion that if this one man were removed, and one good lesson given to the Turkish mob, Billijik would be a quiet, happy place. Assuredly the government owed as much as these two simple measures of justice to the Armenians, whose capital, industry, and enterprise had made the place what it now was, and had introduced whatever prosperity was in it. The Mudir or Governor was absent, but the head men of the two sections of Armenians, with their spiritual chiefs, went before the Kadi. The passionate Turk swore that the Armenian servant was digging a trench (to carry off water) close by the wall of his house, in a way which very much offended him; and he had two or three Mussulmans who were ready to swear anything —even to the incredible perjury that the poor Armenian had begun the affray, had given the first blow, and had abused the Prophet Mahomet. The Armenian pleaded that the trench was dug within his own grounds and did not go near to the house of the Turk or in any way offend him or anybody else; that even if the trench had been dug otherwise, Abdullah Effendi would not be justified in beating his servant and himself and blaspheming the religion they professed; that by the Tanzimaut it was as unlawful for a Mussulman to abuse the cross as for a Christian to abuse the Prophet; that he

and his people had always been known as good subjects to the Sultan, and as quiet, decent, respectable people; and he claimed for himself that protection which the law promised him, and for his assailant the punishment which the law awarded. He had a shoal of witnesses to speak to the facts; the first merchants of the place had seen how he had been treated at the khan and had heard the revolting blasphemies of the Turk in the khan-yard; but they were *Christians*, and, as such, their evidence could not be weighed in the scale against that of Mussulmans. Had he been a man of less note, and less strongly supported, the complainant would either have been kicked out of the court, or have been bastinadoed upon the evidence of the Turks. As it was, the Kadi dismissed the case without so much as remonstrating with the brutal offender, and recommended the Armenian to make up his quarrel with his neighbour, and not let him hear any more about it. Timid and submissive as they are, nearly all the Armenians cried out against this denial of justice. From the Kadi, the Bishop of the Catholic Armenians and the head-priest of the Eutychean Armenians came to me, to tell me the whole story, and to implore me to make the facts known to Reschid Pasha, the Vizier, or to some other member of the Sultan's present government. The two ecclesiastics did not say so; but their manner seemed to express that they considered it altogether useless to make an appeal to the Pasha of Brusa, within whose government they were living, and within the limits of which they had witnessed many acts of oppression far worse than this. From the entry in my journal I find that I was still clinging to the belief or hope that

Reschid Pasha's government had at least the merit of good and upright intentions. I wrote down after this curious interview:—"I feel happy in thinking that by making them known at Constantinople, I may be the means of getting some of these wrongs redressed. The *intention* of the present government seems to be good. The misfortune is that neither Ministers nor Pashas ever travel to see the state of the country. Of themselves they scarcely know anything that passes beyond the walls of their Konacks; and they are surrounded by people whose interest it is to prevent the truth reaching their ears." I was too credulous!

The Catholic Bishop and his companion assured me that the two Christian communities were constantly exposed to the violence and insolence of the Mussulmans; that Abdullah Effendi, although he was employed as an agent by some of the Armenian silk merchants, and gained much money by them, professed to be a rigid Mussulman and fierce hater of all Christians whatsoever; that it was through his violence that the most immoral Turks of the place were roused to their displays of fanaticism; and that the better portion of the Turks, not being acted upon by such agency, were generally tranquil and even friendly. No longer ago than at the Bairam of this year the Turkish mob had insulted the Armenians and their clergy as they were going to pay their accustomed ceremonial visit to the governor. They did not talk to them, but at them: "There are *pezavenks* that ought to be scourged! Here are pretty *karatàs!* Some whoreson ghiaours are now honoured by authority who ought to be bastinadoed and hanged by authority! See! The sons

of the sow have gold embroidery on their fezzes. What taushans (hares) we Osmanlees must have become to allow Armeeny dogs like these to do the dirty thing on our beards and defile the graves of our fathers and mothers! Bok! They are dirt! Shaitan! May the devil have them all!"

Our host had previously told us of another recent outrage. [There were no Greeks living in the town, but the particulars of the story were now related to us by the Catholic Armenian Bishop, and by other Armenians who came into our room, and who, assuredly, were not to be suspected of any partiality for a *Greek*.] During the late Ramazan Hadji Dhimitri, of Ascià-keui, a picturesque village in the ravine, situated among high rocks, which we had seen on our right hand in coming up from Keuplu to Billijik, had been miserably crippled and otherwise injured by order of the Turkish court, which had let off Abdullah Effendi without so much as a reprimand. Turks as well as Greeks lived at Ascià-keui. One day poor Hadji Dhimitri had with great toil brought up water from a fountain and had filled his reservoir in order to irrigate his little garden and mulberry ground. A Turk, his neighbour, one Kara-Ali, came to him and said that he wanted that water for his own garden and must have it. The Greek said that he might have brought up water for himself, but that he was free to take part of it. The Turk got into a towering passion, called the Greek a ghiaour and pezavenk, and swore he would have all the water. The quarrel was hot, but short. Dhimitri, fearing consequences if he resisted, went away and left the Turk to take and wantonly waste the water, merely saying

that he submitted to violence and injustice, and that the Tanzimaut meant nothing. The Turkish savage went to the Mudir and Kadi at Billijik, and vowed that Hadji Dhimitri had wanted to rob him of his water, and had uttered horrible blasphemies against the Koran and the Prophet. Tufekjees were sent to Ascià-keui, and Hadji Dhimitri, being first of all soundly beaten, was handcuffed and chained, and brought up to Billijik. The Greeks of the village were afraid of appearing in such a case or against a Mussulman; but four or five did follow the unfortunate Hadji to the hall, misnamed of justice, and were there to depose that it was the Turk who had taken by violence his water and had traduced his religion; and that he, the Hadji, though excited by anger, had not said a word against the Koran or the Prophet. But the testimony of these Christians could not be taken against Mussulman witnesses, and Kara Ali, the Turk, was provided with two false witnesses, one being Shakir Bey, his own son-in-law, and the other Otuz-Bir Oglou-Achmet-Bey. The pair were false witnesses of notoriety, and generally reputed to be the two greatest scoundrels of the town. There were scores upon scores of people who had seen them at the coffee-house in Billijik at the hour and time they pretended to have been at Ascià-keui, four miles off. But of those who had thus seen them the Mussulmans would not appear, and the Christians could not get their evidence received in court. Kara Ali swore to the truth of his statement; his two false witnesses swore that they had heard the Greek blaspheme their holy religion, and by sentence of the Kadi poor Hadji Dhimitri received, then and there,

300 strokes of the bastinado. His toes were broken by the blows, his feet were beaten to a horrible jelly, he screamed and fainted under the torture. There were some among our narrators who had seen this forbidden torture inflicted, and others who had heard the poor man's shrieks. The victim was carried home on the back of an ass; he had been laid prostrate for more than six weeks; it was only the day before our arrival that he had been able to attend the Billijik market, and then he was lame and sick—a hobbling, crippled, broken man. "The law," said one of our party, "is equal in the two cases. If Hadji Dhimitri were guilty, he was only guilty of that which we have all heard from the lips of Abdullah Effendi this morning in the khan; yet the Hadji is cruelly bastinadoed and lamed for life, and this same Kadi does not even reprimand the Effendi. What then is the use of this Tanzimaut?" "The use of it," said Tchelebee John, "is just this: it throws dust in the eyes of the foreign ambassadors at Constantinople who recommended its promulgation, and it humbugs half the nations of Christendom, where people believe in newspaper reports." Before taking their leaves the Catholic Bishop begged me also to make a statement of the facts to the British Embassy, which, under Sir Stratford Canning, had always been the best friend of the Christian Rayahs and the steadiest champion for religious toleration. I complied with this wish on my return to Constantinople; but Sir Stratford had not arrived, and as far as any effects were produced, I might as well have told the story to the babbling waters of the Kara Derè.

In the afternoon the Bey carried us on another,

antiquarian ramble. We plunged into the Tabakhàna Deressi, or "Tanners' Valley," a grim chasm, with a winding but steep break-neck path leading to the bottom of it. The town of Billijik slips down into the chasm in an unexpected manner, and in the lower part of the hollow there are houses and huts with great projecting rocks hanging over them and threatening their destruction. Some of these rocks are fastened by iron bars and chains to the great father-mountain behind, but the fastenings did not appear to be very secure. For this engineering the place is famed among the country people. At Yeni Ghieul the Aghà of Yeni Shehr had told us that we should see at Billijik rocks suspended by chains, and houses, and people living in them, underneath. The chasm forks off from the principal ravine, in and over which the main body of the town is built. A good stream runs through it, and at its head there is a curious and picturesque mill. Near the stream were some tanpits, but we saw no tanners at work.

On the S.W. side of this deep glen there rises a detached, lofty, massy, almost perpendicular rock, crowned by the ruins of an old castle, one of the darling objects of our antiquarian Bey. From the level of the stream there is an ascending subterranean passage cut right through the rock, and terminating at the platform within the castle walls. The Turkish boys amuse themselves by crawling and climbing up this passage in the dark, entering the side of the rock on the bank of the stream, and coming out through the hole at top like chimney-sweepers out of a chimney. But the passage had once been furnished with steps and had

been altogether in better case. The garrison of the old castle must have used it for bringing up water from the stream, there being none on the rock; and it might have been very useful as a sally-port in times of siege. We preferred taking a very rough path above ground, and with no small toil we clambered up to the ruins. The walls and towers appeared to be the work of the Greeks of the Lower Empire, but our companion quoted popular legends to show that it had long been occupied by one of the terrible Derè-Beys. We had descended on foot, but from the bottom of the cavern we were carried back to the town by Raït Bey's horses; up steeps, and over stony, broken paths, where no unpractised English horse could have kept his feet. The Bey had four horses that were tolerably well bred, clean and long in the fetlock joint, and springy; but he was guilty of the common error of the country in overfeeding and pampering.

By previous invitation we were to dine with the Bey. With one Greek and one Turkish servant he occupied three rooms of a house near the khan. The sitting-room was hung with arms, some of which were modern and good, and some ancient and curious. He had a few Greek coins and seemed to prize them highly. The most serious, and, generally, the longest, part of a Turkish banquet is occupied by that ingenious process called "whetting the appetite." Raki was served round and round, with burnt almonds, peas of the country parched, slices of apples, biscuits, and other condiments. This injurious practice blunts what it is intended to sharpen, and must be injurious to health: I hardly ever saw a Turkish gentleman sit down to

dinner with an appetite, or take meat or solid food with a relish. The appetite is dribbled away in nick-nacks and nonsense; and the head is too often muddled with the raki before the pilaff is served up. Being resolutely hospitable, the Bey kept us a long time at the preliminaries, enforcing by his own example the rapid movement of the raki bottle. In about half an hour we were ushered into another room, where he had rigged out a Christian-like table, with clean tablecloth, napkins, plates, spoons, and knives and forks. He had also provided chairs for our accommodation, and we all sat down to dinner in European fashion and with considerable state and dignity, the party consisting of the Bey, M. Garabet and his brother, and our three selves. The rice pilaff was excellent, so were the dolmas; the stewed mutton was good, and the whole repast abundant and first-rate for this country. They make a good light Burgundy-tasted wine at Billijik, and our host had not only provided an abundance of the best sort, but was determined to show us how to drink it. After dinner we returned to the salon where we were regaled with tchibouques, narguilès, coffee, more raki, and country music. The musicians were two Armenians of the town, one of them being considered as possessed of a wonderful natural genius for fiddling and *fuddling*, and having the most hatchet-face I ever saw on man's shoulders. John thought that, under happier auspices, he might have made a Paganini: he certainly did some extraordinary tricks on one string. M. Garabet's brother had travelled a little in France, and had found himself in Marseilles at the time of the revolution of 1830: he was a quiet, innocent, thoroughly

good-natured man; but he was all *pour la liberté*, as they understand it in France, and believed that peoples must always be in the *right* and could never make *wrong* revolutions. We little thought that night up at Billijik to have another firing of the train at Paris so soon. Our travelled friend sang us the "Peuple Français, Peuple de Braves," which is, I believe, considered and called the "Marseillaise" of the Three Glorious Days. Our Tchelebee met this in front, or rather hit it in the rear with the "British Grenadier," of which nobody understood a word except ourselves; and then our Bey sang a Turkish ballad, of Chevy Chase dimensions, and in such superfine Turkish that nobody present could understand a whole line of it. It seemed, however, to denote the singer's prevailing taste, for the words "Hissar" and "Dere-Bey" came in rather frequently.

Raït, like other Osmanlees, regretted that he knew no European language, and that the books in his own tongue were so few and scanty. His wish and main object were to save money enough to enable him to travel in Europe and reside for some time in the principal cities, where he might acquire a knowledge of languages and books. He said that the *ennui* of life in a country town of Asia Minor, without books, without the companionship of educated men who could think and feel with him, was at times almost too heavy to be borne. He gave me a curious pipe and a still more curious dagger, and seemed really grieved to part with us.

Billijik contains about 1340 houses, of which about 1000 are Turkish, 300 Armenian, and 40 Catholic-Armenian. The Armenian families were so large, and

those of the Turks so small, that the Christians appeared to be as numerous as the Mussulmans. The most enterprising, prosperous, and civilized portion of the community was certainly the Catholic. There were no Greeks in the town, but Greeks abounded in the immediate neighbourhood, and were said to bring the best cocoons to the Billijik silk-market. Several of the villages at the northern end of the Kara-derè, and among the mountains to the west, are wholly Greek. Many of the houses of the town were four stories high, but they were built of wood, and in a tottering, half-ruined condition. The Turks could not repair their abodes through poverty, and the Rayahs were afraid of repairing theirs lest they should be set down as rich. Only a few of the Catholics had put their houses in decent order; and I believe that some of these enjoyed French protection. In several of the narrow streets the houses, which usually project over the first-floor, lopped over so much that it was almost a trial of the nerves to walk under them.

Our host had a small farm at a short distance, where he was cultivating the broad-leaved mulberry-tree and the English potato from stock procured at Hadji Haivat, and was growing a few excellent vegetables. His potatoes were superb. The Turks did not like them at first, but they were now growing ravenously fond of them. He and Sandalji-Oglou (who had married one of his sisters) were trying to introduce the cultivation of madder-roots, and of the yellow berry. The latter they had grown with great success, and were hoping to make it an article of exportation. The small madder-root grows wild in many parts of the country, parti-

cularly in low damp places. All the Armenians complained of the dreadful state of the roads, which rendered the transport of goods so slow and expensive, and they confirmed the reports we had heard elsewhere—that the roads and bridges were in a worse state than formerly, because, before the reformed system of levying taxes, the townships raised money on their own people and repaired the bridges, and now and then smoothened the roads which lay within their several districts; but now the government took the money and never repaired a road or a bridge. They cited examples of streams that were bridged six or seven years ago, but that were now impassable for weeks together in the wet season, and never to be passed except by wading through the water.

Both host and hostess strongly pressed us to stay a few days longer; but, by daybreak on Friday the 22nd of October, we got out our horses to pursue our journey to Nicæa. On reaching the khan, hitherto so dull, we found it all in a bustle. The Constantinople post had arrived in the night, and brought news of some rise, or some prospect of a rise, in the price of silk for the English market. The Armenians were filling their purses and money-bags, and mounting their horses to go buy. They had all been singing "Up in the morning early"—they had been up ever since the arrival of the courier. And now they were off, some for Keuplu, some for Sueut, some for Yeni-Ghieul, some for Yeni-shehr—every man of them to some place where silk was made or stored. As we were told, some two millions of Turkish piastres were going with them over mountains and moors, and through wild forests and rocky defiles. I believe that the news the Con-

stantinople courier had brought was false news, for at the moment England was going through one of her periodical money crises; but at the moment it flattered my national vanity to think that an electric touch, parting from London, the mighty heart of commerce, should be thus felt in a few days at a place like Billijik.

M. Garabet would see to the storing of our saddle-bags; and it was 7 A.M. before we took leave of him. At 8.15 we rode through a small tumble-down village called Pellideuze. At 10 we had a small village on either side of us, but at some distance from our road or track. Behind the village on our left there were said to be some slight remains of antiquity. Our path sloped up and down a desolate uncultivated country, very heathy and odorous. Except a few camel-drivers we saw no other human being on the road; and all in vain did we look across a beautiful and naturally luxuriant country, for any sign of cultivation, until, at 2.30 P.M. we came down from some heights upon a sparkling mill-stream and a small overshot Turkish mill, where we saw two Osmanlees wearing white turbans, and were overtaken by a strange-visaged Turk, mounted on a very ugly but rather clever pony, and leading, by a knotted piece of rope, a very pretty and gentle Angora greyhound. Having forded the mill-stream, we presently came to a considerable river, running rather rapidly N. by E., and called Ghieuk Sou, or "Heaven Water." This river was spanned by a stone bridge of three arches, the side ones being narrow and low, and the central one broad and high: it was an old Turkish bridge of the true old Turkish pattern; the paving was loosened and rough, the parapet low, and in

part knocked away: we ascended to the point above the keystone of the central arch as if we were going to heaven, and then descended as if we were going somewhere else. At a gunshot beyond this bridge, near to the left bank of the Heaven Water, were a guard and coffee-house, a farm-house in ruins, and two or three hovels. We dismounted at the cafè to make a dinner out of the contents of our saddle-bags. The Turk on the pony stayed with us, telling us that he was going to Nicæa and would be our guide across the mountains. We tried his patience in waiting, for after our refection at the cafè I sat down on the bank of the Ghieuk Sou, in the shade of some tall trees, and sketched the old bridge and made some inquiries of the people. The hamlet is called Keupri-Hissar, or "Bridge Castle." The bridge is there clearly enough, but of the castle we could see no sign. John thought that the river must be the Sangarius; I believe it is the Gallus, one of the feeders of that important stream. At this spot it is a rapid romantic river, with a few of those beautiful Oriental weeping-willows on its right bank. The verdure all round was of spring; there were magnificent pastures without flocks or herds upon them, and a few tilled fields not larger than garden-plots. The cafèjee was in the cold fit of an intermittent fever.

At 3.30 P.M. we remounted, to the great satisfaction of our Turk on the pony. He was unarmed, and evidently wanted the protection of our guns and pistols; but the rogue was too proud to say so, and he gave us to understand that he had waited merely for the pleasure of our company, and for the satisfaction of showing us the shortest and best way across the mountains.

Very soon after leaving Keupri-Hissar we began ascending steep, bare rocks, and then the wooded sides of lofty mountains, which seemed thrown about haphazard without chains, or links, or system. An immense number of Cornel-trees, bearing the then ripe and beautifully coloured berries, were about midway on these heights, tempting Halil and the other Mussulman to pluck and eat very frequently. Passing these and still ascending, we came, at 4.45 P.M., to a deep, rugged, winding path which ran into a dark pine-forest. Here Halil looked to the priming of his pistols, and our Tchelebee dropped a few swan-shot into his double barrels, for the place had—and had recently well merited—a bad name.* Emerging from it, on the top of a green hillock to our right, and just over our heads, with their bodies relieving against the blue sky, we saw two tall, grim-looking fellows armed to the teeth. But they were honest Yerooks armed only for their own protection; and presently we heard their watch-dogs and saw some of their cattle. Through an opening of the trees we caught the first glimpse of the lake of Nicæa and of some of the bold mountains which frame it. A few hundred yards farther on we had a more ample view—a glorious, sunset view! The smooth lake was like lustrous pearl; the mountains were in part steeped in a golden vapour, and in part were dyed in a deeper blue than ever indigo produced—in a colour full of body without opacity, but light, transparent, ætherial. These mountains were loftiest on our left, or at the western side of the lake, and some of their highest

* An Ionian Greek (a British protected subject) had been robbed and murdered here at the beginning of the summer.

peaks had the volcanic shape and character. There was not a boat or a skiff to be seen on the vast and tranquil bosom of the waters; no villages were visible on the banks or above them; but midway up the mountains two or three wreaths of white smoke rose above the trees, speaking of human habitation and the evening repast. Crossing one more rugged ridge, covered with ilex, juniper, dwarf cypress, Daphne laurel, Azalia pontica, laurestina, myrtle, and other strongly but sweetly scented shrubs, we saw several tracks diverging in front of us. We looked for our Turkish friend; but he was gone. We had got through the dangerous pass, and after seeing the Yerooks, in the vicinity of whose camps robberies are not known, he had no doubt discarded his last apprehension; and, while we had been halting to enjoy the magnificent prospect, he had gone off on his clever pony, even without bidding Halil farewell; and we never saw him, or his pony, or his Angora greyhound again. Choosing for ourselves, we took one of the tracks, and soon plunged, as it were headlong, into a deep, narrow, winding, truly fearful chasm—I think the worst I ever threaded. We were shut in between rocks and masses of tufo; the only road-maker had been the wintry torrent. When two-thirds of the way down, an opening of rocks and trees allowed us to see, still far beneath us, in a perfectly flat plain, at the southern end of the lake, the Lower Empire towers and battlements and the Turkish domes and minarets of Nicæa glittering in the last rays of the setting sun. Though deep beneath us, they looked as if we might have thrown our hats down upon them. Before we got free of our mountains and gullies the sun had set and

the very brief twilight was gone; but happily the moon, nearly at her full, rose over a broad black hill, and lighted us across the plain, which we did not reach until 6.15 P.M. That plain—far broader than we had anticipated—was flat, deserted, silent, and sad. Not a sound came from the forlorn town, the immense walls and towers of which lay before us in the broad moonlight; as we advanced, we heard the shrill cry and yell of a pack of jackals prowling by the border of the lake, and as we drew still nearer to those ghostly walls and towers, we heard plenty of owls hooting and screeching, and some of the ill-omened race flitted right across our path, making their very worst music. These *cucuvajas* are far more dolorous than our English screech-owls. They were here innumerable; they made the night hideous. They did not seem to reprove us for molesting their "ancient solitary reign," but to scoff at us for coming without cause to that abode of misery, disease, and death. They continued their screams, the big owls their hooting, and the jackals their yelling; and with these sounds ringing in our ears we, at 7 P.M., entered the open, unguarded, south-western gate of the ancient and once renowned city of Nĭcæa.

No human being was visible; an old owl, speaking from an ivied tower, did not say "Welcome," but "Fools, what want you here?" We passed under a second stone gateway, and by the ruins of a third—the three being close together, the one within the other. But where we looked for houses and streets, we found only trees, and fields, and common, and heaps of ruins, and low fragments of ancient walls. To my eyes nothing,

absolutely nothing, of the inhabited part of the town was visible from that low vapoury flat; and the better eyes of my companions could see nothing but two or three white minarets, which appeared to be retreating before us. It had been my fortune to live much among the sad remains of ancient greatness, and to be familiar with scenes of desolation; but I never saw a desolateness like this, or felt it so much. It fell upon the heart like cold lead. We rode by two deserted and ruinous hamams and some tall Turkish gravestones, and at last, at about 7.20, we found ourselves in something like a street, with a mosque and an inclosed cemetery (with tall trees growing at the corners), on one hand, and three or four houses or hovels on the other. But we did not know our way to the tcharshy, to the khan, or coffee-house; and there was nobody abroad to tell us. The very dogs appeared to have fled the place—those Lemures of the Turks were voiceless. Going on or round about, at hazard, we came to another ruined bath, of which a family of Tchinganei, or gipsies, had taken possession. At the arched doorway there was a swart little boy sitting in the moonshine and nursing an infant. Our voices brought out a tall, very dark, grim woman—grim and black enough to put out our only light, the light of the moon. Though themselves enough to scare a regiment of horse in that dim, ghostly place, the Tchinganei were evidently much afraid of us. The infant screamed; the boy would not go with us to show us our way: he and his dam were not to be moved or tempted even by the magical word "backshish." We groped our road by ourselves, and entered some deep slush at the end of a silent street, the scent of which

told our Tchelebee that we were getting near the market-place; now too some of the Lemures began to howl; and in a very few minutes we got right into the heart of the tcharshy, where two or three miserable shops and the principal Turkish coffee-house were yet open. The cafè had a khan attached to it; and here, in a filthy puddle, we dismounted. Before the khanjee led us to our apartment, we peeped into the coffee-house. Raised platforms of wood ran along two sides of the room, and on these two or three travellers were sleeping; at the upper end of the room there was a crackling and smoking pine-fire, burning on an elevated hearth, so raised, for the greater convenience of the cafèjee; and in the midst of the room there was a pan of burning charcoal, round which were seated about a dozen turbaned Turks, the notabilities of the place, some smoking vigorously to dispel the baleful damp of night, and others not having strength enough left to smoke, and all being sallow, thin, haggard, and silent. Such was the Nicæan Council we saw assembled in the coffee-house, which was lighted by the flames on the hearth and by two cresset-lamps.

The poor khanjee was as yellow as gold and as thin as a ghost; he was in the hot fit of malaria fever, and could scarcely crawl or hold up his head; his servant or slave was as yellow as himself, but instead of burning he was freezing, having the cold fit on him. Hot or cold, burning fever, or freezing, shaking ague—these were the principal varieties in the physical condition of the people in this horrible swamp. Our Tchelebee bought and lighted some Turkish tallow candles, the khanjee procured us a pilaff and some yaourt; but the

candles had not been lighted five minutes, ere bugs came out by detachments and regiments from the crevices of the wall and ceiling, and from the rotten wood floor. In a few minutes they were everywhere, in front, on the two flanks, in the rear, above us, and below us! They began crawling up the low stool on which our pilaff was smoking. We rushed out of the place. The khanjee was very sorry, but he had no better room. The cafèjee took us in and gave up to us his own chamber—a mere closet some twelve feet long by six broad—in which he positively assured us we should find very few bugs and no fleas to speak of. We finished our meal, put our saddles and saddle-bags under our heads, and stretched ourselves on a matting which covered the hard boards. Being fatigued, we slept; but a long sleep was not to be looked for in that den; the air was oppressively close, the stench insupportable; the fleas came upon us like nimble tirailleurs—and then the slow, measured march of the heavy infantry, the bugs.

Nothing was left for it but to make another bolt. We went out into the cafè, and there waited till the cafèjee lighted his fire and boiled his great copper pot, and the very early-rising Turks began to drop in. It was like a congregating of ghosts who had all died last night of the jaundice. In the first grey light of the morning they looked more awful than they had done over night when sitting in council round the charcoal tripod. These poor people still take every man with a hat on for an hekim; and we had contributed to this belief by giving some pills and quinine to the khanjee and his man. They begged we would give them some-

thing to "cut" their fever, and we made a new distribution from our very stinted medicine-chest. The cafèjee, who had had the rare good fortune to escape, and who was active, very good-natured, and obliging, told us that the heat of summer had been greater and longer than usual, that the fever had been terrible this year, and that a good many men, women, and children had died "swollen"—that is to say, of dropsy, in which repeated attacks of the malaria disease are apt to terminate.

We were out among the ruins some time before the sun showed himself over the eastward mountains. A thick white fog lay upon the level ground and all the plain, rising to the height of three or four feet; the ground was wet and cold, and in some parts splashy from the overflowing of little streams which were running to waste and mischief; in the uncultivated parts —and three-fourths of the area inclosed by the city walls were in this predicament—the vegetation was uncommonly rank and strong; in spaces between the outer and inner walls wild fennel was growing ten or twelve feet high, and was so thick and strong in the stalk that we could scarcely force our way through it. Hares abounded: at every twenty yards we started one or two. The large red squirrels of the country were uncommonly numerous, and apparently very busy; but instead of running up and down the trunks of trees, or being nestled among the branches, they were perched upon the tops of grey old towers, or scudding along the battlements or the rough edges of ruined walls.

We were attracted by the appearance of a green mound, rising from the dead level within the city walls,

like an islet from the sea, and being at the distance of a good rifle-shot from the outer walls on that side, and the margin of the lake. By leaping over a deep ditch, and by fighting our way through a most slovenly plantation of mulberries, the dwarf trees of which had not shed a leaf, we reached the mound. It was partly natural, and partly artificial: compact masses of rock obtruded from the alluvial flat; soil had formed over these rocks, and more earth had been piled upon this, until a flattened cone was made, of no great dimensions, but some feet higher than the artificial mound at Aizani; and here, as there, there was a substructure of magnificent stone arches, that had once supported some beautiful Greek temple, which, being thus raised, would show itself over the line of battlements to those who came up the lake, and would be visible from every part of the level city. The arches were much more choked up than those under the Temple at Aizani, but they were of the same material, the same Hellenic workmanship, and no doubt of the same period, and like them they seemed built for eternity. Of the Temple nothing was left except some minute fragments on the sides of the mound and in the mulberry gardens below; but there was chiselling on some of these tiny fragments which announced the classical period.

Except the gates by which we had entered last night and the subterranean arches of this mound, the ruins of Nicæa consisted solely of walls and towers, and scattered fragments, unintelligible, mean, and of no account. The walls were long and massy and crenelated; the towers frequent and lofty (though far from being so close together as those at Kutayah), some of

them were round, some square, and some barrel-shaped, projecting in the middle. Though rent by war and by tempest they were more entire than I had expected. Here were towers grey and bare; there, towers covered all over with ivy or with wild vines. The long face of these fortifications towards the lake was still bold and menacing, and to the highest degree romantic and picturesque. All the walls were of prodigious thickness, not made up of rubble-work, but solidly built of stone and brick, the brickwork being admirable. In other parts, where additions or repairs had been made, the work was not so good, and of rubble there was plenty. There were three lines of walls—wall within wall, and two broad *fosses* between. The face towards the lake was, for the most part, only a few yards from the broad waters, and only a few feet above their present level. This head of the lake was shingly, the stones and pebbles being rounded as if by the waves of the sea; and, here and there, there was a low-lying ridge of tufo-looking rock.

Along this line, under the old walls and lonely towers, and between them and the margin of the lake, we saw the track and trail of innumerable otters. Our guide and only companion—a Greek who was getting into years, and who had already gotten into a deplorably low state of spirits—told us that these animals swarmed here, and that it was considered excellent sport to hunt and shoot them by moonlight. Gentleman John and Halil were highly excited, for otters' skins always fetch a good price in the Brusa market; they and Ibrahim and their sporting friends had utterly destroyed all the otters of the Lake of Dudakli, and John had had no sport of

the kind for some years. There was something more attractive to us than the skins of the poor beasts—the broad lake, the stately, lonely ruins, and the bright moonlight. We arranged with the Greek for a shooting party towards midnight, and he engaged to be with us with his son and one or two Turks.

As we quitted the brink of the Lake to make the circuit of the walls, the sun shone forth with a sudden and overpowering heat; the mists dissipated themselves like steam, rendering the air quite clammy.

In the walls and towers there was a curious intermixture of ancient Greek, Roman, and Lower Empire materials and workmanship; beautifully quarried and squared blocks of stone of great size, matchless Roman bricks, rubble, badly shaped and baked bricks, shafts, or portions of fluted classical columns, worked in longitudinally, blocks of white marble with ancient Greek inscriptions turned upside down or set sideways, massy bases of columns, and Doric and Corinthian capitals, strips of beautiful friezes, all mixed and jumbled together, to make up a circuit of fortifications which never kept out a brave assailant. That loathsome people, the Greeks of the Lower Empire (who in the end had their revenge on the conquering Turks, by inoculating them with their own worst vices), had evidently worked up in these extensive fortifications nearly all the beautiful materials of the smaller but classical city. *They* never quarried such stones or cut such marbles as are found in some of the towers, in the vaults on the mound, and by the south gate. Wild scamony was almost as frequent as the gigantic wild fennel. In some places near the walls and towers, and within them, the grass was

rich and luxuriant. Our Greek told us that the pasture *within the town walls* was excellent. Strange praise! In one angle of the walls we saw two Turks lazily ploughing; in another void space a boy was digging in search of wild madder roots, and as he dug he was constantly coming upon the basements of ancient edifices. Taking out my pocket-compass to ascertain some bearings, the Greek asked whether the quivering needle did not point, when it settled, to the spots where the treasures lay hidden. Our laughter did not dispel his belief that we were in search of concealed gold, and were in possession of the magical art. We climbed up the ruins of a sadly battered tower, called "The Maiden's Tower," and said to have been the one at which the Latin Crusaders forced their way in, after that siege which cost the Greeks so dearly. The big red squirrels were here so numerous that I almost fancied they might have disputed our passage. Here were other fragments speaking out plainly that the barbarians of the Middle Ages had taken and broken up the beauty of antiquity to make their strength. We had now been more than three hours among the ruins, but were yet far from having completed the circuit. "To go all round the walls," said our Greek, "takes a man from morning till evening on a summer's day." This was hyperbolical; but the range is very extensive, with many sinuosities, and ins and outs, so that to perambulate the whole on foot must be a serious matter when the weather is so hot as it was to-day—towards the end of October.

We should have continued our researches, but while sitting at "The Maiden's Tower" I was seized with a

bad headache and a pain that extended from the nape of the neck down the spine, and made me think of my own malaria fevers of former times. We had come out too early in the morning: my feet were wet and cold when the sun began to scorch us, and that morning vapour is not to be breathed with impunity by men with fasting stomachs. We gave up the rest of our *giro*, and beat a hasty retreat to the coffee-house.

The spectacle which presented itself there was not particularly well suited to cheer one's spirits or to chase away the dark-coming shadows of that demon who had twice had me in his clutches. Added to our early patients there were now others waiting for our return, and for pills and sulphate of quinine. Every mother's son of them had, or had recently, suffered a vile intermittent. A sad lot! We gave away our medicines until we had no more to give. They were very thankful, and Gentleman John, in an energetic and luminous discourse, worked upon their imaginations and won their faith to two facts very dissimilar in character—1, that the sulphate of quinine was specific; 2, that I, though a Bey, was a very great Hekim. There was one poor fellow, in about the saddest case of all of them, and with the unmistakeable signs of dropsy, who would take neither pills nor powders. He would none of our physic! He had consulted a wandering dervish, who had been at Mecca and was saintly-mad; that holy man had given him a charm for five piastres, and if the charm of the dervish could not cut his fever, nothing else could! He was sure of that! If the charm did not cure him, it would be his kismet to die! I chafed my temples with some raki, took a dram internally,

and, having had hardly any sleep, lay down for half an hour on one of the wooden platforms of the cafinet. As I rose with the same pains, I thought it advisable to continue my retreat and quit Nicæa. It grieved me to disappoint my party of the moonlight sport between the walls and the lake, and—to confess the truth, as an honest man—I felt, like Tony Lumpkin, that it is a hard thing to disappoint oneself. But there was little more to be seen in the ruins or to be learned from the people, and to be seized and detained here by a serious sickness would be rather fearful.

We ordered a good feed for the poor horses, and walked about the wretched modern town, which is shrivelled up in a N.E. corner, not occupying anything like a twentieth part of the area of the old city. It contained about eighty Turkish and seventy Greek houses or hovels, all *delabrés*, rotting and falling to pieces.* At a very recent date the place had been larger, as was shown by ruins of modern houses; and at one period, since the Turkish conquest, the town must have been very considerable, as was denoted by the extensive ruins of good stone khans, public baths, and mosques. The Osmanlees had let all things go to entire ruin except one bath and two mosques. There had also been many marble fountains and subterraneous aqueducts; but with the exception of one fountain near the coffee-house (and that had been sadly maltreated) they were all abandoned, broken, or stopped up. In several spots we saw good traces of the stone-embanked

* A century ago Pococke found 300 houses in Nicæa, of which not more than 20 were Greek. In the year 1800 Colonel Leake found the neighbouring plain, now so neglected and desolate, richly cultivated and cheerful.

canals by which the ancient Greeks had carried off the superfluous water which is now left to stagnate round the old walls and even within them, and to poison that beautiful, genial, balmy atmosphere.

The drainage of the whole plain, which has a gentle declination from the surrounding mountains (which send down the waters) to the head of the lake, would be a most easy and simple operation. Having other courses in the rear of these nearest mountains, no great quantity of water is thrown into the plain, which is traversed only by one considerable stream. The lake at the lower end communicates with the sea by means of the river I have mentioned (the Ascanius) as falling into the Gulf of Moudania near Ghemlik. Having this outlet, the spacious lake is not liable to sudden increment or destructive overflowings: it carries off all the drainage of the surrounding country, and the river might easily be made to convey a vast deal more water into the sea than now reaches it. By clearing the mouth of this river a little, a wealthy Armenian named Hadji Hohannes had reclaimed a considerable number of acres of most excellent land at that end of the lake. We were told at Ghemlik that a competent Englishman had examined this outlet, and had reported that, by canalizing the short river, here and there, a water communication, most useful for the conveyance of produce, might be established between the lake, the gulf of Moudania, the Sea of Marmora, and Constantinople. But of what use these reports? For ten years the Porte has been receiving them, and in many cases employing, at great cost, Europeans of different nations to draw them up. But where has there

been a beginning made to the operations recommended by the reports?

The length of the lake is usually set down at fifteen miles, and the mean breadth at eight miles. It seemed to me to be larger. It is a truly magnificent sheet of water. It abounds with fish, but the people know not how to take them. During our stay we did not see so much as a skiff floating upon it; yet there are a good many villages scattered along the shores or on the hill sides close above the shore. We were told that there were some boats, but I suspect they were nothing but hollowed trees, or mere rafts made of a few planks, tied and not nailed together. Though otherwise tolerably well supplied with eatables, the tcharshy had not a fish to sell. It seemed all in vain to talk about the immense advantages they might derive by getting a few boats and nets and other good implements, and fishing the lake: the Turks said that they were tillers of the soil and not men of the water; the more intelligent Greeks said that it would excite the jealousy of the Turks if they attempted to do what they would not do themselves; that a heavy *salianè* would be laid upon their boats and nets, that the Aghà would put such prices as he chose upon the fish they caught, and that they would find in the end they were none the better for their new industry. Arguments such as these, and bearing upon other enterprises, were in the mouths of all the Greeks with whom we conversed in Asia Minor or in the European provinces; and the conviction was deeply seated in their hearts, precluding nearly all energy and enterprise, and throwing the cold waters of despair over every improvement projected or proposed to them.

Standing on one of the high roads or tracks from Scutari to the interior of Asia Minor, Nicæa is a resting-place for a good many Turkish travellers; and this accounts for the market being comparatively well supplied. This morning several parties were going and coming. One party was that of an Aghà, who was travelling with his son, a green-turbaned boy some ten years old, a starch, sallow-faced, white-turbaned Mollah or Kadi, and about a dozen servants, all mounted on wretched hacks. The Aghà grunted a return to our salutations; his son looked insolently and disdainfully at us; the man of the law and the Koran averted his eyes as if from some unclean and disgusting objects, and from some of the party I heard mutterings and words which were not at all complimentary to our mothers and sisters.

Here, as everywhere else, the coins that were brought to us for sale were barbarous worthless things of the Lower Empire. The country appears to have been literally swept clean of its gems of ancient art. As my headache was distressing, we did not visit the large ancient sarcophagus which lies in a corner by the eastern walls, and which has on it a short inscription in small characters which are said to be wholly unknown to the learned, and to have excited some interest among the philologists of Germany. I regret this omission. If I had accurately copied it, or taken an impression from it, my learned and most ingenious old friend, Edwin Norris, of the Foreign Office and Asiatic Society, who found out the mystery of the Cabul rock inscription after the scholars of Europe had given it up, would have found out this also, if the characters

had been those of any ancient language, mixed or simple, and not, as I was inclined to surmise from the description given to me, the mere scrawling of some illiterate barbarian who did not know how to shape any letters or symbols. Some such scrawls, with small caricature figures, we saw scratched on the exterior of the temple at Aizani.

We mounted at 1.30 P.M. for Yeni-Shehr. Lord Cowley and some of the gentlemen of the embassy had been at Nicæa a week or two before us, and had encamped for a night on the border of the Lake; but we did not know, until we returned to Constantinople, that they had all carried back intermittent fever with them. At the date of our visit it was usually considered that the place was tolerably safe, but the heavy autumnal rains had delayed their advent, and the heat was great and altogether extraordinary.

A little beyond the ruined gates by which we had entered by moonlight, we passed an encampment or hutting of Tchinganei, or gipsies. Thieves all! We crossed the same mountains we toiled over yesterday evening, but by a far better road. Indeed this route from Nicæa to Yeni-Shehr might easily, and at little expense, be made very good. At 3.15 we halted at a guard-and-coffee house romantically situated among the hills, with a fine view of the lake beneath. But my headache continued, and to me the lake had a heavy, slaty, leaden look; and the mountains on the N.E. side of it seemed lumpy and bare. Yet on that side, near the water's edge, there were some villages, and the cultivation was said to be good. Soon after leaving this dervent we came to easy, shelving hills, and

to some pleasant, green corn-fields, the sowing being already eight or nine inches above the ground. We left three thriving Greek villages on our right, up the hills.* At 4.30 we got down to the fine broad plain of Yeni-Shehr, and saw that town before us, looking quite near. But it was 6 o'clock before we reached it and dismounted at the filthy khan. The Aghà—the antiquarian friend whom we had met in the house of the governor of Yeni-Ghieul—had some Turkish guests with him, and I felt too unwell to join the party. I could scarcely hold my head up, and was anxious to be back in the farm-house at Hadji-Haivat. Our Tchelebee, who had friends everywhere, found one in this khan of Yeni-Shehr, who lent me a good soft mattress and an additional coverlet. There were neither bugs nor fleas in the place. I took a dose of raki mixed with hot water, got well covered up, went soundly to sleep, perspired copiously, and awoke at an early hour the next morning free from pain and almost well.

It was Sunday the 24th of October. Yeni-Shehr (New City) is believed to occupy the site of one of the many ancient Cæsareas, which in Ptolemy's order of places is put between Nicæa and Brusa; but nothing remains of the ancient city. It appeared to be about the size of Yeni-Ghieul. We got into the saddle at 7 A.M., splashed through the filth of the town, and came out upon the open, sweet plain. A magnificent expanse of the finest of corn-lands was before us and all

* Mr. D. Sandison, our consul at Busa, and Miss S—, who made a tour a few weeks after us, found a curious cave on the side of one of these hills. It was cut out of a rock, and had within it a little basso-relievo. A figure of a goat was almost perfect. The place had probably been some rustic temple of Pan.

round us. By far the greater portion of this was untouched, yet we saw here and there some signs of advancing cultivation. There was scarcely a tree on the plain, and although there are said to be a good many villages in it or on the hill sides round about it, we saw only two or three small ones at a distance. At about 8.35 A.M. we drew rein at a little village on the road, and were met and welcomed by Bahram Aghà, a Turkish farmer who lived here, and held and cultivated a great quantity of corn-land in the neighbourhood. He was a well-mannered, very intelligent, and hospitable Osmanlee. He wished us to remain with him for a day or two, and was sorry that we could not do so. He regaled us with a good breakfast. He had a quick eye to agricultural improvement; and, in admitting that the country-people were oppressed, he complained that they were *by nature indolent and averse to any change in their old routine habits.* By means of his friend John he had furnished himself with a good English plough, and was then trying to get some made after that model. He said that scratching the earth was not enough in this plain, and that the Turkish plough could do nothing but scratch. He was much interested by our account of Dr. Davis's light South Carolina plough, and his methods of cultivating cotton. He said that a great deal of the plain of Yeni-Shehr was well suited to the growth of cotton; and he was very eager to obtain one or two of the doctor's ploughs and some of his American cotton-seed and fine white maize: I thought that it would be easy to gratify both these wishes, and that I should be rendering a service not only to this good Turk, but also to his neighbours,

who all looked up to him as to a superior intelligence. Months after our return to Constantinople I sent a little of the cotton-seed and maize to Brusa; but Dr. Davis could send no ploughs *because none had been made!* Everything about this Bahram Aghà was clean and orderly, and wore a prosperous look. His buffaloes, his oxen, and sheep were very fine. He had turned his attention to the proper modes of shearing and cleaning the wool. Here too was a man the Sultan ought to honour. With proper encouragement he might soon change the aspect of this part of the country. At 9.30 A.M. we remounted. As we advanced to the westward the magnificent plain narrowed, and we soon had steep, stony ridges on our right, sprinkled with underwood and sweet-scented myrtle. These ridges were all alive with the red-legged partridge. The plain here, towards its western end, is very fine. Part of it looks as if it had at some period or other been a lake. In two quite modern French maps we had with us there was a thumping lake set down here, and called *Lac de Yeni Shehr*. There is no lake at all.* The plain grew narrower still. A little after 11 A.M. we quitted it and entered a winding mountain-pass full of beauty. Issuing from this short pass we came to pleasant vineyards, and a strip of country in part rather neatly cultivated, and in part beautifully wooded. At the sight of the vineyards and a mulberry plantation Halil said with great glee that it was easy to perceive we were approaching his dear plain of Brusa. At noon we entered the

* A ghieul, or lake, has however an existence in tradition; a Mussulman Hercules had marvellously drained it long ago: so said the Turks. Colonel Leake, in his ingenious 'Essay of a Map of Asia-Minor, Ancient and Modern,' places a lake close to Yeni-Shehr, where none now exists, and conjectures that it may have been the *Smyrdiane* of the Greeks.

healthy, elevated, charmingly situated Turkish village of Ghimbos (Charcoal), and dismounted at the guard-and-coffee house, to rest our horses, smoke pipe, and gossip with the villagers.

The place was far more thriving than any Turkish village we had seen on all this journey. The houses, it is true, were little better than hovels, but the people were pretty well dressed, were clean, and looked cheerful. The women were drying their *tarkhanà* in the sloping piazza of the village. We were to horse again at 1 P.M. On issuing from the village we met an old Turk—another of John's countless friends—from the plain of Brusa, riding on a donkey: he was in much haste and in evident perturbation—he was hunting after a he-slave who had bolted last night. If the Nubian went and enlisted for a soldier, the old Hadji would hunt in vain. The Sultan's uniform releases the slave from his master; yet there are few slaves who will voluntarily enter the army. We descended that abominable, rough, paved road, or steep winding causeway, which leads down to the plain of Brusa, by the morasses which have been previously mentioned. At 2 P.M. we had sight of the little lake of Dudakli, lying far beneath us, and of the village and Ibrahim's farm beyond the lake. And now the rich Brusa plain, with its grand flanking mountains opened gloriously before us. Ever since yesterday evening, when we began to descend into the plain of Yeni-Shehr, the lofty ridges of Olympus, towering over the other mountains, and well powdered with snow, had been in sight; but now we almost hugged their flanks, leaving Sousourluk on our right! Riding to the left of the old fortress, and between it and the foot of Olympus, we went through the

village of Kestel, where a bright, rapid stream and a mill, and a very picturesque mosque gave beauty to an otherwise ordinary place. As the sun declined, the views became more and more beautiful. A little beyond Kestel the scenery was absolutely enchanting! Sparkling, dashing, flashing waters — intensely blue mountain—grey smoke curling up from the mountain-villages—trees, green, yellow, red, and some, as the cypresses, almost black—whole forests of chesnut-trees of Vandyke brown—arubas drawn by white oxen, and caravans of camels going slowly through these woods—young mulberry plantations now betraying their first autumnal tinting—noble oaks, and still more majestic platani showing the sear and yellow leaf, and tall poplars that dropped their foliage with every cool breeze which reached them from Olympus! The fallen leaves made sylvan music, rustling, and cracking under our horses' feet, and being very thick in the sweet chestnut-woods: there was a tinkling of bells as the goats were driven in from the mountains; and a soft lowing of cattle. At 5.30, in the dusk of the evening, we turned the corner by the lone cemetery and ruined khan of Hadji Haivat, and in three minutes dismounted at the gate of the renowned chiftlik, where all, Christians or Turks, bipeds or quadrupeds, were right glad to see us.

The news which greeted us was that the terrible financial crisis was not yet over in England, that the cholera was bad at Constantinople, that Sir Stratford Canning had not arrived there, and that nobody now knew when he might be expected. If we could have obtained this last intelligence at Kutayah, or even at Billijik, we would have prolonged our tour.

CHAPTER XII.

Hadji-Haivat — Agriculture of the Plain of Brusa — No hay — Sad consequences of this want — Bad Oil — Oil-mills a Government Monopoly — Vin d'Olympe — Silk — Villages on Mount Olympus — Ibrahim's Farm at Dudakli — The Sick Stork — Our Sleeping Apartment, and how we lived at the Farm — Ibrahim's Domestic Economy — Immense quantity of Game — Lake of Dudakli abounding with Fish — Draining Project — Every Improvement discouraged by Government — Dreadful State of the Roads — Ibrahim's Wife — Ibrahim's Devotions — Arrival of Wild Swans — Sousourluk and our Greek Host there — More Oppression — A Rough Ride — Back to Hadji-Haivat — Squirrels — An Hyæna — A Murdered Arab — The Ruined Khan — Taxes, and more Oppression.

THE day after our return to Hadji-Haivat, the weather being very warm down here in the Brusa plain, I had a shivering fit; but it went off, and a few small doses of quinine set me up. The quails were all gone, but better game abounded. Our larder was quite full of hares and partridges. We lived upon game, most rarely touching butcher's meat, all the time we were at the farm. The woodcocks delayed their coming, the weather being so warm; but the tchelebee said they would be dropping in with the first rough weather.

I renewed my study of the rural economy of the plain. The farmers, whether Turks, Greeks, or Armenians, have no notion of a proper rotation of crops. One method is to sow a field one year with Indian corn, or with melons, gourds, etc., if the field can be watered, or lies in low damp ground; and if the

ground is dry and cannot easily be watered, they sow lentils and sesame: next year they sow the field with winter wheat; the third year they sow it with rye or oats; and the fourth they leave it fallow. But this is only in the best grounds and with the best farmers. In the country above the plain they get a crop of wheat off a field and then leave it fallow for a year or two, saying that they have so much ground they need not over-fatigue it. No manure is known or used except the droppings of sheep and cattle. The abundant wood-ashes are all thrown away. There are heaps, mounds, *mountains* of the most valuable manure in the outskirts of Brusa, the accumulation—for centuries—of the refuse of the city. Some of these mounds, at the eastern edge of the town, towards Hadji-Haivat, look like tumuli. A Frenchman chose to bury the great Hannibal under one of them, and a stupendous heap of manure passes in the country, to this day, by the name of the "Tomb of Hannibal." The rank vegetation, the gigantic thistles and brushwood that grow upon them, show what healthy vigour they would impart if properly mixed with other soil. They would be a large fortune in England. Here they were never touched by the agriculturist; and other heaps, in process of formation, were growing up around them. Gentleman John had nibbled once or twice, but I believe this gave offence to the Turks; and although the distance from his farm was not more than four English miles, the difficulty of transport was great. The ploughs and other implements are, as I have already intimated, of the most primitive description. Every man cuts down a tree and makes his own plough out of it. These ploughs

are usually put together without having so much iron in them as is contained in a tenpenny nail. In some of the soils scratching might be enough, but the short, superficial, wooden share does not cut up the weeds, and a rank vegetation smothers the young corn. Harrows, rollers, and scarifiers are unknown. Instead of rollers they use an uncouth, badly-made, clumsy machine, somewhat resembling the old *traineaux* of Flanders. A hoe or a rake we never saw. Spade-husbandry seemed to be unknown. They had hardly any spades to dig with; those we saw had very long, straight handles—mere sticks, with a cross-bar a-top: in most instances the blades were of hard wood, edged with a little iron. I never saw such deplorable attempts at hedging and ditching; but without tools what could they do? They drive the plough through the spaces left between their rows of mulberries in a slow and very awkward manner. Here Dr. Davis's light but deep-cutting plough would have been of the greatest use. The American cotton might be cultivated to great advantage in many parts of the plain, the soil and climate being far more suitable than at San Stefano.

Although splendid crops of hay might be had, but very little hay is made; and that little, before it is ripened, is used for horses after their return from grass, in June and July, and is not kept for winter stock. Nor have they any proper substitute for hay. Clover, the flower of which is large and of a beautiful Turkey-red colour, grows everywhere in a wild state, but is never cultivated. Artificial grasses are unknown all over the empire. The Swedish turnip, the common turnip, and mangold-wurzel would thrive wonderfully in

many parts of the plain: our host grew Swedes weighing 5 okes a-piece, and mangold-würzel weighing from 9 to 10 okes the root; but their culture is unknown among the farmers and people of the country. Hence, when the winter is at all severe, and snow lies for any length of time on the ground, the oxen grow thin, and the sheep perish for want of food. The cattle are kept half alive upon chopped straw. In 1832–3 the winter was very severe: the Brusa butchers having many sheep on hand, and seeing them perish daily, anticipated utter ruin to themselves, and petitioned the governor (then a Mutzellim and not a Pasha) to do something for them—something to save them all from bankruptcy. The Mutzellim gave orders that these sheep should be distributed among the inhabitants of the town; and a certain number were accordingly sent to every mahallè (or parish), to every decent khan, and to every mosque; and from these *chefs lieux* they were re-distributed in detail to the several houses, etc. The distribution was regulated according to each man's estimated means. Some had as many as nine, some had only one; but every man was obliged to pay cost price (about thirty piastres) for every sheep allotted to him, although all these sheep were diseased—were nothing but skin and bone—were in a state of absolute starvation. Most killed their sheep off-hand and gave the carrion meat to the poor. Some few kept theirs alive on bran and cabbage-leaves until the spring. And in this way the Esnaff, or Corporation of butchers, was saved from ruin. Precisely the same case occurred in another year; but, even in ordinary years, the sheep, from the middle or end of December, become

very poor—mutton is then very scarce and very bad —and there is no eatable beef to supply its place. In many parts of the plain, particularly at the roots of Olympus, potatoes might be grown splendidly. There was a ready demand for them in the Brusa market and for the market of Constantinople. The Greeks of Sousourluk were now growing a good many, and would be growing more if the farmers of the revenue and other tax-gatherers had not fallen upon them. They could not carry their potatoes to Moudania or Ghemlik for exportation to the capital without paying *three* tolls or duties. With a few potatoes, mixed with a cabbage or two, these frugal villagers would make a dinner for the whole family. The root had not shown any tendency to turn watery and sweet; but, this year, the mysterious potato disease had partially visited this new potato region.

The inhabitants of the little villages on the lower declivities of Mount Olympus derive some profit from their chesnut-woods. Leaving them in their outward husks and piling them on the ground, and covering them with branches and leaves, the fruit will keep some months out in the woods. A great deal more of this fruit would be sent to Constantinople if there were but carriageable roads; they can only convey it on horses, and as chesnuts are heavy, and the country tracks in a fearful state during the season the fruit is in demand, it is hard work to get a few horse-loads down to the coast. Owing to this, and to tolls and *octrois*, chesnuts are ten times dearer at Constantinople than they are at Brusa, which ought to be only a day's journey off. In the villages on this side of Olympus they can scarcely be

said to have a price. Whenever any were wanted at Hadji-Haivat we went into the nearest wood and took them. Here would be admirable fattening food for swine, and good stocks of winter pork might be procured equal in flavour to the chesnut-fed pork of the South of Spain. But the meat is forbidden to the faithful; and the Turks, though they readily enough shoot wild boars and sell them to the Christians, do not like to see the Greeks and Armenians keep pigs. Except in two or three small villages, where the Greeks were living entirely by themselves, we never saw a domestic pig either in the Pashalic of Brusa or in the European Pashalik of Adrianople.* A portion of the chesnuts of Olympus fattened the wild swine and made their flesh most savoury, but a far larger portion rotted on the ground where it fell.

The difference in the price of produce between one place and another is quite astounding, until one thinks of the state of the roads. Up at Kutayah corn was selling at a little more than half the price it was fetching at Brusa. So difficult is conveyance, that the produce and good things of one district are scarcely known in the neighbouring district. At Brusa, and in the plain, they had, at this season, plenty of milk, but hardly ever any sea-fish: at Moudania, only eighteen miles off, they had abundance of fish and no milk.

The great object of cultivation on the north side of

* A Greek of Selyvria procured a boar-pig and two or three females, keeping them as close as he could; and finding that the Greeks and Armenians of the place were ready customers for pig's meat, he attended to the increase of his stock; and he was beginning to drive a pretty trade, when the *Salianè* collectors put such a tax upon his sties, that he cut all his pigs' throats and gave up that industry!

the plain is the mulberry-tree; on the south side the mulberry is rather plentifully mixed with the olive and the vine, the vine being *at times* well cultivated, and the olive *never*. It was not until some time after this that we found out the reason of the oil of the country being so very bad. The grinding government grinds the olives. All the olives must be sent to public mills, in order that profits may be made, and the *Ushur* easily collected: this is farmed out, and the oil Farmer-General was now said to be Achmet-Fethi-Pasha, Grand Master of the Artillery, and a brother-in-law to Sultan Abdul Medjid, whose oil-offices were, of course, filled by Armenians. The price of oil in Brusa is fixed by the Pasha. Twenty years ago excellent oil might be procured in many parts of the country; we could find none now. The vines, though cut back, are not cut sufficiently, and they are left to grow far too old and far too close together. Little care is taken in planting slips and renewing. The people go for quantity, and have not a right notion of the means of obtaining it. To quality they attend but little. At Naples they count more than fifty varieties of grapes. Here we saw scarcely more than five varieties, and in common consumption only *three*, although we were told that there were about a dozen varieties. The absurd regulations and interference of government as to price, discourage any attempt at amelioration. The wine made on the slopes of Olympus, and of the Katerlee mountains on the opposite side of the plain, is made in a slovenly manner. The Brusa wine is white, acrid, and heady. It may be made very good, and it has been made excellent, now and then, by a private individual

for his own family use. My dear old friend, Constantine Zohrab, made every year a small quantity, which was admirable, and was improved by keeping; but between the periods of his death and my return to Turkey the last bottle had been drunk. The firm of Messrs. Falkeisen, who had the great silk filature, and who speculated in all things (monopolizing not a few, with the evident connivance of the Pasha), speculated also in wine. Apparently they put their trust in a high sounding name, and the shape and quality of their bottles: they called the wine "*vin d'Olympe*," and they bottled it in long-necked Rhine bottles. At one time their wine department was managed by a Swiss, who was said to have had good practice both in France and Germany; but this poor Swiss became hypochondriac at Brusa, and one evening, cutting his throat first, he threw himself down a precipice of Mount Olympus. The Falkeisen wine that we drank was certainly the worst of all the white wines in use here. It was vile manufactured stuff, injurious to nerves and stomach. At Demirdesh they made a wine that was usually sweet and worthless; but some of it was as good as Burgundy; and on the slopes behind Demirdesh, on the acclivities under Philladar, and in twenty other places, there are sunny *côtes*, and the most suitable soils, which ought to produce wines fully equal to those of the famed *Côte d'Or*, or *Côte Roti*. The grand staple of Brusa is silk, and the vast extent of the mulberry-gardens gives a high notion of the quantity produced. Where water is easily attainable they irrigate these plantations; but whether irrigated or not they are beautifully green from the beginning of April

until the end of October, and it is the delightful verdure of these plantations which forms one of the principal charms of the plain of Brusa. No farm is considered a farm here that has no mulberry-garden. The people of the country engraft many of their mulberry-trees with a finer, broad-leaved sort (*Jalè*), which came originally from the sea-coast, as the name denotes.

On the 29th of October, at night, it was rather cool, and snow fell upon Olympus.

On the following morning, at 9 A.M., we set out for Ibrahim's farm at Dudakli. Heavy rain must have fallen somewhere, for a broad torrent, with an enormous rocky or stony bed, called Delhi-Irmak, or the "Mad Stream," one of several between us and the village of Sousourluk, was running at a furious rate, and plainly showing what a very mad fellow he must be when full of drink. Though the snow of Olympus dazzled my eyes, it was oppressively sultry in the plain. At 2 P.M., we reached Dudakli, and found that our sulphate of quinine had done wonders for Ibrahim, who was running about and as cheerful as ever. It was far otherwise with the poor, sick, deserted stork that we saw here at our first visit: he had not been seen for many days: poor fellow! if he had not been eaten up by the jackals he must have crept into some hole in the rocks and have there died. In the farm we had good and comfortable entertainment. The invisible Mrs. Ibrahim made a good pilaff, and our Tchelebee roasted some of our partridges. The room in which we slept was the best in the house, and scrupulously clean. Not a flea was there: but the roof and the walls of the apartment were hung all over with beautiful quinces

and pomegranates, which were tied up with strings or lodged on narrow shelves. They will thus keep all through the winter and spring. At a very early hour on the following morning Gentleman John, M. Louis, his brother-in-law, Ibrahim, and Charles, went to look after the partridges, and were out nearly the whole of the day. I remained at home in the Dudakli farm to look after my notes and make a sketch or two. The second Mrs. Ibrahim was still, of course, invisible; but her son, the handsome young Mahmoud, remained with me, and Halil came up from his private residence in the village of Idir. The unseen Mrs. Ibrahim, who had that excellent quality in woman, a soft, sweet voice, was receiving company this morning, in a room separated from that in which I was sitting and writing by a narrow corridor, and neither her door nor mine was closed, the weather being still so warm. All the ladies of Dudakli came to see her, and they sipped coffee and talked and laughed, their laughter having a very English sound. Some of the matrons came and took a peep at me and my proceedings, without crossing the threshold of the room, but one old dame and two little black-eyed damsels came frankly into the room, and spoke very prettily, and turned over my books with much curiosity. Later in the day there came an old Yerook, mounted on a handsome grey mare, and very well attired. The reader will remember that the villagers at Dudakli are half Yerook themselves. They maintain a good deal of intercourse with the migratory tribes, and this, I believe, besides being mutually beneficial in the way of a little trade or barter, tends to keep up the bold, independent spirit of this village.

The patriarch was rather sorry that his friend Ibrahim was not at home. Of course he neither approached the harem nor made any inquiry after the health of Mrs. Ibrahim: he came and sat down by me, took coffee, smoked a tchibouque, behaved very much like a gentleman, and then took his departure for his camp, which had been pitched for a few days on some green hills not far off. Halil held his stirrup while he mounted the grey mare, and I think young Mahmoud kissed the hem of his garment.

There were many things in the domestic economy of this Turkish farm-house which interested me exceedingly; but they would be difficult to describe, and perhaps wearisome in a description. All was simple and primitive, but not disorderly. There were few stores or commodities, but such things as existed were tolerably abundant, and no painful stint was exhibited. A neighbour wanted some flour, for he had neglected to go in time to the mill at Narlè-derè-keui to get some of his own corn ground: he was told to go into a store-room and take what he wanted. Lying out of the way, more than two miles from the high road, in a corner, and at the very head of the plain, Dudakli was not on the way to any places except the two small Yerook villages over the lake, and it was, therefore, very little frequented by passengers. But to-day three way-faring Turks, evidently very poor men, stopped to rest themselves for an hour at the farm, and, immediately on their arrival, bread, country cheese, some pomegranates, and a fine water-melon, were placed before them; and before they took their departure our invisible, but not inactive, hostess, sent out from the harem a tiny cup of coffee for each.

Ibrahim had a tolerably good stock of corn and maize, and barley of his own growing. A small provision of rice had been purchased at Brusa. He was well furnished with cheese. Three or four cows furnished an abundance of milk; and nearly every day they made with some of the milk refreshing *yaourt*, or sweet, delicious *caimac*. The pair of buffaloes which he had for his tillage were splendid animals compared with those we usually saw in the country. A small flock of geese were grazing on the village-green, towards the river-side, with the geese of the rest of the villagers. I think there were no ducks. I know that there were no barn-door fowls, or any poultry of that sort. Dudakli stood too near to the wild mountain, the lake, the river, the fens, and morasses, which were all too swarming with destructive vermin to allow of the profitable rearing of poultry. The stoats were large, voracious, cunning, and very nimble; so were the wild-cats and the polecats: no walls could keep them out; and the walls of the farm-yards and houses of Dudakli—as all over the plain—were composed merely of wooden beams, joists, uprights, and transverse pieces of timber, having the interstices filled up with caked earth, or with bricks only dried in the sun. Geese are not altogether such silly birds as they are called. Halil, a good authority, said that the geese of Dudakli were not to be caught napping; that they knew how to defend themselves with their beaks, and that when a dangerous enemy got among them they always made noise enough to rouse the whole village. There was no meat in the farm-house. I believe there was not a butcher's shop among all the villages of the plain, and that it was only

on very rare and most festive occasions that the villagers, whether Turks, Greeks, or Armenians, ever ate meat. None had been tasted in this house since the Bairam, when Ibrahim, as a good Mussulman, and in duty bound, killed a sheep without spot or blemish, and feasted some friends who were too poor to offer up the required sacrifice themselves. As our host was a good sportsman, hares and partridges were not wanting, and would not be wanting any time through the season. When the larder required a supply, Ibrahim took his gun and got it. Such also was the economy at Hadji Haivat; and Gentleman John would ask us whether we wanted hares, partridges, snipes, and (a little later) woodcocks, or pheasants, just as in England a cook or housekeeper asks whether it is to be beef, veal, or mutton, and he would go out with his little dog Diana and his double barrels, and be as sure to bring back the birds desiderated as the cook would be to bring back the meat from a market or well-stocked butcher's shop. Notwithstanding the abundance of the game, and its no cost (it cost only powder and shot), Ibrahim and his household did not eat much of it. Occasionally he sold a good deal among the Franks in Brusa. He might have sold much more; but the Pasha's people, who were very unfair sportsmen, who proceeded to work on the unmanly *battue* system, and who had committed such havoc among the pheasants that those birds were becoming rather scarce in the plain, had, with the connivance and support of the chief of the police, Khodjà Arab, established something very like a monopoly of the sale of game.

The Lake of Dudakli and the river which ran from

it might have contributed very materially to the subsistence of the village and its neighbours. The lake might be regarded as a great preserve, or *piscarium*. There are fish in it of a prodigious size; the waters were teeming with monster carp, pike, and *glanis*, the last named affording a light, digestible, delicate food of admirable flavour, whether fresh or salted.* Yesterday evening, as we were standing by the lake, I saw a fellow blowing above water, that looked as big as a porpoise. He was too distant to allow of observation, but I think he must have been a patriarchal carp. There were also tench, and a sort of chub; and trout, perch, and roach were in the river. The peasants have no rods or lines, no hooks, no nets, no wicker snares. When they kill a big fish it is by shooting him (as he comes to the surface) with a musket or fowling-piece; but, now and then, they throw from the shore a rude spear or harpoon. The only boat on the lake was a bit of hollowed pine-tree, belonging to Ibrahim, and, I believe, fashioned and scooped out by him and his brother Halil. It would carry one person, and—having no keel—would upset at the slightest irregular movement.

Bold Ibrahim was very full of the project of draining. Three or four Turks of the village and one or two of Narlè-derè-keui—all men of some little substance—were ready to join him in the necessary labours. By

* The *glanis* is something between a fish and an eel. I do not remember to have seen it anywhere except in Asia Minor. We frequently handled some that were caught and sold by the Cossack colony settled in this Pashalik, on the Lake of Magnass, to the S.W. of the Brusa plain, which weighed from 30 to 40 lbs.; and we were told of others of much greater size.

enlarging the mouth of the river and deepening its bed, and cutting a few trenches, the lake might not only be kept to a level, but that level might be brought lower than it now was (before the heavy rains had set in), and many acres of fertile soil would be recovered; the unhealthy marshes in front of the village would be dried, and many more acres of good land secured for tillage or pasturage. They would set to work with vigour; but they wanted these conditions—that the fish they caught in the lake should be theirs, without tax or duty to government, and that one half of the land they reclaimed should be theirs also. But these conditions could not be granted or made secure except by an imperial firman; and these poor people had not access to any of the great men, or money enough to bribe them. Three months after this visit to Dudakli I spoke of the subject to two or three men at Constantinople who had the power to grant the request, but who did nothing and cared nothing about it. One of them told me that there was plenty of land without draining lakes. But the malaria which was bringing every year those terrible intermittent fevers, and tending to depopulate the thinly-peopled country? He said there would be fevers in some places, and that as there was plenty of room, the people had better remove from them! In this way all enterprise is strangled. The poor people are but too much disposed by nature or by habit to put up with things as they find them, and to regard their liver-consuming, intermittent fevers as part of their *kismet*, and bogs and swamps as dispensations of Providence. It was rare to find an enterprising villager like Ibrahim!

At Dudakli, as in the other villages, the people were

quite sensible of the terrible effects produced by the horrible roads, and were willing to pay regular toll for better ones. Turk, or Greek, or Armenian, we never knew the man who would not have contributed to the making and keeping up of roads. The villagers of the plain had repeatedly offered to turn out to a man and make the roads themselves, if the Pasha would only furnish some of the necessary materials and send them somebody competent to direct their labours. Two or three years ago the Porte had sent over a great Effendi from Constantinople to see what ought to be done. The Effendi, who was said to know little more about road-making than Mahomet knew of railways, travelled from Moudania to Brusa, and then, after a good long rest, travelled ten or twelve miles farther, to the detestable stone causeway which leads from the end of the plain towards Ghimbos; rode back to Brusa, drew up a long report, hastened back to the capital, pocketed some 30,000 piastres, and thought no more of the roads —or, if he thought of them, the government did not. The mission had filled a grandiloquent paragraph in the Constantinople papers; and that was enough. Since the Effendi's short tour the roads had been going *di mal in peggio*.

Our bold host, though so free of fanaticism and fond of Christian Franks, was yet thoroughly a Mussulman, and, as times went, a devout one. I cannot answer to his saying his prayers *five* times a day as enjoined by the Koran, but we never saw him miss his evening prayer. At the proper time he went out to the east end of his corridor or wooden gallery, knelt down, bent his forehead to the floor, stood up, with his face towards

Mecca, and performed all that was enjoined, with every appearance of abstraction and heartfelt devotion. I had the more confidence in him for this. Halil, who was much younger than his brother, had been born or brought up in "reform" or "new-school" times. I never saw him at his prayers; he certainly said none all the days that he was travelling with us. Nor, in the course of all that tour, did we thrice see a Turk at his devotions. I did not expect this change; I could not imagine that the indifference of the capital had reached so far, or that old Mussulmans and peasants could have renounced the religious habits of their early life. It was certainly far different twenty years ago. Then I never made a day's journey in Asia Minor without seeing Mussulmans at their devotions, by the road side, or on the lonely hill top. John said that the Yerooks were now about the only people he knew that were punctual in this respect. Ibrahim would drink neither wine nor raki. There were not many Turks in the plain of Brusa that much scrupled to drink either, though generally they preferred the strong spirit. If they did not drink raki often, it was because they could not afford it. Once that they began, they generally drank to excess.

About noon, on the 2nd of November, after some heavy rain, we mounted to return to Hadji-Haivat. The little river was running with a full and rapid stream from the lake down the plain to the broad bed of the Lufar. Numerous streamlets, which cut our path, had become broad, deep streams. We dashed through them with the water to our saddle-girths, and then went splashing, and splashed, across the plain, through water,

mud, and mire, getting a foretaste of the pleasures of this beautiful plain in the wet season. Just as we reached the lower end of the stone causeway two phalanges of wild swans passed, wildly screaming, high over our heads. Winter was coming at last. This army was retreating from European to Asiatic Turkey, from cold Thrace to genial Bithynia. When we first saw them they were so very high in the air that they looked like two shreds of clouds sailing on a wind: when they stooped and were nearer they did not look larger than larks, but the noise they sent down from that elevation was almost deafening. They stooped still lower, and their screams became louder. Each phalanx must have been from five to six hundred strong. Each was formed in the shape of a wedge, as the old Turkish cavalry used to be when charging. At the head of each phalanx, and always some hundred yards in advance of it, was a commanding officer or *éclaireur*, who now and then called a halt, and then flew forward alone to examine the ground. Once or twice the éclaireur fell back to the sharp point of the wedge, when silence ensued. As they drew close to the Dudakli lake, they broke their array, changing their wedge formation into an irregular square, and sending down a good many scouts to the water and the bulrushes. Our tchelebee, who had studied their habits year after year, said that they would quarter at Dudakli this afternoon and night, and to-morrow would cross the mountains to the great Lake of Nicæa, the surface of which is often seen almost covered with these majestic white birds, and wild geese, and other water-fowl. In the winter of 1827-8, we used rather frequently to cook and eat the wild swan at

Smyrna. It was indeed a "sublime goose," a magnificent bird in a dish, and when kept for a few days, and dressed with a little science, it was excellent food. They were very plentiful in the market during the cold weather. Below the causeway the rain again set in. Streaming and splashed all over, we rode into the mud and filth of Sousourluk, and dismounted at the house of a Greek. There was stabling below, and a staggering staircase which led from the courtyard and stable-door to the apartments above. Getting out of the wet, and going up stairs first, I found, in a large room, eight children, heaps of raw cotton, Indian corn, and onions, and a little woman putting on a pair of clean shalvars or breeches. The last was the mistress of the house, who was hastening to make herself smart for the reception of such distinguished company. We all looked like scavengers. In an instant a good fire was kindled with sticks and the dried husks of the Indian-corn, and other hospitable preparations were begun.

Our Hadji was one of the most industrious of these industrious and intelligent villagers, and about the most prosperous Greek in Sousourluk. But his house was falling about his ears. To our recommendation to put it in order, he returned the answer for which by this time I was fully prepared, "If I spend money on my house," said the Hadji, "the ushurjees, and the salianè collectors, and all the unfair tax-gatherers, and all our own rogues of tchorbajees who are in league with them, will say I am growing rich, and will squeeze me accordingly. No! No! the house may stand as it is! The tiles are tolerably tight; you see it does not rain in here." "But," said our tchelebee, "your house

will not stand long if something is not done to it;" and making a pair of compasses with his astonishingly long legs, and swaying his body from right to left, and from left to right, he made the wooden baraque creak and shake in a way that was quite alarming. "Well," said our host, "I must put up some props; you see I have some trees in the yard. I will buy a few nails in Brusa, and do the job myself. *I must not let them think that I am getting rich!*"

Some poorer Greeks of the village were now quite desperate. They proposed abandoning their fields, going to Hadji-Haivat and there cultivating, on the division-of-produce principle (but in his own name), some of John's land, for our tchelebee paid the fair taxes and dues and nothing more, and the farmers of the revenue were afraid of him and his connexions.

Having refreshed ourselves and dried our clothes by the fire, we got into our wet saddles. We were soon as wet as before, for the rain recommenced, and the torrents and streams were all much swollen. A number of little gullies, which we had frequently crossed and re-crossed without noticing them, were now filled over the brim, and bringing down volumes of water from the near flank of Olympus. The Delhi Torrent was now very wild and very mad indeed! It was bringing down rocks and great stones as well as water. At 5 P.M. we passed the Turkish cemetery, turned the corner of the ghostly khan, and dismounted at John's chiftlik, where a roaring fire of the chesnut, and fir, and tough oak of Olympus, and a pilaff, and roasted partridges, comforted and restored us.

On the following morning it rained very hard and

blew great guns. The snow was thickening on Olympus, and descending lower down towards the plain. In the afternoon the rain held up and the sun shone forth warm, bright, and glorious, as if there never had been, and never could be, any clouds. We walked out to the beautiful chesnut-wood hard by. The trees were now completely bare; the broad, sere leaves lay on the ground—in some places the winds had whirled them into heaps four feet high. The squirrels, who had made the woods so populous and merry, had nearly all betaken themselves to their snug holes and winter-quarters; the few we saw, sitting on the topmost boughs, drying their wet jackets in the sun, looked very inert and melancholy. They are three or four times the size of our common English squirrel; but they are miserably provided with the codal adornment, their tails being short, scanty, not at all bushy, and mere apologies for squirrel-tails. The poor villagers turn their flesh into *kibabs*, and say it is not bad meat. Charles shot one in the wood as we were returning from Kutayah. It was as big as a three months' rabbit. When dead it had the most innocent, silliest face: I grieved that he had been killed. The number of these creatures here, and all along the wooded slopes of Olympus, for more than thirty miles, is altogether prodigious. Every chesnut wood was alive with them. By shooting or snaring them in October, and salting them or pickling them, or drying them (as the American use), the hungry villagers might lay in good stocks of animal food for the winter. John had frequently killed them, cooked them, and eaten them, and pronounced their flesh to be right good.

That admirable sportsman, M. Louis, who had ridden over to Demirdesh to get us some of the Burgundy of that village, had met an ugly customer. It was a big, grizzly hyæna, taking a solitary stroll across the plain in the dusk of the evening. As Louis and his horse approached, he put his hideous head between his fore-legs, and went off for some brushwood with a nasty snarl. These monsters are seldom seen, but now and then a single one is shot, and it is not very long ago that a troop of them tore a newly-buried Mussulman out of his shallow grave, here, in the cemetery of Hadji-Haivat. The Mussulman was a wandering Arab. One night he went to sleep in the ruined khan, close to the cemetery, and only a few hundred yards from our farm-house. He must have had somebody who did not wish him well, for the next morning his head was found on one side of the khan and his body on another. There were those who said that some devidjees, or camel-drivers, on their way from Brusa to the interior, had stopped at the khan at the dead of night; that as the Arab was a fiery fellow, a quarrel had probably arisen about quarters, and that it was not unlikely that the devidjees had cut off his head. Others said that the Arab had many enemies among those of his own race settled in Brusa, and that it was not improbable that one or two of these had tracked him to the ruins, had fallen upon him in his sleep, and had rudely waked him by cutting at his throat; but nobody could tell how it had been, and as the Arab was an unfriended, miserably poor creature, no stir had ever been made, or pains taken to discover the murderer or murderers. They dug a hole three feet deep, put him in it, and

covered him over. But, according to tchelebee John's neighbours, the Arab would not be quiet even after the hyænas had eaten him, but wandered about the cemetery, the ruined khan, and the houses of Hadji Haivat, like another Saint Denis, with his head under his arm. There was hardly a Turk in the hamlet but had thus seen him, sometimes in the dusk of the evening, and sometimes by moonlight. At either season the sight of the ruined khan was enough to conjure up spectres, and Hadji Haivat itself was the very ghost of a hamlet. The lynx is found on Mount Olympus, but our tchelebee, who had more experience of that mountain and its wild beasts than anybody we knew, said that it was not at all common, scarcely more so than the hyæna. When we first came to the farm large black snakes were very numerous in the plain; but they were innocent creatures, and their strong musky smell, in the open air and at a certain distance, was very pleasant. There are adders whose bite is not to be trifled with.

The 4th of November was a boisterous day. The preceding night had been chilly, and in the morning the snow of Olympus had taken another stride down the mountain, and was much nearer to us. The Greek Aslan—a Greek with a Turkish name—came over from the neighbouring village of Kelessen, where he had a hovel and a bit of land, although he passed the greater part of his time with tchelebee John at Hadji-Haivat. He was very sad, and full of sad stories. The saliane collectors, who had put him down themselves for a tax of 70 piastres, were now demanding 140. It was the same with other villages there. The two tchorbajees, or head-men of the Greeks, who were allies of Khodja

Arab, joined with the collectors, and were threatening to bring tufekjees from Brusa, to punish and beat such as would not pay. This Aslan was a giant in stature and in strength, but he was quite unmanned in relating this injustice and oppression. We had had a good deal of experience of him, and believed him to be, that which he looked, a simple, honest peasant. John mentioned him and another Greek of the same village, and by name Yorvacki, as two of the truest and most industrious men he had met with in the country.

The following day was bright, sunny, and most beautiful; the air quite warm. The snow on Olympus had receded; the lower part had melted, and this had further swollen the torrents, which were making a great noise. At noon we mounted to ride into Brusa and dine with the Consul. Close under the hills the sun was scorching hot. In the Brusa bazaar I saw some of Khodjà Arab's people lugging off two Greeks to the Pasha's prison, after beating them. I asked what it was about, and was answered "*Saliane!*"

CHAPTER XIII.

Journey to the Westward of Brusa — Cemeteries — Fountains in Ruins — Horrible Roads — Ruined Bridges — The Vakoufs of the Mosques seized by Government — The Funds left for the Repair of Roads, Bridges, &c. seized by the Reformers — Decay of Colleges and Mosques — French Levelling and Irreligion — Yerookler — An Albanian Mason — The Albanian Insurrection in 1847 — How the Albanians deal with Tax-gatherers — Dansera — Phistiko village of Chatalàghà — The Phistikos, a Colony from Maina — A Cossack Colony — Lake of Apollonia — The Rhyndacus — The Town of Lubat — Our Consolos Bey — Mr. G. T. Vigne — Greek Superstition — Colony of Circassians — Horse-stealers — Plain of Mohalich — A Tatar Story — Town of Mohalich — Turkish Indolence — Manchester Goods — Decay of the Town — Burying-place of the Albanian Martyrs — Drunkenness — The Bektash — A Perilous Journey — Inundated Country — Bog at Duvà-Hissar — The Pasha of Brusa's Chiftlik — Antonacki's Farm at Balukli — A Philosopher — A Revolt of Bulgarians — Agricultural Improvements — Tombstones of the Panduz-Oglous — Economy of the Farm — The Pastoral Bulgarians great Robbers — Increase of Stock.

ON Saturday, the 6th of November, we left Brusa to explore some of the lower portions of the Pashalik, and visit the memorable promontory or peninsula of Cyzicus. This time we were only three in company—tchelebee John and our two selves. We mounted about noon, as the muezzins from the minarets were calling to prayer (a people who did not appear to pay the slightest attention to the summons). We took the path of the plain, and rode away from the town through a succession of sad cemeteries.

The road on this level, where a little pains might make it beautiful, was in a deplorable condition; and

out of the old Turkish tcheshmehs, or fountains, which stood by its side at short distances, there was scarcely one that had not been broken to pieces and ruined—not above two that any longer furnished the pure cool water of Olympus to the thirsty traveller. In the faces of most of them there were, or there had been, Turkish inscriptions commemorating that this or that good Mussulman, out of reverence to God and affection to his kind, had conducted the waters from the rocks, and had, at his own expense, built the *tcheshmeh*.

We kept on the south side of the plain, and crossed the Lufar river a little below the fire-wood village of Missi. There was a solid stone bridge, built by a charitable Turk some two centuries ago, who, at his death, had bequeathed property to keep the bridge across the river in good repair *in perpetuo*. I know not how many years it is since the Lufar sent down a terrible torrent that washed away one end of the bridge and forged a new branch or channel for itself. For a long time travellers had to ford this new branch (which very often was not fordable at all) before they could get upon the good, strong bridge. Loud reclamations were made. The trustees of the property left for repairs pleaded that they had nothing to do in this matter; that the branch was a *new* river, and that they were only bound to keep the bridge across the Lufar in good repair—which, by the way, neither they nor their predecessors had properly done. The learned Kadis, with their beards in their hands, thought it a puzzling case, and could never come to any decision. At last the people of Brusa, and others who suffered, erected a *wooden* bridge to join the stone one; and we crossed

the Lufar by riding in part over rotting stems of trees and planks, and in part upon uneven, slippery stones. Over the key-stone of the central arch of the "auld brigg," there was a very long inscription on a slab of white marble, relating, as usual, the name and intention of the benefactor, and ending with a quotation from the Koran.

Nearly every bridge, as well as every fountain and every solid stone khan, was built and endowed by private munificence. If a Sultan or Grand Vizier constructed them, it was out of his private treasury. In Oriental countries, in countries of despotism, plague, malaria, civil war, and sudden death, testamentary bequests have but small chance of enduring long, or being applied to the purposes and objects to which they were destined. The trustees of a property would often be beheaded or bow-strung, and then, the Sultan succeeding to the property, a strict inquest was not likely to be made as to the portion of it which was held in trust; the plague would frequently sweep away entire families, when all that had belonged to them went to wreck; in the insurrections and civil wars, and clan wars of the great hereditary Ayans and Derè-Beys, houses, castles, and strong towers fed the flames, and family archives, and wills, and testaments, and accounts, perished with them. But, more generally, the property bequeathed for the maintenance of these works of public utility, was made *vakouf*, that is, it was put under the protection of some great mosque. Where the Ulema were scrupulous, honest men, and attentive to their own business, the property was (for some generations) well administered, and its proceeds fairly

applied. With the notable decay, within the last century, of Mussulman learning and piety, industry and honesty, the trust property declined, and the annual proceeds were appropriated by hungry Mollahs, or wasted upon other objects. Still, I believe, in the great majority of cases, where the property was *vakouf*, some portion of the proceeds was from time to time devoted to the repairs of the bridges, fountains, khans, etc., and none of these things were left to go utterly to ruin. I can speak confidently to the fact that a considerable number of these works, which are destroyed and useless now, were in a tolerably good state of repair no farther back than the year 1828. But the reformers, who are uprooting religion, and a respect for it in every direction, have virtually destroyed the security which the mosque, and the mosque alone, could give to any landed property; they have destroyed the independence of the Turkish Church—if I may so call it; they have laid their greedy hands upon nearly all the *vakoufs* of the empire, and are undertaking to provide, out of the common state treasury, for the subsistence of the Ulema, Mollahs, and college or medresseh students, to keep up the mosques and medressehs, to repair the bridges, khans, &c., and to do, governmentally, that which the administrators of the *vakouf* had done or ought to have done.* Hence, with

* At Bagdad Bishop Southgate says,—"The traces of the ancient glory of this renowned seat of the Caliphs are still indeed visible, but they are the traces of a glory that is past. The proud temples of former days are gone, the far-famed seats of learning have long since been deserted: they are now, for the most part, in ruins, or have entirely passed away. The celebrated medresseh of the Caliph Mostanser still stands at the eastern extremity of the bridge across the Tigris, and a broad inscription upon its

very few exceptions, we see the heads of the mosques and medressehs in abject poverty, the rabble students in rags, the most beautiful of the temples and minarets shamefully neglected and hurrying to decay, the bridges, fountains, and khans in the state I describe. It is notorious that since vakoufs have been administered by government nothing has been done to maintain the works of public utility, and that, with the exception of the stinted, ill-managed repairs in progress in the interior of Santa-Sophia, at Constantinople, hardly any of the money has been spent in keeping up the mosques. The old Turkish aristocracy, turbulent and lawless as it was at times (under the rule of rapacious, luxurious, effeminate, indolent Sultans, the degenerate successors of the Mahomets and Suleimans, the slaves of their own slaves and their own vices, the tools of their women and eunuchs, or of their unwarlike Janizaries), did yet contain, and at all times, noble and improvable elements.

walls still informs the traveller that it was erected in the year 630 of the Hegira, or about the middle of the 13th century of the Christian era. But it is no longer a sanctuary of learning. Its noble array of professors and its throng of students have departed, and the edifice itself is now desecrated to the ignoble use of a custom-house. The great convent of dervishes founded by Abdel-Kadir, though still occupied, has been partly destroyed by an inundation, and probably will never be repaired: this I have upon the testimony of others, for I did not myself visit it.

"The present number of mosques is about fifty, and many of these are in so ruinous a condition that prayer is no longer offered in them. The endowments of such have been seized upon by government, and sacrilegiously appropriated to its own use, while of others it has made itself the administrator, thus having the control of their revenues, and disbursing for their support only so much as it pleases. In some instances it has curtailed several of their endowed offices, and retained the salaries for its own purposes. Such acts, practised by the civil ruler, and endured by the Mussulmans, only serve to show to what degradation the religion has fallen."—*A Tour through Armenia, Persia, and Mesopotamia.* New York, 1840.

All the Derè-Beys were not robbers and cut-throats. Far from it! Some of the districts over which they held sway, and from which they were strong enough to exclude the lawless troops of the government and the money-extortioners of the Pashas, were prosperous regions, were "Happy Valleys." Under their dominion there were roads, bridges, fountains, khans, and stately mosques. Where are they now? Gone, or in ruins passed repair. The destroyers of these reputed destructionists have not had the grace to keep erect the houses of God and the Prophet!

Some of the virtually independent, hereditary chiefs long kept their countries in a flourishing condition. This was particularly the case in that fair part of Asia Minor which lies about Magnesia, Pergamus, Kara-Atch, Cassabà, etc., regions watered by the classical Hermus and Caicus, and appertaining during a long line of hereditary succession to the great, generous-hearted, truly noble family of the Kara-Osman-Oglou. There, agriculture and trade were encouraged; khans or caravanserais—not paltry sheds, or things of lath and plaster, but large, stately, stone edifices—were built for the accommodation of merchants and travellers; fountains along the waysides were erected for the thirsty caravans; plunderers were deterred by severe and certain punishment; and the temptations to plundering were removed by the prevailing and general prosperity of the people; the merchant, whether Mussulman or Rayah, was under the protection of the law and of the powerful chief; no rapacious, fiscal hand was laid upon his bales, and the transit-duties exacted from him were but trifling and fair tolls. The neighbours of this true

old Osmanlee family were the great Paswan Oglous, who, within their own territories, acted in the like manner. Twenty years ago I followed for days the traces of their piety, munificence, and enlightened public spirit. Just a quarter of a century before my first journey—as he told me himself in London—the late Thomas Hope, Esq., the author of 'Anastasius,' had been the honoured guest of the Kara-Osman-Oglous at Magnesia, and had been equally delighted with their hospitality and magnificence, and with the happy and thriving condition of their people. The last remnants of this illustrious family are now languishing in poverty and obscurity, in some dingy, dirty quarter of Constantinople. The democratic reformers seem to be afraid of the effects which might be produced by their presence on the Hermus merely through the magic of their name and the traditions of their former greatness, splendour, justice, and generosity. Of the Paswan Oglous I could learn nothing. A third Asiatic family —that of the Elez-Aghàs—great and good as the former two, had been erased from the book of life. In 1812–13, Colonel Macdonald Kinneir, in his tour through Asia Minor, came to the conclusion that there must be a natural connexion between the strength and independence of the local chiefs and the prosperity of the people; for, wherever he found the chief powerful and contumacious of the central government at Constantinople, he found the people comparatively prosperous. In 1828 I mourned over the destruction of the old landed aristocracy, and the visible effects which had been produced thereby. At that time a few roots were yet left in the soil, from which vigorous shoots

might have sprung; but the French-taught ministers of Abdul Medjid have fallen upon the little that Sultan Mahmoud had spared, and those few roots have been torn up. It has been a capital misfortune of this doomed empire that all the reformers since the commencement of the present century, and the days of the unhappy Sultan Selim, have been indoctrinated and guided by ultra-democratic Frenchmen or by Italians and other foreigners and adventurers of the same Parisian school.

It is not true that Mussulman religion and Turkish law tend inevitably to the low, universal level of democracy. That religion provides for the hereditary descent of property, and the law promises protection to such property. The family in ancient enjoyment of vast estates enjoyed also the consideration and respect of the people. They had no hereditary titles granted by the court, but they had standing spontaneous patents of nobility from the succeeding generations of the people. On their own territories they were barons and princes, and the more ancient their descent and occupation of the soil, the greater was the reverence in which they were held. Their tenure was military, like that of our barons under the feudal system. When the Sultan was engaged in war, they furnished him with troops equipped and maintained at their own expense, and sent some members of the family to command. But they also paid the Sultan his tenths of their produce, and frequently granted him "benevolences." A wise reform would have limited their power without uprooting and destroying them. Turkey in the nineteenth century was not so advanced in civilization as

England was in the fifteenth century when the might of our barons was shattered, and reduced, but not extirpated, by the War of the Roses. The grinding extortions of Henry VII. and the bloody tyranny of Henry VIII. were the immediate fruits of our sudden abasement of the aristocracy, the commons not yet being strong enough to keep and guard their own. In Turkey there was, and there *is*, no strength and consistency in the democratic element. All strength, all power is now in the hands of the Sultan, or rather of the men who by turns govern in his name and dispose of his regular army. As I have said before, there is a low, dead level of equality—an equality of poverty and insignificance.

Beyond the Lufar, Olympus declines, and shelves to the southward, and a new part of the Brusa plain opens to the eye. We crossed a gentle ridge of hills covered with vineyards, cultivated by the people of Tchekgirghè. We rode across some splendid pasture-lands, but could see scarcely any flocks or herds upon them. It was said to be hereabout that the Pasha of Brusa was keeping his fine Syrian cows; but we looked and hunted for them in vain. During a ride of three hours we scarcely met a living soul. We saw a few small villages on either side of us, but far across the plain. Near the end of our ride, we had on our left, at a considerable distance, on a wooded acclivity of Olympus, the Turkish village of Tatàrlee, famous for its wild boars, and endeared to our companion by many sporting recollections. We had loitered on the way; but at 5 P.M. we began to ascend the hill on which stands the village of Yerookler (called by the Greeks Couvouklià), the hill-top being fringed with small cypresses and Turkish

tombstones. A number of Greek boys were dancing merrily round a tree. In a hollow, a little nearer to the houses, Greeks, of maturer years, were squatted on the damp sward, singing lustily out to the cold evening breeze. They were warm with raki. There had been a wedding in the village to-day, and an extra dispensation of drink. There were no Turks to give them trouble. At one time—not long ago—the village was partly Mussulman and partly Greek; but the Mussulmans had entirely disappeared, leaving nothing behind them except their burying-places, with the few rough turbaned stones and the few cypresses on the hill-top. This, in abridgment, is the history of many villages in these parts.

In our journey to the eastward we had lodged and lived almost entirely among Turks; in this tour to the westward we lived almost entirely among Greeks. John having chosen among his friends who should have the honour of lodging us at Couvouklià, we dismounted at a dingy Greek house, which was poor enough and rough enough, but a palace compared with those in the wholly Turkish villages in which we had recently lodged up the country. There were two rooms over the stable, and the house was positively undergoing some repairs. A tall, gaunt, sharp-visaged, keen-eyed old Albanian yapidjee (plasterer and builder) was quartered with the family; and I had some immediate proof of his having commenced operations, for, in the dark, I ran against the wall in the outer room, and felt the wet mud-plaster stick to my hands and coat. The hostess was very busy, stewing fish for the evening meal—large carp, brought up from the Lake of Apollonia. Our old Albanian was

moody and silent. We elevated his spirits by giving him a drop or two from our raki-flask. We asked him whether he was Mussulman or Christian. He replied, "Sometimes the one, sometimes the other, according to circumstances." He told us that the Turks could not build their own houses, rough and poor as they were; that in Europe there were a good many Armenian builders, as well as Albanian, but that all the builders of houses in these parts of Turkey come in troops from Albania, and disperse themselves on the Asiatic shore of the Propontis; that their usual custom was to return to their own country with their gains at the end of every two years; that they generally crossed the Hellespont at the town of the Dardanelles, and then walked home through Thrace and under Mount Athos. On their outward journeys each yapidjee usually managed to buy a poor horse or pony or donkey to carry himself and his few rude tools. Their living in Asia costs them very little, for the Odà-bashis give them lodging and pilaff, or they lodge and eat with the families for whom they are to build or repair. Our fellow-guest had been a long time in the "Turkey Trade:" he told us he had made ten journeys from and to the mountains of Albania, and that this was his eleventh expedition.

We spoke of the insurrection which the Porte had just succeeded in putting down in Albania. "*That*," said our yapidjee, "was all owing to this forced recruiting for the Sultan's army. Free Albanians will not be dressed and drilled like a parcel of monkeys; they love their *fustanellas* and their liberty too much for that! When Ali, the Tebèleen, wanted fighting men, he always got a plenty, for he left them to arm, dress,

and fight, and live, as their fathers had done before them; and he kept his palikari in Albania, and did not send them to rot and die in the low countries, in the swamps of the Danube. And then this barrack life—this living in great prisons, huddled up with men who are not of our clans, who are not of our race—faugh! it is not to be borne by any true Albanian." Another drop of raki, and our communicative builder broke out into song, singing, or rather chanting in slow recitativo, an Albanian war-song, which was all about Ali Pasha and his exploits, and quite as long as 'Chevy Chase.' The master of the house complained of the injustice and violence of his tax-gatherers. The Albanian said that in his district, after they had shot one or two Turkish collectors, they had been left to themselves, and to make up their accounts among themselves. He had left his white kilts or fustanella at home, but here was a minion of Mac Farlane's Lantern, a true Highlander of the "Forty-Five"—a Callumbeg grown older and uglier. Our host and hostess had a daughter that was an affianced bride, and going to be married in a few days; but host, hostess, bride, three younger children of the family, yapidjee, and our three selves, all littered down on the floor of the same room, and slept until daylight in great peace and innocency.

The next morning we were in the saddle at about 7 A.M. At 8 we rode by the skirts of the rather large village of Dansera. Here we expected to find a coffee-house, but did not. Below the village, on the left hand, there was an ancient marble sarcophagus turned into the basin of a fountain. There were excellent corn-lands, and a few Greeks industriously ploughing;

but the cultivation was only in patches, and the road or path was deplorable. It was like riding across ploughed fields in low, damp situations. Here and there a marble fragment spoke of ancient and better times. Beyond these unenclosed fields there was a wretched, paved causeway, leading across hollows (which are inundated in winter) and up a steep hill side. At 9.15 we caught the first view of the Lake of Apollonia. At 10 A.M. we pulled up at a coffee-house belonging to the Pistiko village of Chatalàghà, just in time to escape a heavy shower. The village was on the hill side, above our heads, looking rather prosperous. We had heard a great deal of these Pistikos (*pistoi*), as that they were Greeks from Europe, that the men cultivated their corn-fields in great perfection, and that the women wore no shalvars, or breeches, but only petticoats—a strange and indecent thing in the eyes of the people of the Brusa plain. An old Greek pedlar whom we found in the cafè—a far-travelling man—told us that the Pistikos were first relegated here in the early part of the reign of the unfortunate Sultan Selim, or about the beginning of the present century; that the stock to which they had belonged were Mainotes and robbers all; that their clans had rebelled against the Sultan's government; that some of them had been cut to pieces, and a few carried prisoners to Constantinople; that these prisoners were all to be put to death, as a striking example, in the capital; but that the Sultan's mother obtained their pardon, and sent them to settle near the borders of the Lake of Apollonia, giving to each company of them 200 sheep, on the profits of which they were to live, and to remit annually a certain sum, or so many lambs,

to her treasury. From desperate robbers and cut-throats these Mainotes soon became most tranquil and industrious peasants. They paid, as Christian Rayahs, the kharatch, or poll-tax; they paid the Sultan's tenths, and the salianè, and all other taxes and impositions, and they were besides liable to much extortion and oppression; yet they had contrived to outstrip in prosperity, not only the indolent Turks, but also the Armenians and Greeks of the country. They have now nine large villages of their own. They had built superior houses—they had built several churches—they were now enlarging their villages and building some very comfortable habitations. They kept their Mainote breed quite pure and distinct; they intermarried only among themselves. They held their heads above the Asiatic Greeks, and never associated intimately with them. Our old pedlar also told us some few particulars about the Cossack colony on the Lake of Magnass, whom we intended to visit, and whom he pretended to have visited frequently. According to his account the settlement dated only from the early time of the last Sultan Mahmoud, and the Cossacks did nothing at all but fish; they smoked no tobacco, they drank no wine or raki; and they made the sign of the cross with three fingers, but in a manner quite different from that of the true Greek church; and from the three last-mentioned facts the pedlar was clearly of opinion that they made this life a very dry, dull affair, and were pretty sure to be damned in the life to come.

At 11 A.M. we continued our journey, presently passing under another prosperous Pistiko village, with some well-ploughed fields in front of it. Before noon

the lake opened beautifully upon us, and we were in sight of the town of Apollonia, charmingly and curiously situated, on a curving, gradually rising promontory, which stretches far out into the lake, and looks, even on this side, as if it were an island. A little farther on, we saw on another promontory the village of Kara-Atch (the Black Tree), and beyond it the big, lofty island of the same name. This island is the largest in the Lake of Apollonia, and abounds with wild cattle and wild asses. Descending from the hill sides we came to some open, pleasant green sward, not far from the margin of the lake; and riding across this, we presently came down to the very margin. Wild ducks, cormorants, pelicans, and herons were rather frequent; but it was not yet the height of the season for these water-fowl. "Come here next month," said our companion, "and you will see the Lake of Apollonia like a down bed with the ticking taken off." We passed the ruins of a stately khan; it stood upon a green bank above the margin of the lake, and was most solidly built of stone and admirably burnt bricks; but it had gone to utter decay through neglect.

About an hour after leaving this mournful ruin we reached the classical and historical river Rhyndacus, which flows from the Lake of Apollonia to the Propontis. The river, at this season, was nearly as broad and full as the Thames at Richmond. We crossed it by a shaking, creaking Turkish bridge, built entirely of poles. Half-a-dozen or so of tall poles—being tallest in the middle, for the Turks will never have a bridge without a slope up and a slope down—did the duty of piers on either side; these piers were connected by poles laid

and fixed latitudinally and longitudinally; through the platform of the bridge or the openings between the poles, we saw the deep river gliding rather rapidly beneath us; and here and there a rotten pole or two had been broken short off, and holes were left through which a careless horse or a passenger in the dark might very well slip his leg. As a standing reproach to this Turkish bridge, there were the massy ruins of an ancient stone and brick bridge a little to the left, or nearer to the lake. As the piers are firm, it would be easy to repair the old bridge in masonry and brickwork; it would be still easier—it would be very short work indeed—to lay trees and planks from pier to pier, and make an infinitely safer passage over the river than that which now exists; but the Turks like to do things in their own strange way, and *here* the people were rather proud of the bridge of poles.

As we had been riding along the margin of the lake, after passing the ruined khan, we had had before us the view of the old walls and ruined towers of the city of Lopadion, and a tall modern building rising in the midst and far above them. This Lopadion, which is now called *Lubat*, stands at the end of the bridge, on the left bank of the Rhyndacus, not a quarter of a mile from the point where the river issues from the lake. From the situation, commanding the passage of the river and the line of communication with the Propontis, there was probably a town here at the most remote time of the ancient Greek colonists. The walls and towers which remain are evidently of the Lower Empire, and are believed to have been erected in the early part of the twelfth century, by the Emperor John

Comnenus, who was waging a defensive warfare with the wild Turkish tribes. In the traditions of the country the Genoese are the builders of almost everything that is old, except the mosques and fountains. The people of Lubat say that the Genoese built the walls and towers, among the ruins of which they have erected their own hovels; and it is more than probable that some of those industrious old Italian republicans may have had a hand in the works, which are almost entirely of brick, and which bear a resemblance *in miniature* to the majestic walls and towers of Kutayah. At the west end of the bridge, and close to the cafè, there is a mosque recently built by or for a little colony of refugee Circassians, and over it was a great stork's nest. The tall building which we had seen from afar rose in the rear and far above the lowly wooden mosque; it turned out to be a new Greek church, built of stone, upon the highest ground within the ancient walls—on a sort of mound which appeared to have been raised by the labour of man and to have served in the ancient time for the basis and foundation of some Grecian temple, like the mound at Nicæa. The Mussulmans boast that the stork is partial to them, but the bird had here shown no signs of partiality or preference, for if he had built one nest on the mosque, he had built three on the Christian church also. When honest old Tournefort was here in 1702, there was a caravanserai which afforded him lodging, although it was very dirty and ill-built. There was nothing of the sort now; the very ruins of the caravanserai had disappeared, as had, long since, the last remnant of Osmanlee population.

We rode to the tottering wooden house of a Greek peasant named Sotiri, a chief of the village, and a man otherwise of some consideration. He had lodged all the few Englishmen who had ever been here, and all the Ionian Greeks, our protected subjects, who came up the river now and then to purchase corn or other produce: he acted as a sort of agent to our consul at Brusa, and was always addressed by his and our friend the tchelebee as "Consolos Bey," at which he would laugh, and yet feel proud the while. Among the English guests whom Sotiri remembered with most pleasure was Mr. G. T. Vigne.* This enterprising traveller made Lubat his head-quarters for about a fortnight, being on a pheasant-shooting excursion with John Zohrab, who declares he has never had a more cheerful or better companion, either on the road or in the field, out of doors or indoors. Sotiri pointed to the boards and matting in the best corner of the best room, where he had slept, and promised me the same post of honour and comfort. It took our host some time to recover his composure, for some of his neighbours, the insolent overbearing Circassians, who are far more intolerant in matters of religion than the Turks of the present day, had picked a quarrel with him this morning, and had insulted his faith and threatened to defile the new Greek church, which had cost so much money and was held in the highest reverence by all the Greeks of these parts.

We went to the new church, which, considering all things, was a very respectable looking edifice. Un-

* Author of 'A Personal Narrative of a Visit to Ghuzni, Kabul, and Afghanistan,' 'Travels in Kashmir, Ladak, Tskardo,' &c.

fortunately there was a great crack or rent in one of the four walls, extending from the roof downwards, and foreboding a fall and destruction. The Greek architect, unmindful of ancient examples, had been careless about his foundations, and a terrible settling had taken place; but the Greeks firmly believed that it was all owing to the coming of the Circassians, and that if these quarrelsome infidels could only be driven away, the rent would close up and the wall become solid and firm.

All manner of miraculous cures are said to be performed here.

> "Cœci vident, claudi meant,
> Muti loquuntur, audiunt
> Surdi, levantur languidi."*

In the interior of the church, on the rough, as yet unpaved ground, before the screen of the altar, and just under an infinitude of most paltry pictures of panagias and saints, exposed for the occasion, there lay, stretched upon two mattresses, two Greek children. One was a son of Sotiri, who had fallen from the mare and seriously injured the cap of one of his knees; the other was a little girl in the hottest fit of an intermittent fever. They had been here all day, and here they were to lie all night; a good many tapers, blessed by the priest, had been burned for them already, before the virgins and the saints; other tapers were in process of being lighted; and if this did not cure them, what would? I thought, in the case of the little girl, that some quinine might; but I could not offer it here, for the priest, who was gaining a pretty penny, would have been angry at my taking a patient out of his hands, and

* Vida.

at my impious arrogance in pretending that my white powder could do more than his wax candles and pictures. The next day we left some medicine for the girl. The case of the poor little boy was above our skill; nor do I believe that there was at this moment any hekim in the country with surgical skill enough to set the knee to rights. I recommended Sotiri to send the child by sea to Constantinople, and he said he would do so if he could sell some corn or maize and get in a little ready money. As we returned homeward in the dusk, flights of wild ducks went over our heads on their way from the lake to the hills, whither they invariably repair to pass the night during this season; some old owls spoke to us from the mouldering ivied walls; bats wheeled about noiselessly, and cucuvajas darted across the vacant area of the ancient city, uttering their shrill screams and notes of woe. By this uncertain light the ruined walls and towers grew in size, and looked truly grim and ghostly.

After our pilaff we smoked and talked over the history of the Circassian intruders, who were ruining the poor village, and cruelly tyrannizing over the Greeks, four or five families of whom had abandoned their lands and left Lubat in despair. It appeared that these Circassians, being driven from their native homes by the Russians, or by some of their own clans in alliance with Russia, had thrown themselves on the bounty of their former sovereign the Sultan, who had given them 70,000 piastres, and sent them over to settle in these parts. They had first come to Lubat in the month of August, 1845, and the place had never been quiet since. All round the Lake of Apollonia

there were thousands upon thousands of acres of good corn-land and pasture-land, untilled, unoccupied, whereon they might have settled, and have built themselves up a village of their own. But they preferred taking forcible possession of the gardens, the cultivated lands, and the very houses of the Greeks of this village. The oppressed Christians had made many efforts to get rid of them. Strong representations were presented to the Porte—I believe by Sir Stratford Canning, who is always foremost, and too frequently *alone* in every good work—and the Porte sent orders to the Pasha of Brusa to remove the intruders. But their old Bey or Chief rode to Brusa with a girl who was of age for the white slave-market, and the Pasha did nothing; the girl is now a slave, and probably a concubine, in Mustapha Nouree's harem at Brusa; and the Circassians are here at Lubat and in possession of the property they have robbed from the villagers.

The antipathy between the two races was excessive, irreconcilable. The Circassians were fierce fanatics; the Greeks were very devout, and fanatical too. Lubat was a holy place—a place of pilgrimage. Until these Circassians came, no Mussulmans had dwelt there for generations: the Greeks had been left wholly to themselves and to the freest exercise of their religion and all its numerous ceremonies. This fine new church, dedicated to Agios Stratti Michaelos, or Michael the Archangel, had been built not solely with the money of the men of Lubat, but by the contributions of the Greeks of Mohalich, Khirmastì, Pandermà, Erdek, and a hundred other places. It was the pride and spiritual glory of the whole country; there was no church like

it; and where, in all their well-filled calendar, was there a saint equal to Agios Stratti Michaelos?

People from far and near came annually to the shrine. Amusement and trade mingled with devotion, as in the ancient times, and in the modern: produce was bought or exchanged for other produce, or for manufactured articles, or coffee and sugar brought up by the seaport-dwelling Greeks; itinerant musicians were never wanting, and at the cool evening tide the merry people danced within the old walls without thinking of the many tragical events which had there taken place, or of the great battles which had been fought in ancient days, close by, on the banks of the Rhyndacus. The Mohalichotes, dwelling at so short a distance, came very frequently, and often spent weeks together at Lubat, as in a sort of holy *villeggiatura*. Now they were afraid to come. Last year some of the Circassians seized a young Greek pilgrim, and were hurrying away with her to the mosque, to make a she-Turk of her, in order that they might claim a property in her, and afterwards sell her as a slave. The damsel was rescued by some Christian Bulgarians, and the ravishers were driven into the mosque, and blockaded therein the whole day. Terrible was the riot; but, fortunately, no blood was shed. The Circassians are constantly selling and re-selling their own children; boys as well as girls have been sold for the Constantinople market. They bind up and torture their female children to give them narrow waists, etc. They keep them close within doors in summer time, in order that their complexions be not spoiled by the sun. By the poor Turks of this neighbourhood they are regarded with

strong dislike. The wattle and mud huts they have built are small, but quite as good as the Greek hovels. They make hay and keep it for the winter, which the silly Turks and Greeks do not. They are great adepts in cattle-lifting and horse-stealing. Lately some of them stole Sotiri's mare, and carried her up the country beyond Kutayah; but Sotiri, being a brisk spirited fellow, and having friends among the English, threatened, and bullied, and persevered, and finally got his mare back again.

I went to sleep in Mr. Vigne's snug corner, dreaming about the precious Tanzimaut and the Gul-Khaneh Bill of Rights. The following morning we walked round a good part of the walls of Lubat. They embrace a sort of semicircular space, the cord of the arc on the river side being open, as if the deep, broad stream were defence enough. If there were ever walls along the river face, they have entirely disappeared. The old towers were numerous, but not remarkable for size; as at Kutayah, they were of all manner of shapes—square, round, octangular, five-faced, and triangular.

Narrow as was the area of the old town, the present village occupied only a small part of it. The tottering Greek houses were not more than thirty; the wattle and mud huts of the Circassians were about twenty; but some of the intruders were living in Greek houses, and the number of Circassian families was counted to us at thirty. The turbans and dress of the men were far smarter and better than those of the Osmanlees of the country. Such as we met did not look upon us with friendly eyes. The children came out of their doors as we passed to call us *ghiaours* and *Muscovs*. These

children were fair complexioned, but not at all remarkable for beauty. Two little girls in yellow shalvars were pointed out to us as destined for early sale. I could never feel for these semi-savages, these child-stealers, these traffickers in their own flesh and blood, these Oriental Mahometanized modern-Spartans, whose institutions tend to destroy the "natural touch"—the sweetest and holiest feelings of our nature—any of the sympathy which so many have bestowed upon them. Humanity and civilization would be vast gainers if Circassia were as submissive to Russia as Georgia now is.

At 1 P.M., we rode away from Lubat across a broad, perfectly flat plain, which was sloppy now, and would soon be three or four feet under water. It stretched far away to the south, and reminded me of parts of the great Apulian plain between Foggia and Barletta. It used to be traversed by many of those who came by land from Smyrna to Constantinople. In the hot summer months it is like a tract of Arabian desert.

The Turks tell a good story to show the difference between a summer and a winter journey to Mohalich. Two old Tatars, in a remote part of Asia, stopped one night to refresh at the same Odà. Being, like most travellers, fond of talk, they fell into discourse about their journeys, and the danger they had gone through. "Ah!" said Omer, "did you ever cross the plain of Mohalich? that is the place for water. There you ride with water up to your horse's nose, except now and then when you come to a broad deep river, running like mad, and where, if your horse cannot swim with you, you must drown!"

"Water!" said Ali, who had made his journey in

summer-time, "who ever heard of water in the plain of Mohalich? What bosh are you talking? I have been there, and would have given my turban for a drop of water!" As Omer stoutly maintained the accuracy of his report, and as Ali would not have his experience contradicted, they abused one another like a couple of angry critics, or like author and critic by the ears, and the topographical discussion ended in a pulling of beards.

During part of the spring, when the waters are abated, and during part of the autumn, before they overflow, all the parts of the plain which lie near the Rhyndacus and the other rivers, are covered with fine pasture. Immense crops of hay might be cut, but we did not see a haystack in the whole region. Our path lay nearly parallel with the left bank of the Rhyndacus, and at only a very short distance from it. Some boats under sail were ascending that river from the Sea of Marmora, and we crossed some small streams that were now slowly pacing to the river.

We were now in the ancient Mysia, the Rhyndacus forming the boundary of Bithynia. The—of old—fertile country that gave a name to Ceres, seemed more forlorn and desert than the region we had left. The slopperiness of the country and some weeping clouds recalled the memory of the ancient Mysians, who were famed for a great command of tears, and for the excellence of their performance at funerals. Lying on the reverse side of a hill, Mohalich is scarcely visible until you get to the hill top, when it shows out a good number of lead-covered domes and white minarets, mixed with numerous cypress-trees, and looks a large, as well

as a picturesque, town. We reached the hill-top at 2.15 P.M., and turned aside to see the horrible plague-hospital, where the poor Albanians were huddled in April and May, 1846, and the narrow cemetery where their dead lie buried. We crossed a slough, and entered the town of Mohalich a little before 3. The principal street, leading to the tcharshy, was full of filth, stench, and raki shops.

We took up our quarters at the house of Athanasi, a Greek trader of the place, who acted as a kind of English consular agent. Our host lodged the Englishmen who were sent by Sir Stratford Canning to look after the Albanians, and he and his brother had been very active in assisting those unfortunate people.

The next morning, the 9th of November, we went out rather early, and stopped at the chief coffee-house. A number of Turks were sitting cross-legged, smoking, and saying nothing. I particularly noticed a group of them seated on a broad bench near the large front windows, like bonzes in a pagoda. Four hours later in the day they were sitting there in the same attitude, and in the same dull silence; and when we repassed the cafè towards sunset, there they were, looking as if they had never moved since early morning; and in all probability they had quitted the place only for a short half-hour to take a little food. Except *one*, this indolence is the worst vice of the Turks.

The bazaars had a very poor display of goods, and although it was market-day at Mohalich, there was little doing except in the dram-drinking line. A considerable number of pig-headed, small-eyed Bulgarian shepherds were strolling about in sheep-skin jackets, sheep-skin

breeches, and round caps, and leggings made of the same material. There was also a sprinkling of Albanians, who had come over from Europe by way of the Dardanelles or Gallipoli, to hire themselves out as shepherds and farm-labourers. Cotton goods or hardware, there was little that was English. The cheap goods on sale seemed to be nearly all the commonest French or Swiss, or Austrian, or Bohemian. Some of the dealers said that our English goods were too dear for the market, and that some of our commodities were so deteriorated in quality of late years, to meet the low prices, that they were worse than any that were sent into the country; that they had been accustomed to rely upon English marks and English measures, and that they now found there was no certainty or security in either.

It behoves that great Manchester moralist and political philosopher, Mr. Cobden, to think seriously of these matters. I heard the complaints to which I here allude, not merely at Mohalich, but at Brusa, at Constantinople, at Adrianople, at Smyrna.

The tcharshy was but badly supplied with provisions, and nothing in it seemed to be of good quality. We heard loud lamentations about the decline of the place and a rapid decay of trade—a decay owing to the oppression and impoverishment of the neighbouring villages. The recent demand of wheat and other produce for the markets of England and France had produced a momentary effect, but had not done much good, because agriculture had been discouraged and neglected, and there was but little produce to sell for exportation. Some apprehended that the little which had been exported, or was now being shipped, might

cause a dearth in the country. The population of the town had decreased and was decreasing. "There is nothing on the increase here except the raki-shops," said an old Greek. These dram-shops, indeed, seemed to be everywhere. Like our gin-palaces they most abound in the most poverty-stricken quarters, being at once a consequence and a cause, the sign of misery and the agent of its increase. Most of the Turkish houses were falling to pieces, many were deserted, and spaces on the hill sides which had been covered by buildings not many years ago were now void. The mosques were in a sad, neglected condition.

We walked out of the town and again visited the filthy plague hospital, which was totally abandoned and falling to ruin. In the court-yard we saw the double hand-barrows upon which the poor Albanians had been carried forth from that hell upon earth, and an immense heap of the skulls and bones of oxen and sheep which had been bleached by sun and rain, and which were not now very offensive to the nostril. We entered the room of horrors where John had found the dead children, the maniac woman, and the forlorn Cucu. From this scene of their torment we walked to the cemetery where so many of the Albanians had found rest. It stands on the ridge of a low hill at a very short distance from the plague hospital; it is now surrounded by walls, and has a gateway in front, the top of which rises a few feet above the walls. The square enclosure is about thirty-five feet in length by twenty-eight in breadth; the walls, which are very badly built, are about six feet in height. The Sisters of Charity had put a miserable Turkish lock on the gate, and had carried away the keys with

them to Constantinople. We effected our entrance by escalade, a Greek bringing us a short broken ladder, which was scarcely needed. Small hillocks of earth showed where the victims repose, and rank grass and weeds grew over all. In the very midst of the enclosure there stood a big, squat cross, let into a flat, broad base, all of shining, glaring white marble; and on the horizontal face of the base was the following inscription, in letters of great size:—

CE MONUMENT A ETÉ
ERIGÉ PAR LE ZELE DU TRES PIEUX
MONSIEUR NAYLER BEY,
AU NOM DU CATHOLICISME, A LA MEMOIRE
DES ALBANAIS CATHOLIQUES MORTS POUR LA FOI,
21 MAI, 1846.

Behind this flaring cross and grand inscription in white marble, on the wall opposite the gate, on a very modest or very mean tablet of a dim, brownish grey colour, was the following inscription, in small letters, faintly cut and scarcely legible:—

THE LAND WITHIN THESE WALLS WAS CEDED BY THE
SUBLIME OTTOMAN PORTE TO HIS EXCELLENCY
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR STRATFORD CANNING, G.C.B.,
HER BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S AMBASSADOR TO THE SAME,
AND BY HIM PRESENTED TO THE
HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH,
TO SERVE AS A PLACE OF SEPULTURE FOR THE
ALBANIAN CHRISTIAN MARTYRS,
WHO DIED AT MOHALICH,
IN THE MONTHS OF APRIL AND MAY,
ANNO DOMINI 1846.

It would be difficult to crowd more bad taste in a narrow compass. The name of Nayler Bey (who did nothing

but mischief) glares on the eye at the very foot of the emblem of redemption; the honoured name of Sir Stratford Canning, who had done everything, or who had been the cause of everything being done, and without whom all the Albanians would have perished, is stuck upon the rearward wall, and can scarcely be read. I can well believe Sir Stratford *never* wished it to be there at all; but if they would have it there, why throw it in the shade, and put the name of an Irish quack doctor before it? Was it because Sir Stratford was a member of the Anglican and not of the Roman Church? These blocks, too, tell that which is not true; they are indeed as "lying as epitaphs." Mr. Nayler may have been a Papist, but the reputation he left behind him, here and elsewhere, was not that of his being distinguished by *piety*. Assuredly the British Ambassador did not give this piece of land to the *Roman Church*; he merely obtained from the Porte an assurance that the graves of the unfortunate Albanians should be respected, and that the piece of ground should be left unmolested. The English saved lives—the French Papists turned the dead into saints and martyrs. It was also curious to see these walls and inscriptions in a *Mussulman* country, and *connected with events of such very recent occurrence*. Whether the glorious crown of martyrdom could or could not be fairly awarded to the Albanian shepherds, it was incontestable that those who had so tortured them and caused their death were atrocious murderers. Not a few of these Turks were living undisturbed close at hand; some were residing in this town of Mohalich. I could never learn that any of the savages had been brought to account for their deeds. The brutal old

Pasha of Salonica had indeed been removed from his post—for the Porte could not do less than exhibit an appearance of partaking in the indignation of the British Ambassador—but we were told that, if not employed in some other post already, he was pretty sure to be employed very soon, as he had powerful friends at court. In a corner of the little cemetery, thrown on the ground, were two large crosses made of wood and painted black. There was a great crack in one of the walls already; the whole will soon be down and in ruins; and not only the Turks, but also the Greeks and Armenians, who will not regard the Catholics as Christians, will take the materials to repair their houses or stables: the respect paid to a government order of this kind never lasts long; all the people of the country, even when no religious prejudice exists, have a predilection and instinct for destruction.

Towards evening we went to dine with an Hellenic subject, a good-natured man named Yovacki, who had been settled many years in the place as a merchant or trader. In passing through the streets we saw a number of men in a state of intoxication, sitting in or issuing from the raki-shops. These fellows were Greeks and *Turks* made careless or desperate by poverty. The drunkenness produced by opium is now never to be seen; but in giving up the drug the Turks have taken to ardent spirits. On our expressing our astonishment that the Mudir of the town should allow of so many dram-shops, we were assured that he *taxed them heavily, and got good private profits out of them.* We were also told that these drinking-houses were but too frequently dens of iniquity and horror, scenes of violence and

bloodshed, and of the accursed vice which burns worse than a brand on the front of the Osmanlee nation; that they were the habitual haunts of a set of Turks who called themselves *Bektash*, who laughed at all religion, and pretended that man best showed the freedom and independence of his nature by indulging his passions and setting all law at defiance. Our Hellenè Yovacki, to whom the French Consul at Brusa had given us a letter, made a hearty effort to be hospitable; but, alas! the means were very deficient at Mohalich. In addition to our party there was a smart, knowing-looking Hellenic hekim, who hailed from Athens. Our host said that the place was far more prosperous when he first came to it than it now is. So said the little Hellenic hekim, who had been living ten years here or in the neighbourhood. Two Greek tchorbajees, who came in after dinner with the tchibouques, said that although there had been no plague during the last ten years, there had been a gradual decline of Mussulman population. All agreed that a good number of Turkish families had taken refuge among the crowds of the capital. In March, 1841, our Brusa consul estimated the total number of the inhabitants of Mohalich at 11,000.* If his data were correct, there must have been a great decline within the space of little more than six years;

* In the same consular letter it is conjectured that the trade of Mohalich in imports did not exceed the value of 6000*l.* per annum, and that about three-fourths of it was in British goods. Judging from what we saw in the bazaars, and from what we heard from traders of the place, I very much doubt whether British goods amount to one-fourth of the imports. Except the government, the Turks can no longer afford to purchase in the good market, and in the common cheap market we are undersold by French, Swiss, Austrians, Bohemians, &c.

for I had reason to believe that there were *not* 9,000 people in the place in November, 1847.

On the following morning, at 11.30 A.M., we mounted our horses and gladly took leave of this hungry Mohalich. Our next stage was to the solitary chiftlik of *Balukli*, belonging to an enterprising Greek named Antonacki Varsamì—an ancient philosopher living in modern times. The distance from the town to this farm-house was properly a short ride of two hours and a half; but the waters were out, a Turkish bridge had been washed away, and we must go a round-about road under the hills. We were told that this would take four hours; but it took us five hours and a half. Outside of the town we saw fragments of old walls and of more ancient remains, some scrubby vineyards, and patches of tobacco badly cultivated. The town, in reality, lies in the hollow of a double-coned hill, so that we could no more see it on this side than on the other. We crossed the head of a diabolical *pantano* by a stone bridge, and then rode over a stone causeway, arched here and there underneath, and very long and very unsafe at certain seasons, when it is covered with water, and has deep water on either side of it, for the stone pavement is full of holes, the stones are slippery, and there is no parapet whatever. Indeed it is only in rare cases that even a Turkish bridge over a dangerous torrent has any parapet or *garde-fou*. We next crossed, by a shaking wooden bridge, a very broad, racing river, or rather a junction of several rivers or deep and angry waters, which sweep round the hills and then fall into the Rhyndacus. The great meeting of the waters takes place two or three miles above the bridge. The

Turks, whose nomenclature is so limited, and on that account so perplexing, call the stream the Kara-derè. We now ascended it, keeping along a rough ridge between its left bank and the mountains. The Athenian hekim bashi, having professional business in the parts to which we were going, had left Mohalich with us, and we were joined on the road by Hassan Cavass, a gaunt Albanian Turk, nazir to the Pasha of Brusa, manager of a chiftlik which the Pasha held in this vale of many streams. Hassan carried a long gun at his back, a long knife in his girdle, and had that expression of ferocity which usually marks the Albanian countenance; but he was a civil spoken man, and not a bad companion on the road. He was one of the few Mussulmans we saw that were decidedly good shots. On the hill side we helped a poor disconsolate Greek to get up his fallen horse—a difficult operation, for the poor beast, which was nothing but skin and bone, and which probably had sprained itself in the fall, seemed very much disposed to lie and die where it was. At 2.30 P.M. we rode through the miserable Turkish village of Kara-keui, which counted about a dozen hovels. We saw one or two other villages, at a distance, of similar condition and size. The sun shone out warmly and cheerfully; but we found that the waters were out with a vengeance! We crossed one stream by a broken wooden bridge, and waded through others, with the water to the flaps of our saddles. A patch of tobacco was growing here and there; and there were a few fields which had been under wheat; but the cultivation, all together, was a mere speck in the wilderness.

At 2.45, we came to what is usually a ford. Here

Antonacki's farm, to which we were bound, was just opposite to us, at the distance of about a mile; but that mile was a watery one. Broad streams were running parallel with each other, being united in many places, or separated only by narrow fringes or strips of willows and poplars. Hassan Cavass, being mounted on a rarely big and strong mare, boldly took the waters, inviting us to follow him. In the first of the streams the water was so deep that his big mare had to swim for it. We deliberated, and very soon concluded that our sorry horses were not strong enough to follow him. We parted company, he dashing right across, and we ascending the waters. We lost sight of Hassan as he was among some willows and about engaging in another deep and rapid stream, which was foaming and roaring; and we went on wondering whether he would get across or get drowned. We rode on till we came nearly opposite to the very bold, picturesque ruins of Duvà-Hissar (Prayer Castle), standing on a rocky, conical mount, which rises from the flat plain like an island, and which was now very perfectly isolated, having waters all round it. "If we can only reach the foot of that rock," said our tchelebee, "our troubles will be pretty well over!" But, besides a broad morass, there were two rapid streams to cross. Being well practised in all local expedients, John attempted to drive a brood-mare and her colt that were grazing near the bank, into the first of the streams, in order to ascertain how deep it might be; but the mare would not be induced to take soundings; so we only learned the depth of the water as we proceeded to wade it. It was deep enough to wash all the nether-man of our Athenian doctor, who

rode a stiff, ugly little pony. It took us some time, but we got to dry ground at last, and drew up under the tall, rent, red-brick tower of Duvà-Hissar. A sad spot! And one certainly suggestive of humble prayer and mournful meditation. There was not a soul in the place. Here was another scene of that not remote but recent desolation, which one so frequently meets with in Turkey, and which I could never regard without harrowed feelings. Two stately mosques, or a mosque and a medresseh, of no antiquity, were completely in ruins, and a tall, white minaret stood deprived of its sharp, terminating cone; the sites of dwelling-houses, which of course had been of wood, were discernible only by a few corner-stones. From the architecture of the holy edifices I judged that they could not have been built more than a century, or a century and a half ago. The iron bars in the grated windows, scarcely corroded by any rust, seemed to intimate a still more recent date. Certain it was that the Turks had not built these stately edifices in the midst of an unsightly morass, on a spot which is scarcely accessible during six months of the year, and not at all accessible during the three wettest months, when the floor of the mosque is four feet under water. When these edifices were founded the country must have been far better drained than it now is. Indeed, it was within the memory of men living at Mohalich, that the mouth of the Rhyndacus was less choked up by sand, that the streams which traverse the plain had once more defined beds and deeper and clearer courses; that that accumulation of waters they call the Kara-derè never rose so high or spread to such a breadth as now; and that many tracts of land were

then cultivated with wheat and maize, which are now swamps in summer and ten feet under water at other seasons. The rising of the waters and the falling off of the population and of all energy, had left the ruin and the solitude we now saw at Duvà-Hissar. Various paved roads were seen leading across the plain; but they were all deep under water, there being a worse morass before us than the one we had left behind us. We took one of these stone roads, leaving our horses to feel for it with their fore-legs, for the water was too muddy to allow us to see the way. The Athenian doctor went on first, his little pony blundering and floundering at nearly every step, but happily missing a deep hole among the stones, which nearly broke the fore-legs of the little black steed on which John was mounted. The tchelebee, who was generally called "stork-legs" by the Turkish women of Brusa, dismounted in the bog and striding up to the causeway took the horse by the head. We thought of dismounting also, but John undertook to pilot us across, and this he effected by pacing through the water before us, going very slowly and critically examining the road by means of his feet and a long ramrod. In some places the stones had fallen away and the inundated road was not more than two feet broad. The fast approach of night made our condition doubly unpleasant; but, at length, we got through that slough of despond and came upon dry land. We now turned our faces towards Mohalich, descending the valley of waters towards Antonacki's farm. On some sloping ground, nearly opposite to the ruined castle and mosques, we went through a very small and miserable Turkish hamlet, also called Duvà-Hissar,

where an old Osmanlee farmer greeted our comrade with much affection and invited us to pass the night with him. About half an hour farther on we came to the Pasha of Brusa's chiftlik, which was a big but filthy, tumble-down building, the basement story being of stone put together *alla rustica*, and the two upper stories being as usual of wood—and rotting and falling to pieces. Such are the examples offered to the poor, indolent, careless Turks by their great men and wealthy rulers when they take to farming! Hassan Cavass was not drowned: he was sitting, in a different dress from that in which he had left us, on a low bench by the side of the gate, smoking his pipe, and talking with two Bulgarian shepherds. But he told us that he had had a hard fight for it and had been very nearly drowned, and that he would never again try the ford when the waters were so out. It was now dark, and the cucuvajas were screaming and flitting about. In another half-hour we came to two groups of Turkish tombstones and cypresses, and just beyond these was the large outer yard of Antonacki's establishment. A strong wooden gate was opened to us by a Bulgarian labourer, who led us across the spacious yard, then across another, and then into a garden, and to the door of that portion of a long, straggling range of buildings, which our host made his private habitation. The barking of dogs and the unusual sound at that hour of horses' feet had brought the philosopher down to the portico; and his surprise and delight were more extatic than sage beseemed. We were wet and chill; but this was soon remedied by a good fire made of the husks of the maize and of good dry wood, which burned briskly and cheerfully on the hearth. We had

strips of matting and small carpets, with the support of cushions, to recline upon; we had two tallow candles to give us additional light, and we had various little luxuries which quite made up for our fatigue. In another rather distant part of the establishment a Bulgarian shepherd, who acted occasionally as chief cook, dressed us a rice pilaff, wonderful in size and scarcely less so in quality.

Antonacki Varsamì was a true character—a jewel! He was not above thirty-five years old; but he had one of the longest and blackest of beards, which gave immense gravity to a countenance which was grave enough without. He wore the Frank dress, and his green frock-coat and double-breasted waistcoat had been cut by a fashionable French tailor at Constantinople; his head was crowned with the red fez, and his legs were encased in long and strong mud-boots. Yet with much that was grotesque, there was much more about the man that was refined and gentlemanly. He had a great fund of dry humour, which was now and then enlivened by real native Greek wit. He was full of saws and apothegms. His style was antithetical, pointed, epigrammatic. Misfortunes had made him a philosopher and a recluse. He was a native of Smyrna, and a son of a Greek merchant of that place. He had commenced life as a merchant himself, but in four or five years he lost all his capital and found himself rather deeply in debt. Some friends offered to set him up again in business; but by this time he had come to the conclusion that no man that was not a very great rogue was now-a-days fit to be a merchant in the Levant. As he had taken to himself a wife at Constantinople and had two

children, it was necessary to do something. He knew nothing of farming, but he had always loved a quiet country-life, and seeing how things were managed he thought it hard if he could not soon make himself as good a farmer as any in Turkey. His father, who could hardly understand this whim—for a man who thinks of agriculture is usually considered as insane by people in this country—did however at last draw his purse-strings once more, and remit a sum not quite equal to 500*l.* sterling. With this money Antonacki purchased the immense farm on which we found him seated, and some implements, seeds, ploughs, buffaloes, and stock besides. At first his life here was not at all a quiet one. He spent all his money on the land, the stock, etc., and for the first year or two he was often put to great straits to pay his labourers and shepherds. These fellows were nearly all Bulgarians—about the worst specimens of a bad, sullen lot — fellows who have not imagination enough to conceive the value of a promise or a deferred benefit, nor feeling enough to care a straw about cutting a throat. On one occasion when poor Antonacki could not sell some wheat or maize down at the port of Pandermà, or get in any of the thing needful, these Bulgarians besieged him for three days in a solid, strong, stone tower, at an angle of the chiftlik, in which he then usually resided for safety's sake. He was all alone, like Robinson Crusoe, but his stronghold was infinitely stronger, and he was better armed than the shipwrecked mariner, for, in addition to a single-barrel gun and a brace of pistols, he had a double-barrelled fowling-piece, a rifle, and a sword. The low arched doorway was secured by an immensely thick iron-bound door; it was

twelve or fourteen feet from the ground, and the ascent to it was by an exterior flight of narrow, open, stone steps, which could be commanded by the iron-barred windows above and certain sly-looking loopholes. Even had they broken in the door, they would have found it no easy matter to get up to Antonacki's apartment, for his staircase was a ladder. His only fear was, in case of their forcing an entrance into the lower part of the tower, they might make a great fire, and burn or smoke him out. He did not like shooting any of them unless *in extremis*, for that would create a lasting feud and bring down upon him the hatred and vengeance of all the Bulgarians in the country; so, whenever they came upon the stone steps, he cried out to them through one of his loopholes that he had undermined that part of his castle, and would blow it and them into the air if they did not retreat. As stupid as the sheep they tend, the Bulgarians took him at his word; and, converting their siege into a blockade, they kept calling upon him to pay them what he owed, to come out and get his throat cut, or stay there and be starved. A friendly Turk happened to pass the solitary place, and ascertaining the nature of our philosopher's predicament, he hastened to the Aghà at Mohalich. The Aghà dispatched a cavass and some tufekjees to the farm, and the blockade was raised just as Antonacki was reduced to his last drop of water. The Turks told the Bulgarians that they must wait for their money until their employer could sell his grain, and that the Aghà would hang every mother's son of them if they proceeded to any more acts of violence and rebellion. Happily the philosopher was soon enabled to pay these energetic

creditors. But other differences arose afterwards, and three several times Antonacki was shot at, from the hill-side, as if he had been a hare. Misfortunes never come singly—

> "Non comincia Fortuna mai per poco
> Quando un mortal si piglia à scherno e à gioco."*

He fell into a dangerous sickness, and was well nigh dying in his lonely tower like a stricken lion in his den. The force of will he displayed was heroic. Though weak and in anguish he travelled on horseback (the only way in which he could travel) to the Baths of Brusa. Dr. M——, who saw him there, was astonished beyond measure at this journey, and could hardly conceive how he had lived under such fearful ailments. At the baths, when men were taking measure for his grave, and when an ignorant quack was wanting to cut off his leg, which was swollen by dropsy to a dreadful size, he rallied and then very rapidly recovered.

Immediately he rode back to his chiftlik, being so weak that he fainted twice upon the journey. But times mended with him: his crops, particularly of maize, were most abundant, his small flocks and his herds increased, and the markets of Mohalich and Pandermà began to supply him more liberally with cash. He got rid of his gang and procured some other Bulgarians who were better mannered. None of the Turks in the neighbourhood bore him any ill-will; on the contrary, they were rather favourably disposed towards him; he passed among them for a grave philosopher: his adventures made a noise, and they thought that there must be something in a man who, single-handed, could defend a

* Ariosto.

tower, and be shot at three times, not only without being hit (for there was nothing very rare in that), but without seeming to care a whiff of tobaccco about it. So tranquil was the aspect of affairs, that he enlivened his solitude by bringing over his wife and children and two Greek servants from Constantinople. But the malaria fiend, which had been far from sparing him, fell upon Madame and the children, and when they had suffered intermittents for two or three years, he took them down to Pandermà and shipped them off for the capital, where they were now living. They had left some signs of superior civilization behind them at the lone farm-house.

It was not until the next morning I discovered that a considerable river ran right in front of the farm-house. It seemed to have no distinctive name—the people called it Kara-derè—but it was the river that runs from the Lake of Magnass, which largely contributes to the grand meeting of the waters above Mohalich, and falls with those united streams into the Rhyndacus. During a good part of the year it is navigable by small boats from the Lake of Magnass to the Rhyndacus, by which the boats descend into the Sea of Marmora. It swarmed with fish, some being of great size. At this spot, it ran in a good, deep, well-embanked bed; but a little lower down its waters spread over the champaign country, some thousands of acres of which they annually inundated. It was on some of this land that Antonacki had procured his wonderful crops of Indian corn. The broad, green, sloping bank between the house and the river was enamelled with wild flowers, and at the distance of a gun-shot lower down the river there was a grove of fair trees, which had scarcely yet begun to

shed their leaves. Beyond the long range of buildings which constituted the farm, there was a very large kitchen-garden, ditched and banked, and strongly fenced in to keep out the buffaloes—those strong, obstinate, determined beasts that would almost walk through a stone wall if there were cabbages or melons on the other side of it, and that would go through our common hedges as though they were but cobwebs. Here Antonacki had a Greek gardener and his family, who were growing a prodigious quantity of cabbages and onions, which had a ready sale at Mohalich and Pandermà, and among the Cossacks of Lake Magnass, who came hither rather frequently in their boats. Some good crops of melons or gourds had been sold or consumed long since. One corner of the immense garden was devoted to the cultivation of tobacco. "You see," said the old Greek, "that we grow everything that man can want." Antonacki, however, admitted that his horticulture was in a very backward state, as he had not yet had time to attend to it. He had not grown the potato.

At one corner of this kitchen-garden, overhanging the road, and shaded by tall beautiful trees, his Mussulman predecessor had built a small open kiosk: this our philosopher had repaired, aud in it, in the summer evenings, he smoked his narguilè, and was at hand to give the salutation of peace and the pipe and cup of coffee to any traveller that might pass his way. Like the Yerooks, he could exercise hospitality at small expense; of Turks or Christians or Israelites, few ever passed Balukli (Fish-Place). At the opposite angle of this great kitchen-garden stood one of the groups of

white-turbaned stones which had gleamed on our eyes from among the trees, like sheeted ghosts, in the dim obscure of last evening. They were placed upon a small square platform raised about six feet above the level of the road-side, and well walled in with stone walls. The other group of monuments stood nearly opposite on the side of the hill, above the farm-buildings. Here were the resting-places and these the monuments of six or seven generations of Turks—of the successive owners and lords of Balukli and of their wives and children. The race of the Panduz-Oglous lay here, mingling their dust in a few square feet of the thousands of acres they had called their own.

When Antonacki first purchased the property, more than half of these tombstones were thrown down or lying on the earth, and the stone wall which supported the platforms was going to ruin. He set up the monuments, repaired the walls, and bade the rude people respect the memorials of the dead, and of those who had once been good Mussulmans and of note in the land; and the better to enforce his lesson he threatened to shoot the first fellow he found profaning those family cemeteries. Like "Old Mortality," our Greek philosopher had a delicate feeling, a reverential love for all tombstones. Wherever he had found one on his estate (and they were rather numerous there) he had raised it from the ground, set it up on end and secured it in the perpendicular attitude. This he had done even with the simple rude monuments of wandering Yerooks and migratory Bulgarians. Although so prone to destroy them themselves, the Turks were gratified and touched by Antonacki's pious care of the tombstones of

an old Osmanlee family; and hence originated much of the good-will they bore the lonely ghiaour. In these monuments one might read the gradual decline in Turkish prosperity and civilization; the oldest were the richest and best, being made of pure white marble, very neatly carved and ornamented, and having long inscriptions, the relieved letters of which had once been splendidly gilded; those of more recent date were of commoner material, roughly shaped, and having much shorter inscriptions, without any carving or gilding. The last tomb of all, being that of the last Panduz-Oglou that lived at Balukli or held this property—and the last of the race, save only one who was disgracing it—was the rudest of all and had no inscription.

The farm-buildings covered a very great space, which was entirely surrounded by strong stone walls about twenty feet high, and having numerous loopholes. These walls, and the strong stone tower, or keep, which stood at one of the angles, showed that the old Panduz-Oglous had considered good means of defence very necessary. The apartment which our host now occupied had its front on and above the south-east wall, and looked over the river and the plain. Being only of wood it was going rapidly to decay, as were most of the other buildings within the walls. But Antonacki had substantially repaired a large granary and some good store-rooms, and had built a kitchen in the inner yard, which was the admiration of all beholders, and much famed over the country. The home-garden, which we could not see last night, had been laid out in the Turkish taste, with elevated flower-pots, terraces, and fountains, and had evidently been at one time a pretty place and

neatly and carefully kept. At a corner of it, opposite the square stone tower, and almost rivalling it in size and strength, there was a great pigeon-cote, built by the last Panduz-Oglou, and now occupied by a prodigious colony of pigeons, some of which were occasionally shot and eaten by our recluse. When not too old they were pleasant food. Pointing to his cote, and then to his well-filled granary, Antonacki said that, thanks to God, there was no fear of starving at Balukli.*

Antonacki was decidedly an agricultural improver; he had procured two light but strong English ploughs, a scarifier, some harrows, and other implements; he had other farming utensils brought, I believe, from Marseilles, and from the use of all these he was promising himself immense advantages. His wheat and maize were the cleanest we saw in the country. Near to the river he had grown some of the common cotton, which was beautifully soft and white, but very short in the staple. He had opened one field of madder-roots, and was storing the produce for sale at the port of Pandermà; and he had an immense field under that cultivation, the roots of which would be ready next year. He had had some good crops of flax, of which only the seed is saleable or of any kind of use. Collectively, a considerable quantity is grown in this neighbourhood; the linseed is carried down to the port of Pandermà, and the stalk of the flax is burned or left

* Under a shed by the side of this garden there was one of those enormous earthen vases which used to be made by the old Greeks; the circumference of it was nearly twenty feet, and the depth of it more than six feet; the local tradition was, that a very long time ago it had been dug out of the earth; that it was then brimful of ancient treasure, and that its contents had been the foundation of the greatness of the Panduz-Oglou family.

to rot—as is the case all over Turkey. He said—as tchelebee John was accustomed to say of his far narrower domain—that he could grow everything on his own grounds, from Indian corn and rye to the sugar-cane. His greatest difficulty was in obtaining labour; the country was so unpeopled, the Turks and Greeks were so indolent, and land was so cheap and plentiful that every villager had a strip, and was a poor miserable farmer on his own account. Without the Bulgarians from Europe he must have given up the estate as of no use. These Bulgarians were slow and stupid—he was decidedly of opinion that they had the smallest possible portion of brains or of heart and feeling—but they could stand a deal of labour, and would at times work very steadily a whole season through, which was hardly ever the case with a hired Greek or Turk. As in the Brusa plain these two classes of labourers (when they can be procured) are paid from 40 to 50 piastres a month, or they receive somewhat less than a piastre (2*d.*) a day, and get their morning soup and evening meal at the chiftlik. The Bulgarians have generally higher pay, and a hard-working, intelligent Greek can often get 80 piastres a month. As money is worth at least five times more than in England, this cannot be considered bad pay.

The rest of the party went a little way down the river to shoot a hare or two; I mounted with the long-bearded philosopher to ride over the farm. On a sunny slope, in the rear of the farm-buildings, he had planted a considerable vineyard, which was promising well, and had already produced good fruit: it was well trenched and inclosed. Higher up the hill was his mandra, or

sheepfold, with hutting for the Bulgarian shepherds, who, with the very large and fierce sheep-dogs of the country, always sleep at the folds. This is a very necessary precaution, for wolves are numerous; and, in spite of dogs and men, they not unfrequently succeed in getting a meal of mutton. At this hour the sheep were out grazing on the thymy heaths on the hill-top. There was a young Bulgarian at the huts clad all over in dirty sheep-skin, and looking very like a big ram set up on his hind legs. By living so much with the pecorine family the faces of these rude shepherds grow like the countenances of the sheep; from their dress and from their food, which is in good part sheep's milk, or cheese made of it, they smell strongly of fusty mutton, and may be scented when they are a good quarter of a mile to the windward of you. The pastoral life, as exhibited in them, is not at all Arcadian, or innocent, or in any way interesting. They are the greatest thieves in the country, and very commonly murder those whom they rob. "If you should get benighted," said my sage, "while travelling in these parts, never think of putting up at a *mandra*, unless you make up your minds to watch all night and keep your guns cocked. Should you go to sleep, they would most likely knock your brains out with their crooks, and throw your bodies into some thickets, to be speedily devoured by vultures, wolves, and jackals." These *mandra* generally occur in lonely places, and it has often happened that one or two unarmed travellers have been last seen alive in their vicinity, and have never been heard of afterwards. A ragged jacket, a torn sash, a dirty turban, the smallest prize is enough to excite their cupidity. If

they were not so badly armed, and so stupid and awkward, they would doubtlessly be very formidable marauders. As matters stand with them they are dangerous only to poor travellers on foot, or poor unarmed wayfarers mounted on donkeys and very bad horses; though now and then, by lying in good ambush, they knock over rather higher game. Their *modus operandi* is to take the traveller by surprise by giving him a stunning blow on the back of the head with a club, or a pastoral crook heavily loaded at one end; if the unlucky wight's skull is not very thick, it is fractured, and he falls at once; if he does not fall they give him another tap; and in either case they cut his throat with their knives. Now and then, when they have been detected and brought to justice, they have been seen to go to execution as calmly as the ox or the sheep that knows not what awaits it — to meet death with the most brutal indifference. Yet these men are Christians of a sort, being members of the degraded Greek church.

"These Bulgarians," said Antonacki, "are bad in Roumelia, but only the worst of them come into Anatolia." We had been sufficiently warned against them before by Gentleman John and others, and in their regard I had always felt the strongest attraction of repulsion: of all the races in Turkey they seemed to me the coarsest, muddiest, and most brutalized. The worst of the Tchinganei, or gipsies, are gentlemen compared with the Bulgarian shepherds. I do not believe that either in Asia or in Europe, where we were much more frequently among them, we ever heard one of them laugh, or even saw one of them put on a cheerful smile. Several of their striking performances

were of quite a recent date. A poor Greek backal, of Mohalich, returning from some farms and villages at the head of the Lake of Apollonia, whither he had been to collect some debts, was waylaid and murdered by some of them at the ruined khan on the border of the lake, which I mentioned. These murderers, I believe, were never caught; as the victim was *only* a Greek, it is very probable that the Turkish authorities gave themselves very little trouble in the matter.

Above Antonacki's mandra, in a broad hollow in the hills, we saw some Bulgarians ploughing, with two ploughs, and a good yoke of buffaloes to each. They were turning up excellent corn land, and they were turning it up manfully. The ploughs, the shares of which were sheathed with iron, the buffaloes, and the land, were Antonacki's; and he, too, would have to furnish the seed to be put into the ground; for all of which the Bulgarians, who furnished their labour, would have to give him rather more than half of the produce at harvest-time. He found that they worked better, and, for him, more profitably, upon these terms, than when they were employed merely as farm-servants. He had ten or a dozen working in this way, and next year he hoped to have more. The ploughmen were a shade more civilized than the shepherds. We rode to the ridge of these considerable hills, which separate the Kara-derè from the great basin of Magnass. Five or six Cossack boats were fishing on that lake, which lay open to our view, but I could not make out the Cossack village. My friend did not appear to have any great affection for his neighbours: he said that these Cossacks were unsociable, exclusive, enemies to good cheer, very

dirty, and dreadfully superstitious. He, however, honestly confessed that he had never had the curiosity to travel twelve miles in order to see them in their own village; and he allowed that they seemed to him to be by far the most industrious and thrifty people in the whole country.

Descending in a different direction, we came upon fifteen brood mares with their colts, and two ugly old stallions, who were all grazing short sweet pasture on the hill sides. "They are *carogna*," said the philosopher, "but they do to sell to the people of the country, and I shall try and get a better breed soon. But horses are gone out. It is hard to find a good sire for ever so much money." In the plain we found a dozen or two of decent cows, and in a swamp near the river there were four or five more strong buffaloes, and there were others that were out of sight.

We were on horseback more than three hours, but fell far short of riding round our host's territories; for that, at the walking pace, was an affair of six or seven hours. I saw enough to judge that the property had great capabilities, and included, between hill and plain, alluvial flats and healthy table-land, a great variety of soils, suited to cultivation, to pasturage, to woodland, and admirably adapted for the breeding and rearing of horses and other cattle. The hill sides required a little planting. But for the swamps in the plain I could have fancied an agricultural paradise here at once. When civilized men hold this country—and hold it they will and *must* before long—the broad valley will be properly drained, and then this region will be as salubrious as it is naturally rich and beautiful.

CHAPTER XIV.

Fine Country, but uncultivated — Lake of Magnass — A Turkish Wedding Drummer — Pandermà — Sea-port Morality — Cyzicus — Ruins — Bishop of Cyzicus — Modern Town of Erdek, or Artaki — Decrease of Turkish Population — More effects of the Maximum — Ionian Greeks: their Remarks about British Consuls, &c. — Journey to the end of the Peninsula of Cyzicus — A Greek Funeral — Gonia — Break-neck Road — Rothà — Islets — Ruinous Rate of Interest — Pilgrimages to Jerusalem — Remains of the Ancient Cyzicus — Edinjik — Delhi-Ismael, an ex-Robber — Bey-keui, and our party there — A Runaway Turkish Debtor, &c. — The Lake of Magnass and the Colony of Cossacks — Untiling Houses for Taxes — Return to Balukli — Antonacki a Bektash Bashi — History of the Panduz-Oglous, or a Specimen of the Decline of Turkish Families — A great Turkish Farm abandoned — Village of Kelessen — Sect of the Bektash — Deplorable State of Agriculture — Decline of Religious Feeling among the Turks — Leave Balukli.

ON the 12th of November, a warm sunny day, we left Antonàcki and the farm of Balukli, at 10 A.M. An hour later we went through the present village of Duvà-Hissar, and looked across the labyrinths of streams and bogs we had traversed on the evening of the 10th. The waters were now somewhat lower, and rapidly running off. On the heights to our left, a little farther on, there was another little wretched Turkish hamlet. A splendid plain opened before us, with many thousands of acres of the best corn land. It was only scratched here and there, and not a house or a hut was to be seen upon it. The road was not very bad, running almost entirely on level ground; with little pain and expense it might be made excellent all the way down to the sea, and the convenient ports of Pandermà

and Cyzicus. At 12, the hills to our left sank, and a fine broad view of the Lake of Magnass, with the blue mountains beyond it, opened upon us. We counted seventeen Cossack boats busily fishing on those fresh waters. Crossing a low ridge in the plain, beyond which the streams and brooks ran, not for the Rhyndacus, but down to the Bay of Pandermà, we came, at 1.15 P.M., to the small Turkish village of Sonneu, lying on a hill two miles or more from the lake, of which we now lost sight. Here a tomtomming from a cracked drum announced that there was a wedding a-foot. When parties are poor this drumming is kept up for only one day; the rich keep up the sheep-skin music (often without any other instrument) for many days. The Aghà of Mohalich had married a daughter, and all the time we were in that town the drumming was incessant; it had not ceased when we left. Yesterday we had met in the plain a long-legged Turk striding along with a queer little drum strapped to his back; he was going to a wedding at some village—perhaps to this—he got his living by drumming at weddings. Near Sonneu were some small corn-fields, and three or four patches cultivated with flax, the plants being already above the ground. It was market-day in Pandermà, and as we went on we met groups of country people returning thence to their villages. They were better dressed and looked more prosperous than usual. A considerable portion of them were Turkish women, driving asses, or riding upon them man-fashion. All the donkey-drivers appeared to be women. These dames, in brown stuff feridjees and striped cotton shalvars, were not at all particular about hiding their faces.

There were two Nubians among them, as black as jet; and even these ladies, who are usually so very careful to conceal their charms, let their yashmacs be how or where they might, and exchanged courteous smiles as we met and passed.

At 2.15 P.M. we had on our right, over the opposite side of the plain, a considerable looking place, called Kaià-keui, or "Rock village," built upon and among bare, low, sloping, grey rocks; and by our road-side there were a few more corn-fields and patches of flax. Here the bold, sublime mountains, which form the promontory or peninsula of Cyzicus, rose right before us, steeped in purple, and to all appearance not separated from us by any sea or water. A fresh breeze was now blowing from the north-west. In a few minutes we had a view of part of the blue gulf of Pandermà, with a few ships and boats dancing upon it. My heart danced too. Except a glimpse of the gulf of Moudania, on our way to Philladăr, we had not seen the face of the sea since the 8th of September. We now descended into the town of Pandermà (one of the many places which anciently bore the name of *Panormus*), through a hollow way, steep, and sufficiently rough. You can never enter a Turkish town without going through the abodes of the dead. On our left, on the shelving hills, there was a Turkish cemetery—apparently more populous than the town—with a few sad cypresses, an immense number of tombs, and many large turbaned stones of good white marble, which had evidently been cut out of ancient Greek columns and architraves. The materials of fair old Cyzicus are mainly to be looked for in graveyards and mosques, in khans and Turkish water-closets. Right before us

was a red brick minaret, sadly battered and declining from the perpendicular. Usually, it might have been said that the only straight things in Turkey were minarets and pipe-sticks. The pipe-sticks are now getting crooked, and the minarets disjointed!

Riding through one of the ordinary pools of dirt, we entered the bazaars, which were crowded, and found in this little seaport a degree of life and prosperity, altogether unknown up the country. At 3 P.M., we dismounted at the dark, wooden, and excessively dirty khan of Pandermà, and, with some difficulty, secured one very small room for the night. Leaving the learned Athenian to see it well swept out, we went with Gentleman John to look over the town, and forage in the tcharshy for materials for our dinner, khans affording nothing but a mat and a room to sleep in. There was a coffee-house by the water-side, with a low wooden gallery overhanging the bay, that was spacious, well furnished with narguilès, provided with a superior Greek shaver, and altogether a splendid establishment. Turks, Greeks, and Armenians were sitting in it and smoking, and now and then talking together, with an appearance of good fellowship which I had not witnessed before. The town contained about one thousand houses, the larger portion of which were Greek. We saw some very pretty Greek women with beautiful children. The streets throughout were roughly paved and filthy, and much could not be said of the state of repair of the houses. Some of the best of the dwellings, and the prettiest of the women and children, belonged to Greek skippers, commanding small craft which traded between this port and the capital.

As the khan was not at all tempting, we returned after dinner to the cafè and talked with Turkish and Greek skippers and mariners, who told us many strange stories, and were all exceedingly civil. The apparition of two painted dancing boys with curled hair (who were hailed by the Turks with uncommon delight) drove us from the cafè back to the khan, where we all slept in the same narrow closet of a room upon very uneven boards and a very foul mat. It was warm enough yet; but our learned Athenian assured us that after All Saints' day (Old Style) bugs were not to be feared.

We were up by daybreak in the morning; and magnificently beautiful was the morning scene when we walked a few steps to the edge of the bay. On either side, that inlet of the Sea of Marmora is flanked by grand mountains: on the north side, on which we were standing, the mountains terminate in a bluff cape 3000 feet high; on the opposite side runs the stupendous and almost perpendicular ridge, the peninsula of old Cyzicus, varying in height from 1200 to 3500 feet. The bay is a little broader towards its mouth, but opposite to the town of Pandermà it scarcely measured a mile and a half across, and it narrowed above the town. A Maltese brig, of course under English colours, a Greek schooner under the flag of King Otho, and from twenty to thirty saccolevas—those small, insecure, but exceedingly picturesque vessels of the country—were in port. The Greek had come to buy corn, but was not permitted to do so, the trade of that flag being now stopped by imperial mandate, in consequence of the ridiculous Mussurus and Colletti fracas at Athens. The Greek captain,

however, whispered in our ear that this was all nonsense; that he was on very good terms with the Aghà and some Turks in partnership for the speculation with some Greeks who had corn to sell and wanted money; that he expected to get his cargo quietly on board in the course of a few days, and that as for passing the Dardanelles he had gone up and down that passage too often not to have some friends there also. During the few months that the interdict lasted, I have reason to believe that it was set at nought, not only along the whole of the Asiatic coast, but in Constantinople itself, under the very eyes of government. Hellenic vessels, which had been crowding in the Black Sea, came down with the Russian flag, and under that protection they could beard the Turks with impunity. Had the interdict lasted a little longer, nearly every Hellenic vessel would have hoisted the dreaded flag of the Tzar.

In more respects than one we found that a sea-port morality was prevalent here: at the khan they stole our caviare and some other accessible articles of small value. The tchelebee reproached himself for carelessness, but all these maritime places had a great number of thieves and pilferers. How different from the honesty up the country!

It was 10 A.M. before we left Pandermà, to ride up the gulf to the low, flat, narrow isthmus which separates it from the bay of Cyzicus. We were sometimes at the water's edge, and sometimes on the rocky cliffs which overhang the bay. On the hills above our heads were one or two small villages, and on the opposite side of the gulf, under the lofty mountain of Cyzicus, the white cottage of a fisherman was seated here and there,

like a swan that had just left the water. In about an hour, as we were crossing a rocky ridge near the end of the gulf of Pandermà, the smooth bay of Cyzicus, with its islets and the encircling blue coasts of Asia Minor, opened upon us with great beauty and magnificence. The air was bright and brilliant, the sun was warm if not hot, and there was not a cloud or a streak in the bright blue sky. The isthmus which separates the two gulfs from each other, and connects the lofty peninsula with the main, is short, narrow, flat, in part sandy, and in part marshy. At one point it cannot be much more than a mile and a half English from one bay to the other. From the foot of the mountains on the main to the east end of the peninsula is about a mile. It would be exceedingly easy to unite the two bays; and here and there I fancied I saw traces of the ancient canal, which had been dug for the sake of covering and defending the ancient Greek colony. If it were thus insulated, strength would be again added to that almost inexpugnable promontory. Sloping across the isthmus in a north-west direction, we soon came under the landward end of these mountains, where we found extensive traces of ruins. A wall appeared to have run here from the sea on one side to the sea on the other. From the remnants of this wall it was easy to perceive that it must have been built by the Lower Empire barbarians, who had broken up ancient marble columns and other classical remains to use them as materials. In this way, and through the destructiveness of the Iconoclastic rage, most of the ancient temples and statues of the Gods must have been broken to pieces long before the Turks became masters of the country. In some places our road lay over

blocks of chiselled marble; and a sparkling rapid stream, which came down from the mountains of Cyzicus, and ran across the isthmus to the gulf of Pandermà, was kept within bounds by some of these fine blocks, which had certainly been taken out of a Greek temple. The road was rather rough; but here commenced a pretty good cultivation of vines and mulberry-trees, and there were some tolerably good olive-groves. We met the Greek Bishop of Cyzicus—a grey old fellow, with a great deal of beard and very little urbanity—who was going to Pandermà, to officiate there, and no doubt to collect money, for the morrow was a Sabbath, and the festival of some great local saint besides. Great was the state in which he travelled. At the first glance we took him for a Turkish Pasha. The procession was headed by two fierce-looking Albanian tufekjees; then followed two fellows with long pistols and yataghans in their girdles; then a big, paunchy Greek carrying on high the pastoral staff headed with silver; his Reverence himself rode on a caparisoned mule behind his staff; immediately in the rear of the Bishop, mounted on a pony, was the tchibouquejee, a very pretty effeminate youth, long pipe in hand, and with his Reverence's tobacco-bag slung across his shoulders; next followed two women—one being young and well-favoured—who also rode astride upon horses; and after the women came the cook, the valet, and other servants; while, on either flank, walked Greeks of Cyzicus without posts in the household or in the church. Loitering behind, by the side of a ruined fountain, were three black-bearded priests, who smelt very strongly of raki. The Despotos of Cyzicus must have had a better

bargain with the Patriarchate than our friend up at Kutayah.

A Greek, with a laughing, good-natured face, and mounted on a fast and very interesting donkey, overtook us, and offered to lodge us in his house at Cyzicus, which the Greeks call Artaki, and the Turks Erdek. We accepted the offer, for we liked both the man and his ass. We passed some enclosed kitchen-gardens, in which there was nothing but cabbages and leeks; we passed more pretty fountains in decay, and become all but useless, more ruins of Turkish buildings, a Turkish cemetery, a dirty pool, a street where every house seemed tumbling down, and dismounted at our new friend's residence at 1.30 P.M.

The present town stands on the sea-shore and on a ridge of the mountains of the peninsula, where they drop upon the isthmus; it faces the sunny south, and looks down the Propontis towards the Hellespont. It appeared to be rather larger than Pandermà. Here, as everywhere else near the coast, the Greeks were outgrowing the Turks; and there was a considerable number of Armenian families. Out of 1200 houses only about 200 were now occupied by the Osmanlees. In the town and around it mosques and minarets, baths and fountains were going, or clean gone, to ruin: only the dimensions of the grave-grounds spoke of the former extent of the Mussulman population. We went into some very large wine-magazines on the Marina, which were as dirty and slovenly as they were large. In some of them the wine was kept in tuns of majestic dimensions, but so badly made and hooped, that the liquid was oozing through. Wine is the principal export

of the place, they were now sending great quantities in their saccolevas to Constantinople, to be sold in the Greek quarters; but it was rubbish all, nor could we procure a drop of good wine in the whole town. Our host applied to a dignitary of his church; but his wine was as bad as his raki was good. The vines were judiciously planted, cut low, and well attended to: the fruit was said to be excellent; the fault of the wine was in the stupid, slovenly way of making it. A Greek told us that they could not afford to bestow more time or more expense upon it, as the price was fixed, as good wine fetched no more than the inferior quality, and as they had to pay a shipping duty at home, and another duty before they could land it at Constantinople. The vessels they were loading were bound for the Greek quarter of the capital called Psammattia, near the Seven Towers. In shipping it one of their big casks went to pieces, and gave rise to an awful swearing and tearing of hair.

In a coffee-house we had some talk with a very civil Turkish Effendi, about the Magnass Cossacks. He said that they must have been about one hundred years in the country; they lived solely by fishing; were a quiet, industrious, honest people, but unsociable; very exclusive and strongly prejudiced. The Effendi, however, admitted that he had never visited their settlement. Another Turk said they were beasts, and did not smoke. A Greek said that they drank neither wine nor raki, and would not drink water out of the same cup or glass, either with a Christian or a Mussulman. We met two British protected subjects, Ionian skippers, sharp, knowing fellows from Cephalonia, who were here buying oats

and barley. They had been scouring all the neighbouring country in search of grain; and, purchasing a little here and a little there, they had gotten enough to load their small vessels. The prices they had been paying more than doubled the market-prices up at Kutayah. They acknowledged the great benefits they derived from the protection of the English flag; but they alleged that some of the English vice-consuls in the Turkish ports extorted heavy fees from them, and would never render them the slightest service without being paid beforehand. One of these padroni had recently been condemned by a consular court to a month's imprisonment, and the punishment had been commuted into a fine of thirty Spanish dollars, which, according to his account, the Consolos Bey had put into his own pocket. Entire truth is not to be expected from Ionian Greeks, but I had much better testimony, and many concurrent stories in the country, to prove that acts of injustice were rather frequently committed by men appointed to protect British interests. This comes of employing persons who are Englishmen only by name, and of allowing them to scramble for a living by taking fees. The Cephaloniotes had another complaint: to keep the English flag it was made imperative that they should return to their own island and take out fresh ship's papers once in every three years. This, they said, was a great inconvenience, and a serious detriment; their trade was the *cabotage*, or coasting-trade, from one Turkish port to another; and when they were in employment in the Sea of Marmora, or up in the Black Sea, it was very hard upon them to have to go home merely for papers. They added, that to avoid this

serious inconvenience, a good many of their vessels had put themselves under the Russian flag; and that if the hard law lasted, there would hardly be an Ionian vessel in the upper part of the Archipelago, or in the narrow seas, left under the British flag. "We know," said the Cephaloniotes, "your great naval power; but we also know, and from long experience, that, up here, above the Dardanelles, Russian protection is a good deal better than yours. The only men-of-war we see, are Turks in the Marmora, and Russians in the Black Sea. Your English pennants do not float up there. When we have the Russian flag we are not hampered; we generally go to Odessa or Taganrok once or twice in the year, in the way of business, and are put to no inconvenience about our ships' papers. The Russians have their consular agents in every port, and they are active men, and not above their duties. Generally your English consuls are such *signoroni* (great men), and so hard to approach, and so constantly in the habit of leaving everything to be done by their drogomans; and if we don't flatter and backshish these drogomans, we too often get nothing done for us. There is that very great man, your Consul-general, over at Constantinople! Per Bacco! if a poor Ionian padrone wants to see him upon business, he will have to climb, three times in a day, from the water-side at Galata, where the office ought to be, up to the top of the steep hill of Pera, and perhaps get a fever and not get sight of the great man after all." As I had heard these last complaints from native English captains of trading-vessels, and had often seen them myself toiling up the hill in the dog-days, and twice or thrice in the course of the same day, I could not contradict

these last assertions, or deny that the Ionians might have good reason to murmur, and to contemplate changing their flag. I am so old-fashioned that every decline of the maritime influence of England grieves me. No doubt our pedants in political economy and cosmopolitism, our philosophers of the Manchester school, will find either that all is right or of not the least consequence.

Although the best room in the house was over the stable, in which the interesting donkey and another ass were lodged, we dined and slept most comfortably at the Greek's; his good-humoured wife having spread mattresses on the floor, and our slumbers being watched over by a congeries of little virgins and saints, and our chamber dimly lighted by the tiniest taperling that ever floated over water and oil.

About noon on the following day we were in the saddle, to see more of this towering, magnificent little peninsula of Cyzicus. We rode nearly the entire length of it, or from the town of Erdek to the village of Rothà, close to where its terminating cliffs point towards the island of Marmora and the Thracian coast of Europe. Fine mulberry plantations, and very superior vineyards, extended to some distance from the town, along the lower acclivities of the mountains. At 1 P.M. we crossed the inner shoulder of a mount, which projected into the bay of Cyzicus, and formed a cape; and here we came suddenly upon a Greek village and a Greek funeral.

They were carrying the body in its holiday clothes, and strewed with a few flowers, but without a shroud or coffin, from a house on the hill side to the burying-

place in the valley. It was a long and very irregular procession; priests read through the nose, children sang, old women howled, geese cackled, dogs barked —all together, it was a horrible harmony! The matrons seemed determined to keep up the reputation of the old Mysians as mourners at funerals; but the general melancholy for which the country was noted in the ancient days, was very far from being now in vogue.

A few hundred yards farther on, in a village on the margin of the sea, we found many Greeks as jolly and light-hearted as if there were no such thing as death. The defunct did not belong to their parish. It was not a fine day, but damp, and occasionally showery; but it was Sunday, it was fête, and therefore the villagers had on their best attire, and the women and children were sitting out at the doors of the houses. More beautiful children I have not seen. Some of their mothers were beautiful too. There was a group of four little girls playing on the ground with a pet house-lamb and flowers and shells, that was a picture perfect in itself. What Forsyth says of Italy is especially true of this country: wherever there is an approach to prosperity the females start into beauty. The poorest men in England might smile at the sight of such prosperity as existed here; but still the people were in a highly prosperous condition compared with those a few miles in the interior. The village was called Gonia — in Turkish Cogna; it contained about 200 houses, and not one Turk. Quitting it, we rode round a little bay, on the sea-sands, and then crossed a projecting headland of sandstone rock, by the worst of paths,

with steep rocks grazing our shoulders on the right, and a precipice and the sea on our left. In very few places was this path more than four feet wide. We then came to another little sandy bay, and next to another headland of sandstone rock; and each of these being repeated yet once more, we arrived, at 2.45 P.M., at the very small village of Rothà, called by the Turks Rudia.

Just before entering Rothà, we saw some ancient marble fragments built up in a garden wall, and a ruinous Turkish fountain had evidently been made out of materials of the same sort. Minute fragments are seen here and there, all over the peninsula; but there are no considerable ruins except at the end towards the isthmus, where a few careful excavations might possibly yet lead to some interesting discoveries. Rothà is charmingly situated on a low, gently shelving, long point, like those which frequently occur in fresh-water lakes.* Off this point is a very pretty group of small islands, rather low, and at this season very green; and beyond this group, bearing a little to the north, is the grand, sublime-looking island of Marmora—the Preconnesus of old—which abounds with the finest of pastures, and has inexhaustible quarries of marble, excellent for building. The near group counts five islands. The first, called Pasha-Liman, is a long isle, having four small Greek villages upon it; the second, called Vori, has one Greek village; the third, called Afissia, has also one Greek village; and the fourth, named Arapithes, has a few Turkish hovels upon it; the fifth, named Coutalì, has no village. The Greeks of Rothà maintain a constant communication with this group, as also

with the large and lofty island of Marmora, whereon there are eight villages, chiefly, if not entirely occupied by Greeks, who are fishermen and herdsmen, and occasionally do a little work in the quarries. The pasturage of Marmora is celebrated, and is said atConstantinople to fatten cattle marvellously fast, and to give a succulence and flavour to veal and beef far superior to those imparted by any other pastures. Under the lee of Pasha-Liman—which means the Pasha's Port, or a port fit for a Capitan Pasha—there is one of the finest of sea havens; extensive, and sheltered on every side by the isles, the peninsula of Cyzicus, or the far projecting cape of the Asiatic continent, on the north side of the Gulf of Pandermà. The village of Rothà, in itself, was miserable enough, containing from forty to fifty tumble-down houses or hovels. There were a few Turks here, and their houses were the worst. At this Land's End, far out-numbered by the Greeks, and shut out from any quick communication with their own people, the Osmanlees had entirely relinquished their swaggering air of superiority; they seemed to me to be afraid of these Greeks, who are rather turbulent fellows.

Bad as were the houses, there was a certain appearance of rough plenty—an abundance of fish, and a very unusual display of butchers' meat. Here, too, some of the women, and nearly all the Greek children, were exceedingly pretty. The whole peninsula and the contiguous coasts, were rather noted for looseness of morals—

"Littora, quæ fuerant castis inimica puellis."*

In the coffee-house, which served also as a butcher's-

* Propertius.

shop, we found about a score of Greeks and Turks making keff; some of them smoking their tchibouques under joints and cuttings of goats' meat, which dangled close over their heads. Three Greeks arrived, very drunk and noisy with raki. The villagers showed us a few coins they had picked up; but they were all barbarous things of the Lower Empire, as were all that were shown to us on the peninsula, except two that I purchased at Erdek. To the collector hardly a chance remains except in "diggings." We left our amusing little Athenian doctor at Rothà; for he had money to collect there, and some of his debtors had gone across to Pasha-Liman, and would not be back for a day or two. Last spring he had vaccinated a number of Greek children at Erdek, Gonia, Rothà, and one or two other villages, and having no cash to spare then, the parents of the children had promised to pay him after the harvests and vintage: these outlying debts amounted to the important sum of 200 and odd piastres, or not quite 2*l.* sterling; and it was in order to collect them that he had travelled with us from Mohalich. He was sorry we would not stay with him at Rothà, assuring us that he was among friends, that the sea-fish were excellent, and that he had secured us a very clean lodging without fleas. We would have stayed, but it was clear that the Greeks were all making too free a use of spirits to be long sober; and we had promised the kind people of Erdek to return thither, and if we did not return they were likely enough to conclude that we had fallen over the precipices. The hekim said that he would endeavour to overtake us at Antonacki's farm, but that if he should fail in that, he hoped on arriving at Khir-

mastì, where he had a wife and home of his own, we would take up our quarters with him.

On our return, by the same rough road by the sea (there being no other) great was our embarrassment on meeting two or three Turks and a few sheep on the narrow path over one of the sandstone headlands. I scarcely know now how we passed, or how some of us avoided going sheer over the cliff. I never saw sandstone so strangely tumbled about, and piled up as here: in some places a great rounded mass was capped and fitted by another stone above it, like a giant's head with its helmet on; in a few instances there was a third stone fitting on the rounded head of the second, the whole looking like some barbarous, grotesque column: great boulders, rounded in their descent from the lofty, steep mountain, looked as though they would soon take to rolling again, being only retained by slight projections of rock, or by thin fragments of sandstone, which appeared like wedges placed there by the hand of man. Here and there a boulder of this sort hung right over our heads, projecting across the path, where the sandstone under foot had been hollowed out by the passage of men and horses, and the flow of the winter-torrents. On the sea-beach below there was abundant evidence that a good many boulders had rolled over and alighted there not long ago. At a little after 5 P.M., as it was growing dark, we re-entered Erdek, where the Greeks were singing and refreshing themselves powerfully with raki.

After dinner to-day we had a little circle of Greeks, notables of the town, who had kept themselves discreetly sober, and who talked very rationally about the state of

the country. They said that they were more grievously burthened by taxes under the new farming system than ever they had been under the old system, and that they would rather have to deal with Pashas and their direct Turkish agents than with Armenian seraffs. "Now and then," said they, "we had a good Pasha and a good Aghà; but we have never known a good or merciful Armenian seraff. The seraffs are vampires that come from the Gentleman that is afar off. By day as well as by night, suck! suck! they are for ever sucking not only us Greeks, but the Turks, and even their own people: they will not have done until they leave us all as empty as the inside of a cocoon of silk." The impoverished peasants could not sow their grounds without borrowing money to purchase the seed, or without getting seed upon trust, to be paid with enormous interest at harvest-time. Down here the interest on the money, though lent only for six months, was 20 per cent. A short way up the country, where the want of the loans was far more general than here, the people were paying 30 per cent. When the seed was taken from the usurers or their masking agents, it was frequently of a very bad quality. One man said that if he could only get money at 10 per cent. for the six months, he would soon pay all his debts and take more land into cultivation.

Our host was a hadji, or pilgrim. At some time or other he had been to Jerusalem. The having been there constitutes a hadji, no matter how young you may have been at the time. If you are born in that holy city and carried away from it when only a week old, you nevertheless remain a hadji for life, and have

the indisputable right of putting that title before your Christian name. I fancy that Hadji Costacki must have made his pilgrimage when very young, for he could tell us nothing about Jerusalem, except that he recollected there was an immense gathering of Greek people from Trebizond, Sinope, Stamboul, Smyrna, Athens—from all parts of the world. Every year a Greek ship, sometimes under the English-Ionian and sometimes under the Hellenic flag, puts into the gulf of Moudania, to pick up produce and pilgrims for Palestine. She starts in September or October, and, after staying a few days at Ghemlik, she generally comes round to Pandermà or Erdek. The pilgrims collect and embark wherever she touches. I never witnessed it, but the scene of the embarkation was described to me as melodramatic, and, like the Irishman's ugly world, "full of drink." The pilgrims are generally away nine or ten months, or a whole year; and it not unfrequently happens that they are gone for good, dying on shipboard in some foul, overcrowded vessel, or catching a fever or some other malady at Jerusalem and expiring there—the latter being the luckiest, for immense spiritual advantages are believed to be gained by those who are buried in the Holy Land. To make the pilgrimage decently a man ought to carry with him about 50*l.* sterling, and spend every farthing of it. Few, now-a-days, can raise a sum like this, and therefore the great majority must put up with great discomfort, and not a little risk to health and life. The Turkish steamers which now run from Constantinople to Beirout carry a good many as deck-passengers, together with not a few Turks, for Jerusalem is scarcely

less holy to the Mussulmans than to the Christians, and the Osmanlee who performs this pilgrimage becomes entitled to the style and honour of a hadji. Among the Greeks we rather frequently met with female hadjis. We were told that the practice was on the decline, and that every year the number of pilgrims was growing less. This was partly owing to their poverty, and partly attributable to a decay of religious feeling; and many, I believe, had been deterred by the fearful destruction of human life which took place in the Holy Sepulchre, at that juggle called the lighting of the Holy Fire, in the spring of 1834.* Some Greeks from these parts were present at that catastrophe, and as the story was horrible in itself and no story loses in the telling when a Greek is the narrator, the effects produced in this way may have been considerable. We again slept very comfortably under the guardianship of the little virgins and saints.

Just off this very degenerate representative of the ancient Cyzicus lie two small islands, the nearer one being prettily fringed by trees. Beyond the east end of the town there is a curious, abrupt cliff, rising *à pic* over the isthmus, and having on its top traces of ancient fortifications. The only piece of ancient sculpture we could hear of in the town was a small fragment of a basso-relievo, with three male figures upon it, one being seated: it was in the ground-floor of a house close by our host's; it had long been used as a bit of paving-

* For an admirable eye-witness description of this dreadful scene, I refer the reader to the Hon. Robert Curzon's 'Visits to Monasteries in the Levant.'

stone, and the faces of the figures were worn down and obliterated.

We mounted at 12.30, leaving this bold and beautiful little peninsula with regret. To go all round it, by the coast, was reckoned a journey of twelve hours, or about thirty-six miles. It is a fine defensible country, in which brave men might make a stand for their rights and laws against immense odds. The practical landing-places are very few, and might easily be defended and very easily fortified. In the hands of a powerful nation it might soon be turned into a large Gibraltar. Though so very mountainous and rugged, there is—for Turkey—a good deal of cultivation upon it; and this might be greatly extended on the ascending-terrace system, as practised in the volcanic island of Ischia, and many other parts of Italy, both north and south. In some places the Greeks had already carried their vineyards a good way up the hills on solidly constructed terraces; and it was here they grew their best grapes. Except by the tax-gatherers and their Bishop they were little disturbed: no doubt the Turks will soon wholly disappear from among them. In recrossing the isthmus, we turned aside to our left, to examine the extensive ancient ruins.*

Continuing our route across the isthmus our horses' hoofs rather frequently struck fragments of ancient

* A good description of the ruins of Cyzicus has been given by Mr. William J. Hamilton (Researches in Asia Minor, &c., vol. ii. pp. 96-104).

Even if I had room for the insertion of such matter, I have nothing to add to Mr. Hamilton's account. Between that gentleman's visit and mine, Lord Eastnor spent a considerable time at Cyzicus, and made some excavations; but, unfortunately, his notes and drawings have been lost or destroyed, through the shipwreck or foundering of the vessel in which they were embarked.

marbles. We saw the remains of an ancient bridge and of what appeared to have been an ancient aqueduct. Following a path which led us down to the sea-sands on the bay of Erdek, opposite to Cyzicus, we very soon came to the scala of Aidinjik. Here we found two small Ionian brigs and about ten saccolevas taking in cargoes of barley. On the beach were two large magazines, and a small quarantine office, the last being shut up, without man, woman, or boy in attendance. These buildings were all newly and respectably constructed, and looked neat and clean. But how would they look this day twelvemonth? These slovenly people take care of nothing! The present signs of trade and activity — trifling as they were — were cheering to the spirits. From the scala we ascended steep hills towards the town of Edinjik, meeting on our way horses and mules that were carrying down the grain. The road had once been well paved, but was now in many places broken up and difficult to pass; but in other respects the whole of the ascent was delicious. On either side of us were lofty hedge-rows of the Daphne laurel and scented myrtle. At every opening we had glorious views over the isthmus, the peninsula, the islands beyond it, the Propontis, and mountains of Asia, and the distant coast of Europe towards Gallipoli. In one prospect we took in the gulf of Pandermà with the whole of the Erdek bay; in another we saw the olive-hills behind Gallipoli, and looked right into the opening of the Straits of the Dardanelles. A journey of twelve hours would have carried us to Abydos. It was a calm, grey, autumnal day, pleasantly warm: the colouring, though

not brilliant, was exceedingly beautiful—sober, soft, and pearly, like that of the best picture old Teniers ever painted. Approaching the town, we passed a few cypresses and what had once been a stately, handsome, stone mosque, and now was a very unsightly ruin. To the right of the ruined mosque was a ruined bath. At 3.30 we entered Edinjik, or Aidinjik, and alighted at a Turkish coffee-house. The place consisted of about 300 Turkish and 200 Armenian houses: there were no settled Greeks, but a good many lived in the neighbourhood. The Armenians were said to be increasing in number; the Turks not. At no very remote time Edinjik had evidently been four times larger than it now is. Although the ruins of Cyzicus be so near, I fancy it must occupy the site of some ancient city: architectural fragments are very numerous in it and about it. What is now the principal mosque is a large, square, but paltry building of wood, with a very shabby colonnade in front, where wooden pillars rest upon ancient marble capitals turned upside down in the usual fashion of the Turks. Some joints of ancient columns served as stepping-stones to cross the filth in the middle of the main street.

As we were now approaching so near to the Cossack settlement on the Lake of Magnass, or Maniyas, we made a few more inquiries about that people, and were for the moment surprised that these Turks knew very little about them: one young Osmanlee confirmed the accounts we had heard of their having a King Jamie's hatred, abomination, and horror of tobacco—which seemed to the young Turk to be in them, the Cossacks, an unnatural and altogether inexplicable brutality.

The other Turks said that the Cossacks were no doubt very good fishermen, but were otherwise a very worthless and very foul race, living in filthy houses that were half-filled with the entrails and garbage of fish. Though their information was scanty, the poor Turks at Aidinjik were surpassingly civil.

We remounted at 3.45 P.M., trusting to tchelebee John's sagacity for finding out the road to the village on the lake. We struck inland to the south-west. We passed through an immense Turkish cemetery, with a good many cypresses and many ancient marble fragments, a few rich and stately tombstones of a century or two ago, and an infinitude of very mean monuments of more recent date. A little beyond the cemetery the table-land shelved gently down into a valley which was neither broad nor deep, but here and there tolerably cultivated.

On this gentle descent we were overtaken by a tall strapping Mussulman walking at his fastest, with a long-barrelled musket slung across his shoulders, and a pistol and a yataghan in his girdle. We took no further notice of him, except to see that his complexion was unusually dark, and his countenance open and cheerful. He fell into talk with Gentleman John: we rode a-head, and they followed frequently *mashallahing* and *inshallahing*, and laughing out merrily almost as often. By very gentle slopes we were now descending into

"La maggior valle in che l'acqua si spanda."*

The grand hollow of Magnass was beneath us, and, the hills on our right subsiding, we had a fine prospect of

* Dante, 'Paradiso.'

the Sea of Marmora; at the same time the wide expanse of the tranquil lake opened on our left. Here the fresh and the salt waters certainly make a near approach: the edge of the great cup which separates them did not appear to be more than a mile and a half in thickness, and its height was inconsiderable. Through that opening we saw, across the dark blue Propontis, the volcanic peaks of Mount Ida glittering in the setting sun. We soon dropped into an undulated country, with fine cultivated corn-land here and there, and lost sight both of the sea and lake. The tchelebee rode up to say that, as it was getting dark, it was too late to ride on to the Cossack village, and that he had learned from our new friend that it was rather more than probable that the unsociable fisherman would refuse us a night's lodging, especially if we arrived, as we must, after dark. "Our new friend with the long gun," said the tchelebee, "offers us good quarters in his village, which is close by, down there, in that green valley, with the few trees." Of course we agreed to stop. "But," resumed the tchelebee, "what do you think our new friend is? Look at him!" The fellow was close at John's side, it being only through his good nature and love of society that he did not far outwalk our slow, woodeny horses. We looked, and thought it was a very fine strapping fellow, exceedingly well made and set up, and a very honest-looking one: he had a pair of brawny shoulders, and his naked calves were the best we had seen in the country; he was as erect as a minaret, carried his head thrown a little back, and swaggered in his gait, as melodrama heroes do on the stage. It was clear from his complexion that he

must have a portion of Nubian or some other African blood in him. We thought he might be a tufekji, and said so. The tchelebee told us that he was a robber lately retired from business, and that he had been the most famous bandit in all these parts of Asia Minor. The tchelebee laughed, and so did we; but we all thought that he was a pleasant companion, and worthy of all faith and confidence.

While in the rear, Delhi Ismael had narrated his whole history. He had been forcibly taken from his village by the conscription, and had served four years in the regular army: he had been in the Syrian campaign, and at the reduction of Acre in 1840, where he conceived a very great regard for the English, who were acting as allies of the Sultan. Being always a Delhi, he did not much dislike fighting, but he had no taste for order and discipline. Besides the tactico officers were very much addicted to beating their men, and to cheating them out of their pay likewise. So one day, being at Constantinople, Delhi Ismael put on his country clothes and deserted. He came over to Asia Minor, but soon found that some people were making unpleasant inquiries after him; so he went up to the hills and joined certain zebecks, *vulgaricè* robbers. Having more *nous*, knowledge, and nerve than any of them, he soon became their captain. He did so much business that he attracted the notice of even these sleepy Asiatic authorities, and kaimakans and aghas unanimously agreed that he must be taken, and his little band exterminated. At Demotica, a town a few miles off, they made their grand experiment, by means of a host of tufekjees and others. The Delhi was in the

town with only three of his men; he was sitting smoking his pipe in the market-place, when the tcharshy was beleaguered: he was fairly, or, as he thought, foully, taken by surprise; but he roused himself as the lion does, his three comrades showed good fight, and, wounding a few Turks and a few horses, they cut their way out of the town with their yataghans, and then retreated to their mountains. The exploit made a great noise all over the country, from the Dardanelles as far as the end of the plain of Brusa; John had often heard of it at Hadji Haivat. It was forgotten that the Delhi and his people had often robbed Mussulmans; it was only remembered that they had never murdered any, and that only four of them had beaten or foiled a little army. The Turkish imagination is easily captivated by any such display of valour, and, generally, the country people seemed to rejoice whenever the tufekjees got a good beating. Delhi Ismael, who showed the noble scars of four wounds, got two of them here at Demotica; but they were not serious. One day the thought struck him that he would go back to his own village, and turn honest. And so he did; and no authority and no person whatsoever had ever since thought of molesting him, or calling him to account for past transactions. The kaimakans and aghas were glad to let bygones be bygones; they had had quite enough of the Delhi. He and the governor of Edinjik were now on very good terms, that agha knowing that brave Ismael was a man to be counted upon in a case of emergency and danger.

At 5.30 P.M., just as the cucuvajas were getting on the wing and commencing their dismal screeching, we

dismounted at Bey-keui, the Delhi's village—a very small and forlorn looking place, lying in a hollow, and containing only thirteen houses, but not being so forlorn or so poor as it looked, as the villagers grew a good deal of corn, and had good buffaloes, and oxen, and cows, and a tolerable supply of poultry. The Delhi lodged us in the odà, which was maintained by a very honest Osmanlee, who had married his sister. He brought us plenty of wood for fuel, a wheat pilaff, milk and yaourt, fresh eggs, and a respectable fowl, and after dinner he brought us all his male relatives and friends to help us to pass the evening pleasantly. Before dinner was over our party was joined by a middle-aged Mussulman, an emir, from the village of Kestel in the Brusa plain, who told us that he had run away from the tax-gatherers and other importunate creditors, who had been going to throw him into the Pasha's prison. His green turban was no protection to him; like plenty of other emirs we saw, he was in the lowest depth of poverty. He partook of our food, and remained to pass the night with us in the odà. He was a sorrowful but civil man.

We had another emir in company, a poor man of the village, who had also been a common soldier. He appeared to be now about fifty years old: he was a very sensible fellow, with a great deal more spirit than is commonly found among the Osmanlees. He was at the siege of Varna, in 1829, and gave a very clear and striking account of the treachery and baseness of Yussuf Pasha, and some of the superior Turkish officers, who, for money, opened the passes of the Balkan to the Russians. Once he was in a grand charge which

took some Muscovites by surprise and routed them; but just as the Turks were driving their enemies into the Black Sea, the Pasha recalled his people. "I threw down my sword," said the old emir, "for I saw then it was not meant that we should fight in earnest." He seemed to be fully aware of the defects of a Turkish army as compared with the highly disciplined battalions of Russia; but his great grief and lamentation was that there was no steadiness, no principle, faith, honesty, or patriotism among the Turks who now-a-days became great men. Delhi Ismael also told his campaigning stories, and nearly blew the roof off the odà by a very spirited relation of the bombardment of Acre and the explosion of the great powder-magazine. He was still astonished at the rapidity and precision with which the English fired their guns, and hit whatever they aimed at; and he equally admired the coolness, quietness, and order with which they went into battle. We slept very comfortably on the ground, with a fire on the hearth, and no fleas. Our green-turbaned friend from Kestel groaned a little in his sleep, like a man that was dreaming of his debts and flinty creditors.

In the morning three or four peasants were out at plough, with some of the finest buffaloes we had yet seen in this country; but the majority of the men came to us at the odà, and amused themselves with firing at a mark with our powder.

The ex-robber had taken us into his friendship and affection; although the track to the Cossack village was now short and easy to find, he insisted upon seeing us two or three miles on our way to a certain fountain,

beyond which it was impossible to mistake the direct road: and so when we mounted, at 8 A.M., he slung his gun across his shoulder, and trudged along on foot by the side of our horses. At 8.35 we passed a chiftlik, belonging to an Achmet Pasha, and being in as promising a state as Mustapha Nouree's farm near Balukli: there was a large wooden house, falling to pieces, with three or four wretched hovels attached. The Delhi, who had been repeatedly at the Cossack quarters, moralized on the shamefully short petticoats worn by the Cossack women. He spoke kindly enough of the men, but his brother-villagers had told us last night that they were a frowsy people, and that we should not be able to tolerate their village because of the exceeding stench of putrid fish. They called the place Kazakli (Cossack village). At 9 A.M., by the road-side fountain, we took a very affectionate leave of Delhi Ismael. I would have trusted the man if I had been carrying a treasure. He went back to his village very happy with a ten-piastre piece.

A little farther on we came in full view of the Lake of Magnass, and saw a rather large Turkish village, pleasantly situated on the side of a hill, which shelved down to the margin of the waters. We rode through a little open wood of dwarf oak, passed a large Turkish cemetery, and saw the Cossack village lying right before us, low, on the very edge of the lake. Of people we saw none.

We arrived at the village at 10 A.M., and entered it by a good, wide, straight street running down to the lake. Still we could discover no living soul. The houses on either side of us seemed neater and in far

better preservation than any we had yet met with; but we could see only little of them, each house standing within an enclosed court-yard, and presenting only one of the walls of the yard and a doorway and closed door to the street. On reaching the edge of the lake we found a few very fair-haired children—clean and neatly dressed; and then two or three very tall, strongly-made women in short petticoats. They all seemed rather shy of us, and to have a very imperfect comprehension of what was said to them in Turkish. At last they understood that we were inquiring for the house of their Bey or head man. A little boy motioned to us—without coming very near—that he would show the way. He led us some distance up the street through which we had descended, and rapped with his knuckles on a very neat door. At first a tall, gaunt old woman showed herself at the opened door; she disappeared as soon as she had seen us, without saying a word or making one sign of welcome or courtesy. But, when we had waited a few minutes, the old Bey himself made his appearance, standing on his own threshold and neither moving from it nor inviting us to cross it. He could talk Turkish pretty well, and was a tall, clean, well-bearded, venerable man. He replied concisely but civilly enough to a number of questions we put to him about this curious colony, but told us he was afraid to admit us into his house or to come into close contact with us, as his people had brought him news that the cholera was now very bad at Constantinople, and was likely to continue its advance into these parts.

However great might be the mistake as to the con-

tagiousness of the destructive disease, and however unpleasant to us this caution might be, we could not but feel that it was a proof of civilization.

We asked for the priests, as the persons most likely to give us the information about the colony which we desired. The Patriarchal-looking Bey said he would show us the way to their house; and putting a pair of skin slippers on his naked feet, he came forth and walked down the street, keeping to the windward of us and at a respectful distance. At the end of the street he learned that the priests had gone to a fair or market in a Turkish town some twelve miles off.

Other women and children were now abroad, but they all kept aloof; and while I was making a little sketch at the edge of the lake, the Bey turned toe and went back to his own house without salutation or ceremony of any kind. John said he was a domooz; and we all began to think that the Cossacks merited the character for unsociableness and moroseness which the Turks and Greeks had given them. As the Bey could talk an intelligible language, and as there appeared to be nobody else in the village that could, and as we were very hungry, we soon followed the old man and knocked at his door to put a few more questions to him, and to request that he would give us at least a little bread. We told him that if he was afraid of us we would eat the bread outside his door in the street; that we had no cholera nor any other sickness, but a very good appetite; and that as for Constantinople, we had not been near it for a long time. By degrees the old man's cholera panic subsided, and he invited us into his house—the cleanest house and indisputably the

neatest we had seen in Asia Minor. Immediately within the door, on the ground-floor, was a good-sized hall, the *salle de reception*, and the best apartment of the house; it was about 50 feet in length by about 25 in breadth; the walls were neatly plastered and white-washed, and there was not a speck of dirt or any dust on their surface; the roof, without any intermediate ceiling, was of thatch, which was very neatly cut and shaped on the inner side; the flooring was of a composition of sand and clay (sand predominating) beaten into a concrete and studded here and there with a few shells and flints. All round the room there was a projection from the walls, about two feet in breadth and of nearly the same height, and this projection served as a divan. Opposite to the door of entrance was a wide open doorway without any doors, but which could be closed in cold weather by matting; and through this open space we looked down a small strongly-enclosed kitchen-garden, on either side of which were small sleeping and other apartments. Near the end of the garden there was a separation, made of the tall *canne*, or rushes of the lake, very neatly set up and interlaced: behind this screen was the poultry-yard; and close by, on one side, stood a similar screen which concealed the little kitchen: a good, broad, smooth path, prettily laid with pebbles, led from the sala to the end of the garden. This was all the work of Cossack hands. Everything was of the simplicity of the early ages, but neat, orderly, most clean. The house and the whole village would have formed the locality and home-scene for one of Sanazzaro's piscatorial eclogues, if that poet could have seen it, and if that artificial seicentisto had had an eye

and a feeling for nature. Not, however, that the living figures of the scene would not be all the better, as well for poetry as for common life, if they were a little more vivacious and imaginative, and a little less cautious and worldly.

The Bey, with his own hands, laid bread and heads of garlic before us, and bade his daughter, a clean, tall, strapping, upright woman, boil some fresh eggs. The flour was better ground and the bread altogether better than any we had tasted in Asia Minor. Another grey-bearded Cossack came in from the village, and then there came a dark, dingy little fellow dressed in baggy clothes made of a strong, coarse, dark-brown, woollen cloth. This last personage was one of the school-masters of the colony, for these Cossacks have schools and masters. He appeared to be between thirty and forty years old. He spoke Turkish, though not very fluently; and he told us himself that he was thirty-eight years old, and that he had been the first child born here after the establishment of the colony. We sat on one side of the hall on the projection, and the two elders on the other: the schoolmaster, who had entered with many profound bows and numerous touchings of the crown of his head, being in the presence of the Bey and of seniors and superiors, did not sit at all, but stood in the midst of the room, with his hands clasped before him, and quite concealed in his ample brown sleeves.

We ate our bread and eggs, and asked questions. The Bey told us that they were a colony of Don Cossacks, or, as he pronounced it, Donsh Cosákee; that, according to their traditions, their ancestors mi-

grated from the Don to the Danube about 280 years ago; that the Danubian colony, becoming too numerous for the waters they fished, sent off 300 of its number about thirty-nine years ago; that, except a few who died on the voyage, this offshoot of the Danubian colony, favoured and protected by the Sultan, came and settled at Magnass, where the fishing was good, and where there was water communication between the lake and the sea; and that a second migration from the Danube to this colony took place only between fourteen and fifteen years ago. They had increased and multiplied, but their numbers were thinned by repeated visitations of the plague. It was now ten years that they had been entirely free from that scourge, and during this time they had kept steadily increasing. They were now dreading that the cholera would prove as destructive as the plague.

They had generally large families, and their children were very strong and healthy: the climate agreed with them; they hardly knew what the malaria fever was. This was curious; for the causes of the pernicious miasmata exist in abundance all round the lake, and the Turks who live in that basin are constantly suffering from intermittent fevers. The appearance not only of all the children, but of all the grown-up women we saw, was certainly calculated to put the stamp of truth upon the assertion, for they all looked healthy, fresh, and vigorous. Some of the younger children were very good-looking if not pretty, with blue eyes and the lightest of flaxen hair. In the face they much resembled young Northumbrians or children of the south-east coast of Scotland, where there is most of the Danish

blood. The Bey and the other old man, deducting their long beards, had quite a West of Europe look, with nothing of the Oriental or Calmuck or Muscovite about them. The Bey had a high, straight forehead, and an aquiline nose. The only Calmuck face and figure we saw here were those of the humble Magnass-born schoolmaster. The colony now had 300 houses and five churches. They told us that they had five schoolmasters, but only two priests. These proportions, so contrary to those which I usually found, astonished us; but they repeated that they had only two priests, that these two were Russians born, and that they had gone to the market.

They professed a great hatred of Russia; but their civilization seemed to us to be all derived from that country. The children were taught reading and writing in Russian. All the books they had were printed at Moscow. The Bey produced an immense tome, bound with wooden boards covered with strong leather; it appeared to be a History of the Bible with the Breviary of the old Greek Church. It was very neatly printed upon stout paper; but the title-page was missing. Their other books were religious works, and tales and traditions of their own people. The schoolmaster said he would show us three or four very ancient books in MS., but, for some cause or other, he did not keep his promise. The comparatively high civilization of the Cossacks of the Don, their industry and order, the neatness and cleanliness of their habitations, are well known. The colony of that race, seated among the islands, lakes, meres, and swamps of the Lower Danube, communicate occasionally with the parent stock on the Don, and this

offshoot at Magnass preserves close relations with the people on the Danube. Thus, through a very long and curious chain, the Russo-Cossack civilization is vivified and maintained in this corner of Asia Minor.

They avowed their utter detestation of tobacco-smoking and snuff-taking; but they rather energetically denied having any dislike to wine or raki, or any good spirituous liquor. They proved the last assertion by taking very kindly to our flask. The schoolmaster took off at one gulp a bumper, which would have deprived the strongest of us of breath, but which seemed to have no more effect upon him than might have been produced by a glass of the water of the lake. We had been told that they would not drink out of the same cup or glass which a stranger had drunk from, and that if the vessel belonged to themselves they would break it into pieces and throw it on the dungheap as an unclean, polluted thing. They assured us that this was true only of Mussulmans; that they would not drink after a Turk, *because* he was always smoking, and was not a Christian. They drank freely enough out of the same cup with us. They hated smoking upon religious grounds. We ventured to say that most Christian people living as they did among waters and in damp, marshy situations, were much given to the pipe, and that smoking, in moderation, under these circumstances, was considered conducive to health. But they would not hear of it: if tobacco could do good to the body, it defiled and ruined the soul; and by the act of smoking man ceased to be a Christian. The Muscovites smoked; therefore they were not Christians; the Turks did nothing but smoke; but they were unbelievers, and would get a good burning

for all their smoking hereafter. King James's blast against tobacco could hardly have been louder.

Though of the Greek church, they would scarcely consider either Russians or Greeks as Christians, saying that they had gone astray into the paths of heresy, introducing new practices and ceremonies, and departing from the simplicity of the old faith, which was retained in its purity only by the Don Cossacks and some few other tribes living under the Tzar. M. Kohl's excellent work on Russia will have informed most of my readers of the religious differences which exist within the Russian Empire, and of the vehement feelings of hatred to which they occasionally give rise. Our friends at Magnass knew of the Tzar of Muscovy, and the Padishah of Turkey, and the Kaiser of Austria; and they had terrible traditions of the French invasion of Russia and retreat from Moscow; but of other sovereigns, countries, or peoples they appeared to have only faint and confused ideas. The Bey asked us whether our country, England, did not belong to France. They have no musical instruments. Instrumental music is strictly prohibited, in church service, by the Greek Church, whether old or new. In their high festivities they sing in chorus, and dance and jump to that music. From the description of their dance I fancied it must be a sort of polka in the rough. The rage for these dances of Slave origin has been almost like an overture played to that noisy and uncomfortable opera, "Slave Union and War of Races."

The men of Magnass spoke quite contemptuously of the Turks:—"When a few come here on business, or in a quiet way, without their tobacco and tchibouques,

we admit them into the village and allow them to sit outside our houses; but when they come frolicking and rioting, in the way they use among the Greek villages, we drive them away with our sticks. But they hardly ever trouble us; for how can a Turk travel, and what can he do without his pipe? And we will have no smoking here! We will not have our village made unclean! They hardly ever come near us; they know next to nothing about us; we go to their towns and villages, and do the little business we have with them there. We take good care never to leave this place without plenty of stout men in it. If we had neglected this precaution our houses would have been pillaged and burned long ago, and you know what would have befallen our women and children. But now the Turks are quiet enough. Here about they seem all becoming as timid as women. Only a few on the lake of Apollonia are turbulent."

They now counted in all nearly 500 grown-up men at Magnass. They pay no kharatch, no salianè, no tax or duty whatsoever; but when the Sultan is at war, and calls upon them, they are bound to furnish him with a number of fighting men—half of the total number of such as are able to serve. In the losing, ruinous war which the late Sultan Mahmoud waged against Russia in 1828-9, they said they had furnished 160 fighting men, who went armed with spears and acted as irregular cavalry. Some few of these got killed, some died of disease between Varna and the Danube, but by far the greater part came back safe and sound to the Lake of Magnass. They are an exceedingly hardy people, and take a good deal of killing. Every woman we saw seemed born to

be the mother of grenadiers. If they had been in his way the father of Frederick the Great must have been strongly tempted to try and steal them all. While we were talking with the men, the females of the Bey's house went and came about their domestic affairs quite in an unconcerned manner: they did not seem to take the slightest notice of us, or to be in any way disturbed by our presence; and yet the sight of Franks must have been rather a rare sight to them, and at Magnass it was almost a sight unknown. They were eminently industrious and tidy, and, truly, they were admirably set up: they all looked and stood and walked as if they had been carefully drilled. An oldish matron came in to lay some complaint before the Bey, who acts as ruler and judge. She stood erect, in the midst of the hall, in the attitude of an ancient orator—at one moment she had the precise attitude of that wonderful, ancient Greek statue, in the Bourbon Museum at Naples, which goes by the name of Aristides the Just. She was earnest and energetic without being at all loud or vulgar, and she never once made an extravagant or ungraceful gesture. I wished that some of our House of Commons orators could have been here to take a salutary lesson from this Cossack dame. Although we did not understand one word she said, I was sorry when she had done.

The political institutions of the colony are very democratic, though scarcely sufficiently so for the perfectibilians and some of the theorists of 1848, for they do not allow the fair sex to vote, and in the other sex they stop short of universal suffrage. The grand exercise of the franchise is at the election of their Hetman or

Bey. At these elections the elders and the fathers of families assemble in the principal church, and vote one by one, openly and without any ballot "dodge," and the candidate who has the majority of votes becomes the Bey and ruler and judge for a year. Sometimes a popular Bey is allowed to retain office two years, without a fresh election. In serious cases the Bey calls together a Council of Elders. The priests and schoolmasters act as registrars and secretaries; but it is not often that their proceedings require any record. From a decision of the Bey in Council there is of course no appeal. Their differences were few and simple; they were a quiet, orderly people, hardly ever quarrelling except now and then when in their cups. It was a community without a prison. It was left entirely to its own self-government, neither pasha nor aghà ever interfering with it. The present Bey was seventy-five years old, and bade fair to live to be a hundred.

They do not till the soil; they are not at all an agricultural people, but they graze some cattle on the fine broad natural pastures behind and on either side of the settlement, and they have the good sense to make hay for their cattle during winter. Nearly every house had its haystack or stacks. The hay was not fine, but it was sweet and wholesome, and was not black like that which we had seen up in the Kutayah villages. Every house seemed also to have a horse or mare. We saw a few good oxen, two or three decent cows, and the like number of buffaloes. Collectively they had a good deal of cattle. When not engaged in fishing or curing their fish, they drive some business as arubajees or waggoners, carrying goods and produce for the Turks

from town to town, or down to the scala of Edinjik, or to Erdek, or to the port of Pandermà. Their arùbas, constructed by themselves, were incomparably superior to any that we saw in the country or over in Roumelia. Returning homeward from the carrying-work they do for the Turks, and for which they take pay in kind, they load their arubas with wheat, barley, oats, &c., and this produce generally serves for their consumption. The Bey seemed to have a good stock of this year's wheat. They had in the village four windmills of very primitive construction, but which performed the office far better than those of the Turks.

The boats, which we had examined on the lake, were cut out of trees like Indian canoes. They were cut very thin on the sides, but were strengthened inside with ribs. The tree generally used was the short, thick, black poplar of the country, the wood of which is very light. The boats were pitched both inside and out. They were cut sharp at both ends: they were not flat, but rather round-bottomed, without any keel. With these small and fragile vessels the Cossacks fish the lake of Magnass, navigate the Kara-derè, which flows from the lake into the Rhyndacus, descend the Rhyndacus into the sea of Marmora, traverse that sea to Rodostò and Gallipoli, go through the Dardanelles, up the gulf of Enos towards Adrianople, or up the gulf of Salonica to the city of that name; or—taking the contrary direction—they cross the Propontis to Selyvria, thence go to Constantinople, and to the north, through the Bosphorus and up the stormy Black Sea, to the mouths of the Danube. They are often seen on these trips by our merchant-mariners, whose astonishment is excited by their performance. A gentleman belonging to the

American Legation was once astonished beyond measure to see two of them—looking no bigger than nutshells—far out at sea, and running before the wind in a Euxine storm. When they have light favouring winds they use a bit of lugsail, but they generally row and keep close in shore. They often take their women and children with them on these distant voyages. They have all kindred and friends among the Danubian Cossacks; and it was usual for some of the families to visit their relations once in two or three years: thus the old links were kept from rusting and breaking. We asked whether they were not sometimes lost at sea? The reply was—very seldom: they were good judges of weather, and took all possible care not to be out at sea in a storm; if the weather was uncertain, they did not cross the Propontis or any of its gulfs, but crept along shore until they came to the Straits of the Dardanelles or to the Bosphorus; they knew by long practice every creek and inlet on the coasts, and when the weather was very unpromising, they pulled up their light boats, high and dry, on some lonely beach, and there remained until the storm blew over.* Besides they could generally count upon smooth weather during three or four months of the year. In these hot months they had often to carry their boats by land on their arubas. In a very dry summer-season the Kara-derè was shallow

* Mr. Browne, of the American Legation, visited another Cossack settlement on the Lake of Dercon, on the European side of the Black Sea, and not thirty miles above Constantinople. We had heard of these people as Russians. Mr. Browne, and his companion the Belgian Minister, fully ascertained that they were Don Cossacks, and only a part of the tribe established on the Lake of Maniyas. At the time of their visit there were not above fifty Cossacks on the spot. The scenery was picturesque and beautiful. This Dercon must be a convenient resting place on the boat voyages to and from the Danube.

from its mouth on the lake down to Balukli: they then carried their boats overland from the edge of the lake to Antonacki's farm, and there, taking them from the arubas, they launched them afresh.

Taking leave of the old Bey, who counted the money we gave him, who did not accompany us farther than his own threshold, and who appeared neither glad nor sorry at our going, we went and walked for half an hour about the curious settlement. It was a good long village, separated by a wide vacant space, on which stood the low, primitive windmills. Perhaps it might be said there were two villages; the upper one having been built by the original settlers, and the lower one by the immigrants of fourteen years ago. The common houses, though not quite so stately as the old Bey's, were uncommonly neat and clean; that is, judging from the outsides, for although we entered into the little square court-yards or gardens, not one of the inmates gave us any encouragement to go farther. It was quite apparent that these people were indeed rather unsociable and churlish. Yet we ought to bear in mind their dread of the cholera, and the fact that the men were out on voyages or fishing at the upper end of the lake. We hardly saw any at home, or out in the village, except women and children; and these could speak no Turkish. The women were all bare-footed and bare-legged, and their petticoats scarcely reached the calves of their legs. It was the sight of these female Cossack calves that had so scandalised Delhi Ismael. He would have put them all into shalvars. The calves of some of them almost rivalled the Delhi's own. But though naked-legged, these women wore a very neat, clean

dress, made of cotton stuff. They had bright-coloured cotton handkerchiefs or pieces of chintz tied round the head, not in the turban fashion, but in the ingenious manner in which some people at home improvise a nightcap. The dress of the children was more than neat—it was elegant and picturesque: the boys wore a tunic which descended a little below the knee, and a pair of trowsers underneath, both tunic and trowsers being made of a strong, thick, white cotton stuff manufactured or sold at the not distant town of Baluk Hissar, where a fair of much importance in this part of Anatolia is held annually. The tunic was very prettily embroidered round the neck and down the breast with different bright-coloured worsteds. The dress of the old Bey was the same as that of the boys, bating only the pretty embroidery. The thick cotton of the tunic was as warm as woollen cloth. The men all wore a fur or skin cap, fitting rather close to the head, coming rather low over the eyes, and looking something like the smaller caouks we so often saw on Turkish gravestones.

The two principal churches we saw were very neat, simple, and clean: one of them was plastered and whitewashed on the outside; both had crosses, boldly erect, in front, and were covered with red tiles; all the dwelling-houses being thatched with reeds of the lake. One of these churches had a very curious belfry; a narrow, tiled roof, detached from the church, supported by four wooden pillars, two at each end; and under the tiles, suspended to a beam, were four bells, about the size of an English out-of-door or garden bell. The bells had no clappers, but were struck upon by sticks. The

reeds and bulrushes of the lake, which grow to a great size, are applied to an infinite variety of uses, like the bamboo in China. The Cossacks make with them close and strong fences, open and very neat trellisses and lattices, summer sails for their boats, weirs and traps for ensnaring fish, matting to lie upon, coverings for their arubas, &c.; and the children make arrows of them, with which they are sometimes skilful enough to kill a big fish swimming. From one end of the place to the other, we saw nothing but neatness, order, industry, and what was for this country an abundance and prosperity. Though far less grand than the Lake of Nicæa, and far less beautiful than its nearer neighbour the Lake of Apollonia, this Magnass is a very fine sheet of water, some nine miles long and from four to six miles wide. It is indisputably the ancient Miletopolis, within the basin of which were several ancient towns.*

We mounted our horses at 1 P.M., and took the way to Antonacki's farm, by the south side of the lake. We rode across a fine plain with abundant and excellent pasture, and with no cattle on it except that of the Cossacks. There followed fine corn-land, almost entirely abandoned. At a distance we saw three very small Turkish hamlets, one being deserted altogether, and two looking as if they would be so. At 3 P.M. we rode through a large and rather fine plantation of tobacco, and came into a tumble-down Turkish village, a little

* I know of no English traveller having visited this very interesting Don Cossack Colony except Mr. William J. Hamilton, who went hastily through the village in the month of May, 1837, and was surprised at the fair and clean appearance and Teutonic expression of the women and children, their neat dresses, and their active movements.—See 'Researches in Asia-Minor,' &c., vol. ii. p. 105.

inland of the lake, with extensive burying-grounds outside.* Soon after leaving this dismal place we came to the Kara-derè and some of its feeders. Within a quarter of an hour we waded through three broad streams, with the water up to the saddle-flaps; and then crossed an ugly marsh, abounding with deep holes, by a wooden bridge. A solitary pelican watched our proceedings, and seemed to wonder at them. At 4.30 we rode through the large but ruinous village of Ak-Sakal, or "White Beard." Here mosque and minaret were crumbling to the dust, every house was falling, and several of them were unroofed. This last pay-time the tax-gatherers had taken off the tiles to pay the saliane: last year they took the copper utensils of the poor villagers; what they will find to take next year it was hard to say! we thought that, in a place at all inhabited by men, ruin could not well go farther than it had done here. The gloom of evening, and the wide-spreading cemetery, gave the place a most ghostly appearance. Riding up the slopes of the hills which separate the round basin of Magnass from the Kara-derè and the plain of Mohalich, we came in a quarter of an hour to the village of Duvà, or "Prayer," which was sunk still deeper in ruin and misery. Here more than half of the houses were prostrate, and the remorseless tax-gatherers had untiled all the rest. These Turkish villagers (for Turks) were not indolent or careless men; but they had had much sickness among them, and had been passing

* On the hills behind this sad place were the ruins of some ancient town (probably Miletopolis), but they consisted merely of foundations of walls and a few scattered stones which had not yet been removed to be converted into tombstones.

through the usurious hands of the Armenians, and suffering from unfair levies of the ushur. The government collectors of the salianè pretended that they had money, and were hiding it. They and their neighbours asserted most solemnly that they had nothing—not even a stock of food for the winter. The tiles, which could not be sold in the place, were scarcely worth carrying away; but they were gone, and those poor houses were open to wind and rain.

It now grew very dark, and we were not quite sure of our way across lonely wild heaths and downs; but we heard at a distance the barking of sheep-dogs, which we thought might proceed from our friend's mandra, and at last we caught a faint glimpse of the cypresses and tall poplars of Balukli.

This time we remained the best part of four days at Balukli. The weather was warm and beautiful; the sun was quite hot in the middle of the day, but the heat was mitigated by gentle breezes. The 19th of November was a most glorious day. The Kara-derè rippled and flowed by the front of the farm-house with an abundant but quiet stream: the high mountains of Magnass and Apollonia were on our right, most exquisitely coloured; and before us, towering high above the lower ridges, stood old Olympus, with his head now well powdered with snow. In the little garden, which had once been so neat and trim, there were yet a few flowers and flowering shrubs planted by the last of the Panduz-Oglous. Some chrysanthemums were in full bloom—and blooming in immense trusses. The green bank above the river was almost covered with bright-eyed daisies, which, like the old Pæstan roses, blow twice in the year.

Our philosopher's nearest neighbour was a grim old square tower, once the keep of a chiftlik like his own. It was about a mile and a quarter up the river. We rode to it, and found another scene of the most perfect desolation. The first objects we came to were a few cypresses, shading the gravestones of the former occupants of the farm, who, like the Panduz-Oglous, had long been a family of note, but who had entirely disappeared a few years ago. The lands were very extensive, running along the banks of the Kara-derè as far as the Lake of Magnass, and stretching over the hills and heaths; but a sum amounting not quite to 200*l.* English, would have purchased the lands, and the ruins, and the cemeteries of the old aghàs.

Fording the Kara-derè, a little above the tower, we rode to a Turkish village, on some elevated ground on the plain, called by the very common name of Kelessen, where we found very extensive cemeteries, a very few houses, and immense dung-heaps of great antiquity. An old Turk, who was odà-bashi, and the owner of a few strong buffaloes, entertained us with pipes and coffee, in a dark, crazy hovel which threatened to fall upon our heads every time the breeze blew freshly. With miles of grass-land around him the old Turk was lamenting that the waters would soon be out, and that he knew not how he should keep his buffaloes and oxen through the winter, unless Antonacki allowed him to send them to his dry uplands before the deluge commenced. The grass here was full of the finest wild clover, which was again blooming. They also cultivated here, as at intervals all through the plain as far as Pandermà, good free-growing flax, and the cultivation might have been

increased to an immense extent. They were complaining that they did not get good prices for their linseed; but they had never thought of crushing it themselves; they knew nothing of the nutritious, fattening qualities of the oil-cake, upon which and a very little hay they might not only keep their cattle through the winter, but also improve them in quality. The beef—never very good—is abominable in the winter time; they kill what they cannot keep, and they send skin and bone to market. Our philosopher was equally ignorant of oil-cake feeding, but upon a little explanation, he saw the immense advantages which might be derived from it, in a country where the production of linseed costs so very little; and he made up his mind to procure some machinery from Marseilles next year and try the experiment. He could sell his oil at Constantinople, keep what remained of his crushed linseed, and make oil-cakes. From Pandermà to the capital was a short voyage, and there were boats which regularly performed it twice a week; for good beef he could always have a good market in Galata and Pera; the European Embassies alone would take off a large supply. I believe it would answer the purpose of these people to grow linseed only for the sake of the oil-cake, and that they might gain more by it than they now do by selling their seed for exportation. We again heard complaints of the terrible interest the people were paying for the means of putting seed into the ground. The odà-bashi said that if poor men could only get advances of money for *six months*, at 15 per cent., they might yet rally. Our philosopher had repeatedly made loans of seed, at this rate, and, taking them in kind, as they were given,

he had never once found any difficulty in recovering his capital and getting his interest. At harvest time, or when the corn was trodden out by the oxen, he went and took the portion which was his due.

One morning—it was on the 18th of November, and the beginning of the feast of the Courban Bairam—our hermit of Balukli appeared in a new and to us totally unexpected character. I was sitting alone writing, the tchelebee and Charles having gone to look for some woodcocks, when he stalked into the room, with a blue cloak over his shoulders, a string of large, light-blue stones round his neck, and a short, strangely shaped lance in his right hand, and with even more solemnity than usual on his countenance. Before I could ask the reason of this masquerade, he seated himself on a low wicker stool at the head of the room, and about a dozen Turkish peasants came in, each touching the edge of his garment, and then carrying each his right hand to his forehead. A few most unintelligible Turkish words were said, and a few equally unintelligible signs were made by our long-bearded host, and repeated severally by the Turks, who then prostrated themselves on the floor, rose and withdrew with great order and gravity.

When they had gone down stairs, and across the garden, the philosopher, who had been enjoying my astonishment, burst into a fit of laughter—which was with him a rare fit. "Do you not know," said he, "that I am a head of the sect of Bektash, a Bektashji Bashi? My predecessor, Panduz Oglou, was a great chief of the sect; and for no other reason that I know of, except that I came to live in the house where he

had lived, the Bektashis in the neighbourhood would have me for their chief. I found my benefit in accepting the honour; it gave me influence in the country where the Bektashis are numerous, and united by a sort of freemasonry. I also found that some of their doctrines squared pretty well with my own: they hate muftis, mollahs, ulema, and all priesthoods. So do I. I never got into trouble with Turks where I could keep clear of their ulema and kadis. I hardly ever knew a Greek priest that was not either a drunkard and a fool, or a rogue and impostor. It is a great pleasure to live here, where there are no priests of any sort. Yes! though a Christian and a Greek, I am head of the Bektashis, and am reverenced by Mussulmans! Your true Bektash never goes to the mosque except once a year at the Courban Bairam, and then he must ask the consent of his Bashi. These fellows came as usual to ask my permission."

He had very few details to give about a sect which has more than once excited the alarm of the Ottoman government, and which is now said to be rapidly on the increase. I believe that he knew very little about it, and that the details he gave were applicable only to the rural and wholly illiterate Bektashis.

According to his account some of their tenets bore a certain resemblance to those of the Wahabees or Mussulman reformers of Arabia; they held our Saviour to be greater than Mahomet; they regarded with scorn the notion of an hereditary Caliphate, and the claims of the emirs, or green-heads, to be entitled to reverence as the descendants of the Prophet; they despised circumcision and all rites and ceremonies whatsoever; they esteemed

charity, mutual benevolence, tranquillity and an unmurmuring submission to whatever might befal them, as the cardinal and saving virtues. Their faith was limited to the belief in the one God, and in the immortality of the soul; so that a Christian or an Israelite was admissible in their ranks, and was to be treated as a brother if his conduct proved him to be a true Bektash. They were bound to befriend one another on all occasions, and to stand by one another in all cases of attack, or of any other danger. They had signs and a shibboleth, and a sort of secret society *gergo*, by which they could make themselves known, and express their free-masonry. The queer-shaped lance, and the rosary or necklace of blue stones, were insignia of high office. They had also an emblematical meaning, but in explaining this our philosopher fell into rigmarole. The stones, which were of a dull, light blue colour, and in their natural shapes—never having passed under the hands of a lapidary—were about the size of walnuts, and were said to come from the country above Kutayah, where the Bektashis were numerous. But pendent to the string was one large blue stone, shapeless, but as big as a good-sized padlock.

I should have apprehended the contrary, but Antonacki assured me that if the Bektashis in the country were not better, they certainly were not worse than the other Mussulmans. The truth is, that among all classes the old religion is dying out. In the towns, he confessed that, many of the men who more or less secretly banded together as Bektashis, were very depraved men, who turned religious liberty into libertinage. "But then," said he, "these men are not *true* Bektashis, for they

believe not in a God—they are Turkish atheists; and I am told there are many of them. They make their happiness and glory consist in gratifying all their passions, however violent or brutal they may be. The true Bektash prides himself on subduing his passions and despising pleasure and pain: your true Bektash is a Stoic—as I am, by practice and necessity."

Round our evening fire, when we were all assembled after dinner, I brought back the conversation to the curious subject of Bektash, and to Panduz Oglou, who had been so conspicuous a chief among them, and who now lay so quietly in the little cemetery at the corner of Antonacki's kitchen-garden. Gentleman John, who had been personally and *well* acquainted with the defunct Panduz, described him as an original character; as a quick, very lively, witty, unbelieving Turk, that had an extraordinary natural talent for things mechanical. He had procured a lathe, and a variety of good English and French tools, and with these he had amused his solitude at Balukli. He could rudely imitate almost everything that was put before him; he could make a Dutch clock, he could forge nails, he could draw wire; he could clean a foul watch, taking it to pieces and putting it together again. Nothing came amiss to Panduz Oglou. Here, in the farm, besides a forge, of which we saw the ruins, he had a little foundry, a machine for boring gun-barrels, a drill, a plate for making small screws, &c. Having seen an English chaise which some traveller had contrived to take to Brusa, he gave himself no rest until he had made a chaise something like it with his own hands. Nothing so rare as this constructiveness among the Turks! But Panduz Oglou, who would

have made an excellent mechanic, and, perhaps, even a good engineer, had little or no turn for agriculture. He was also fond of gaiety and society, but only of the society of Franks and the better sort of Greek Rayahs, and to enjoy this he went rather frequently to Brusa. He made no secret of his heterodoxy or unbelief: he boasted that he was a Bektash even in Sultan Mahmoud's time, when it was rather dangerous to do so. He was revered by all that sect. Of the Turks in general he spoke most contemptuously. He was accustomed to say, "All Turks are dung; there are different sorts of dung; the dirt of a horse is not so bad as the dirt of a hog, but of one dirt or other all Turks are made." He drank wine, loved raki, and ate pork. "The Prophet," said he, "intimates that there is a particular part in a wild-boar which the faithful may freely eat; our doctors and commentators have never agreed what part this is; some say this bit, some that; but as I eat the whole animal, I fancy I must have hit upon the right part before now."

His sharp, satirical tongue, his jests and merry stories —which got repeated—made him enemies, and he had a quarrel with the governor and mollah of Mohalich. One fine day, as he was travelling from Brusa back to his farm at Balukli, he stopped at the village of Chatà-lāghà, to smoke a pipe and take a cup of coffee. There was poison in the cup; and he died on the road at a short distance from his chiftlik. Thus ended the ingenious Panduz Oglou, about thirteen years before we came to Balukli. His only son, and only living child, became—"*par droit de naissance*"—a Bektash Bashi; but hating the solitude of Balukli, he sold the farm as

soon as he could, and removed into the town of Mohalich. Antonacki was the purchaser. What had been free-thinking or pure Bektash in the father, became vice and profligacy, or—as our philosopher said—*false* Bektash in the son. This last of the old race of the Panduz Oglous was generally reputed the greatest chapkin, or scamp, in all Mohalich. He had soon squandered the purchase-money for the hereditary estate, and he was now living upon part of the fees derivable from a khan in the town, which one of his ancestors had built for the free accommodation of merchants and travellers. Before we left the pashalik of Brusa he was implicated with other Bektashis of Mohalich in an atrocious crime, the scene being a raki-shop, and the cause, a handsome Greek youth, who manfully killed one of his brutal assailants.

The Bektashis were known to be numerous at Brusa and all through that plain; but, although I made several attempts after our return to the foot of Olympus to collect some completer and better information as to their doctrines or notions, and the tendency of their sect, I cannot say that I was very successful. All that I gleaned, however, tended to the belief that, though not engaged in any positive conspiracy, like the Carbonari in Italy, they would gladly witness the overthrow of the Ottoman government, and would be not unlikely to conspire at a favourable opportunity. Those who patronized their reforms, and the Turkish reformers themselves, took comfort and courage from the conviction that, since the destruction of the Janizaries, the people had no rallying-point, no means of communicating and fomenting discontent and disaffection; but

these Bektash societies *may* prove before long a *point d'appui*, and the centre of agitation, with radii spreading to all parts of the empire. The religious indifferentism will continue to swell the ranks of the Bektashis.

All those of our acquaintance who had travelled much in Turkey, and who had paid attention to the condition of the people, were aware of the existence and great extension of this society, although, like myself, they were not admitted into its penetralia. They all believed that its tendency was adverse to church and state, and that if the sect continued to grow and expand, there would be an end in Turkey to the Mahometan faith.

The prospect might be agreeable if we could see at the end of the vista a purer belief. But for *that* the ground is nowhere laid. Bishop Southgate—than whom few travellers have seen more of Turkey—came to the conclusion, some years before I did, that the spirit of Islam was already nearly extinct. He told me that he found proofs of this wherever he went, whether in European Turkey, in Asia Minor, in the regions lying along the Tigris and Euphrates, or in those beyond Mount Taurus; and he has given numerous instances in his very interesting volumes of travels, which are before the public, though less generally known in England than they deserve to be.

Hadji Bektash stood godfather or name-giver to the Janizaries. When that long-formidable militia was first formed in A.D. 1361, the Hadji, a man of holy life, passed his sleeve over the heads of the young soldiers, and, after he had named them, he remained, so long as

he lived, their spiritual patron and chief. The close connexion was continued by the Order of dervishes which he founded or which bore his revered name. The Janizaries and the Bektash dervishes continued to be most closely allied, until Sultan Mahmoud destroyed both bodies in 1826. Many generations before their catastrophe both soldiers and dervishes had sadly declined from their primal state; the Janizaries had become undisciplined and unwarlike, the laughing-stock instead of the dread of the enemies of the house of Osman; the Bektashis had become rich, indolent, and luxurious, and if they were not such thorough profligates and unbelievers as it suited their political enemies to represent them, they were distinguished for anything rather than the strictness of life and behaviour which the rules of their Order enjoined, or an observance of the rites and ceremonies of Islam.

The Sultan took a long time to discredit these dervishes and their affiliated Janizaries before he drew his sharp sword against them. First, they were represented as unworthy Mussulmans, as men of loose lives and a looser faith; then, they were accused of constantly meditating some plot against the government; and, at last, they were upheld to universal execration as atheists all, exercising the most detestable rites in their secret societies, and being bound by a secret agreement to destroy the Koran and overthrow the religion of the Prophet!

Apparently there never had been any good feeling between the ulema and the dervishes. For more than two centuries there existed between them the same antipathies, jealousies, and hatreds which have been so

notorious in the Church of Rome between the monks and the secular clergy; and, no doubt, this enmity originally arose out of nearly the same causes. The ulema joined the Sultan, and gave a religious colouring to the bloody slaughter of the Janizaries!

After that execution Mahmoud fell upon the Bektash dervishes. Their property was confiscated; their magnificent and most pleasant Tekè at Chèhidlik, on the Bosphorus, was so thoroughly destroyed, that not a stone was left upon another, and the imperial mandate, countersigned by the Sheik ul Islam, went forth to all the extremities of the Empire for the perpetual suppression of the Order. In the city of Constantinople, and in most of the great towns, the tekès were either demolished or given to the dervishes of the other Orders (who had also taken part against the Bektashis), or appropriated to other uses, or left to fall to ruins; yet the imperial Fethwa was but imperfectly executed; the old association retained much of its strength in many parts of the Empire, and it still lingers on in every Pashalik in Turkey. In some it has perhaps become more powerful than ever from the secresy of its operations and very existence, and from the number of its secret affiliations. It presents no body that the arm of power can strike or even measure. Mahmoud cut off the heads of three of its great chiefs; and when Assad Effendi, his historiographer, wrote his not very reliable history of the destruction of the Janizaries, soon after the event, he devoted a whole chapter or section of his book to the treasons, blasphemies, vices, and atrocities of the Bektash dervishes. "In the greater part of their tekès," says the indignant Effendi, "were found

earthen vases full of wine, which the sinners had not had time to hide. In a secret place in the house of Khanji-Babà there were even found jars filled with the prohibited liquor, and having sheets of the Koran stuck into their mouths instead of corks."

If, at the moment he was writing, the historiographer could have stepped into the cellars of Sultan Mahmoud, he would have found plenty of wine, in jars and in bottles; and he might very possibly have found sheets of the Koran applied to still viler uses.

For all that Mahmoud cared, the Bektashis might have swilled their wine until the crack of doom: it was neither their drinking the prohibited liquor nor their turning the Koran into bottle-stoppers; it was neither their immorality nor their irreligion that led to the catastrophe—*that* was solely brought about by their old connexion, close friendship, and identification with the Janizaries, whom the Sultan had resolved to sweep from the face of the earth as the foes of his political reforms.

I was in the country not very many months after the summary proceedings against the Bektashis; and then those who had known them best reported of them that they had often encouraged the insolency of the Janizaries; that they were free livers, though scarcely more so than the other dervishes who were left untouched; and that, as for religion, they had neither more nor less than the majority of the ulema and Turks in high station. Whether they entertained any of the doctrines described by our host at Balukli, I could never discover—and must very much doubt. Assad Effendi, who was ripping up their demerits, and

who was specially retained to prove their want of orthodoxy, does not accuse them of putting Our Saviour above Mahomet, but of holding Ali to be equal to the Prophet, as the heretical Persians do. I could not discover positively whether all this sect of Bektashis are affiliations of the ancient society of dervishes, or whether the remnant of that society now profess the stoical philosophy which Antonacki attributed to the honest country-people, or the outrageous philosophy practised by such men as the last of the Panduz Oglous. Other Orders of dervishes have extensive affiliations; and men may belong to them without wearing the religious dress or living in tekès. Although the number residing in the religious houses is very small, the howling dervishes form a very numerous family, for men belong to the Order and attend to the exercises who are shopkeepers, mechanics, boatmen, &c. It may be that since Sultan Mahmoud's persecution the real Bektash dervishes have endeavoured to merit the evil reputation which was bestowed upon them for state reasons.

It seemed to be generally agreed that the Bektash dervishes are now-a-days *very* free in their life and conversation, and scarcely Mussulmans except in name. Near the Lake of Ourmiah Bishop Southgate was very kindly entertained by one of them, named Roushan Effendi, of whom he says—"The Effendi was reported to me as an indifferent Mussulman. He is a dervish of the Bektashi order, an Order distinguished for the laxness of their principles and their conduct. An Osmanlee by birth, he has read enough to disregard sects, and professes to be a Mussulman above preju-

dice . . . . He has erected a mosque on his grounds, which partakes of the dubious nature of his faith, having a Persian dome and a Turkish minaret. His house bore the same equivocal character."* . . . . In another place, when speaking of the Bektashis generally,—"The same Order still exists, and its reputation does not improve with time. . . . They have been suppressed, at least in Constantinople, on account of the great friendship which they entertained for the Janizaries."†

If the esoteric doctrines of this sect are becoming vulgarized and spreading, even among the peasantry of Asia, surely the ulema have cause for fear! It would be a poetical justice, and something much higher and more solemn, if the death-blow of Mahometanism should proceed from its own excrescences. The institution of any order of dervishes is utterly at variance with the spirit of the Koran. They grew up out of the bareness of the Islam worship, and were cherished by an ignorant and superstitious people, who had too little given them to believe, and who were utterly incapable—as the mass of mankind ever will be—of being warmed into devotion by abstract ideas and the contemplation of a bare theism.

* 'Narrative of a Tour through Armenia, Kurdistan, Persia, and Mesopotamia,' &c. &c., vol. i. p. 298. New York, 1840.

† Id. Id., vol. ii. p. 174.

CHAPTER XV.

From Balukli to Brusa — Death of poor Antonacki — Crossing Rivers — Tournefort's Granicus — The Sultan's Merinos Sheep and their forlorn condition — Town of Khirmasti — A Tale of Turkish Justice — Our Athenian Hekim Bashi — The Rhyndacus — A dangerous River — Fearful Inundation — Village of Kara-Oglan — Lake of Apollonia — Magical Scenery — Town of Apollonia: its filth and its ruins — Turkish Oppression — Scamps of Atchèlar — The Tanzimaut — Ancient Remains — Taxes — Colonel Leake on the Geography of Asia-Minor — Fish of the Lake of Apollonia — The Pistiko or Pistoi Greeks and their Prosperity — Further Account of that Colony — Baths of Tchekgirghè — An Armenian Pleasure-party — Armenian Coarseness and Depravity.

ON Saturday, November 20th, at about 11.30 A.M., we took our last leave of the farm of Balukli. It was a bright, warm, most beautiful day. Our host would accompany us as far as the ford of the Kara-derè. He was sorry to lose us, but was otherwise in high spirits. In that warm, sunny air he built up fine castles! He had paid off his old trade debts; he had a good deal of produce to sell, his farm was pretty well stocked, he had some capital in hand, and he would employ it in agricultural improvements which must soon treble his revenue: in four or five years he would have made money enough, and secured a good fortune for each of his two children: he would then quit this barbarous country, and travel with his children into Italy, France, England: he had a sister married to a Greek merchant, who had been for some years settled in London; if we should never come back to

Turkey, he would be sure to see us some day in England; this would not be our last parting; mountains did not meet in distant places, but men might.

"What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!" Within eight months Antonacki Varsami was as still as the Panduz Oglou, his predecessor, and buried in the same soil. Landing at Smyrna on the 5th of July (being on our way to England), we learned that the cholera had struck him, and that he had died in the midst of his savage Bulgarians, without a soul to help or comfort him.

"Chè l' uso de' mortali è come fronda
In ramo, che sen va, ed altra viene!"*

Not saddened by any anticipation of so near and hard a fate to an active, enterprising, kind-hearted, and most amusing man, we mixed beards on the left bank of the Kara-derè, then whipped our horses into the broad stream, and went across on our way towards Khirmastì, while the philosopher "*solo è pensoso*," returned to his farm.

We rode through Kelessen, and near to three other very small and wretched Turkish hamlets. Here and there a little tillage was going on. The soil was excellent; the buffaloes were good, but ploughs and ploughing deplorable. In every cultivated field, and usually at the four angles of each inclosed garden, the skulls of cows or oxen were stuck up on long poles, to protect the lands and the produce from witchcraft, and the terrible effects of the *fascinum*, or evil eye, in which all the people of the country, Mussulmans and Christians, are firm believers. We had seen these precautions

* Dante, 'Paradiso,' Canto xxvi.

adopted in almost every place we had visited; but the skulls were more numerous here than elsewhere, and set up with more care and attention to effect. This was the origin of that common architectural ornament, the *Caput Bovis*. After fording a smaller stream we came to a broad, deep, and rapid river, with high banks facing us. It is here called *Sousourluk*, which is no name at all. It is a most mischievous river, liable to most sudden swells, which at times inundate the plain for many miles, sweeping away flocks and herds, and whole villages, and drowning the people. It was mistaken by old Tournefort for the ancient GRANICUS, "whose name shall never be forgotten so long as Alexander the Great shall be remembered!"

It might do duty for that famed river; the high embankment which faced us when we came to the ford, and which was then partially occupied by a troop of black, sulky-looking buffaloes, might pass very well for the ground on which Darius drew up his army: but the true Granicus indisputably flows, in a parallel line, some twenty miles to the southward, and nearer to the Hellespont and Mount Ida. The river we crossed is the same which flows through Khirmasti, or that which Mr. Hamilton has identified with the ancient Rhyndacus. It is a formidable stream, the terror of the whole country in the wet season of winter, and in the spring time, when it is swollen by the melting of the snows on the mountains in the interior.

In crossing, our horses were nearly taken off their legs. From the high right bank we saw, in the plain to the north, the village of Sousourlukli, which had been utterly ruined by an inundation of the river a few

years ago, when the incongruities of Horace were seen in reality, for fish were in woods, surprised wild boars were swimming in a sea of waters, and cows, buffaloes, and asses were perched upon the tops of trees, where men, women, and children were holding on with desperate grasp, like drowning sinners at the universal deluge. Many perished, and some were rescued by people who came from Khirmasti and other places with boats and rafts, after they had been on the tree tops a whole night and the best part of a day. The inundation is still spoken of with terror, but the Turks rebuilt their village on the same exposed spot, and there it stands to be swept away by the next deluge.

Having crossed the river, the perils of our day's journey were over. We saw a poor hamlet near us, and we rode through a few patches of fine-looking tobacco; but we could not meet a living soul to whom to put a question. We guided ourselves by a pocket compass. The country spread out into broad plains, affording excellent ground for the operations of cavalry, with verge and space enough to fight half a dozen great battles at once. For miles it was as flat and as green as a new billiard-table.

A little before 3 P.M., as the country was becoming slightly undulated, we reached Ghèrdemà, the chief of Sultan Abdul Medjid's far-famed *Merinos Establishments.*

On a gentle ridge were two enclosures with low walls that were exhibiting symptoms of decay, although they had been built only a few years. One of these enclosures was a spacious, oblong square, with a small and rude dwelling-house, some stabling and sheds. Four cypresses standing one in each corner seemed to denote

that there had formerly been a cemetery on the spot. The other enclosure stood a little lower on the ridge, and was much smaller; and within it were some sheds and a wretched hovel. Three large arubas, or common country waggons, were in the open space between these two sheepcotes, and one of them was broken. The country all around was a perfect solitude, but we saw two more of the imperial merinos establishments at a distance. We shouted with our voices and beat upon the gates which stood wide open; but no voice answered, nobody came—there was no living creature on the spot. We looked into the houses, in which there was nothing but a few rushes spread on the floor to serve for matting. While I was making a slight sketch of this "magnificence," a cultivator of tobacco, a Greek from Samsoun, arrived at the mandra, and seemed rather astonished to find neither Greek nor Turk there. He told us that a few years ago the place wore a very different appearance; that then everything was new, that there were many people employed, and that among these were two Franks who wore hats, and were wonderfully skilled in the diseases of sheep. We said that the place seemed going to "the gentleman that is afar off." "Yes," said the Greek, "and so is everything in this country. And yet what purses of gold the Padishah has spent here! And what good might have been done to the country people if they could have had some of these Muscovite sheep!" The man called them *Muscovite* because they were brought down the Black Sea from the Russian dominions. The stock had been procured from the immense estates held in the Crimea by Count Woronzow, who has paid at all times a laudable

attention to all sorts of agricultural improvement, and who, many years ago, imported a stock of magnificent merinos from Spain, and some of our finest breeds of sheep from England. Under proper management the merinos prospered and increased wonderfully in the Crimea.

At a short distance beyond the mandra, in a damp, swampy hollow, we came upon a hundred or two of Abdul-Medjid's stock, and two stupid Bulgarian shepherds, who could scarcely speak a word of Turkish or of Greek. Rams, ewes, lambs, all were thin, filthy, and diseased—sick unto death. Two had died in the night and the jackals had picked their bones. There was not one in a state at all like health. We concluded that this must be the hospital establishment, and that the healthy sheep were elsewhere; and we thought of riding across the country, three or four miles out of our way, to visit another of the establishments. But presently one of the head shepherds of the Bulgarians, mounted on a mare and followed by her colt, caught us up, and being able to talk Turkish fluently, and being also a very intelligent man (for a Bulgarian), he entered into conversation with us, and gave us a good deal of information. He had been employed about the merinos some years. When the flocks were first brought hither there were some shepherds of the Crimea with them and two Russian tchelebees (I believe one of them was a *German*), who superintended all the flocks, attended to their migrations from the hot plains to the hill country at the approach of summer, and from the hills to the plain at the approach of winter, and who acted as doctors to all the sick. One of these Franks

had died, and the other had gone away, or had been sent away—he did not know which. He only knew that since the concern had been left entirely to Turkish management and to an inadequate number of Bulgarian shepherds it had been going headlong to ruin. The Aghà, or manager-in-chief, was away at Brusa; his kehayah, or locum tenens, was away somewhere else; neither had been seen near the sheep for a long time: and another Turk, who had been appointed to look after the health of the flocks, had never been seen at all, for he lived at Constantinople and had another employment there. Ever since the downfall of Riza Pasha and the establishment of his rival Reshid Pasha, the merinos had been neglected entirely. The flocks were not regularly moved, nor moved at all; they were left in the same pastures, hereabouts; there was no provision for the weak and sickly; no hay, no winter provision of any kind, and at times the pastures were inundated. The sheep got rot in the feet and other diseases, and as the sound were not separated from the unsound, maladies spread over all. Ghèrdemà, which we had just left behind us, was no hospital or depôt for the sick; the sheep we had seen there were a fair sample of the entire lot; if we went over there, to the mandra to the southward, we should find the sheep just in the same state, and the enclosures and sheds and buildings in a much worse state, for Ghèrdemà was the head place of all and *the best*.

I had been assured, by the Pasha of Brusa and others, that there were thirty mandra, and that each mandra, counting the lambs of this year, had about 1000 sheep. At Mohalich we had been told that the

total number of sheep was about 15,000, and now our old Bulgarian told us that he doubted, if they were counted, whether they would amount to 6000. A great many had died and were dying. This year the Turks had not made a truss of hay for them; there were no turnips, there was nothing; so that those that were sick or too weak to seek their food must of a certainty perish this coming winter.

It has for a very long time been a notorious fact in Turkey that whatever is done by one Grand Vizier is sure to be neglected or undone by his successor. The idea of improving the wool of the country and of bringing in the merinos breed—an excellent idea in itself—was first conceived or acted upon under Riza Pasha, who, so long as he continued in power, bestowed an extraordinary degree of attention to the flocks: he came once, or, I believe, twice to Ghèrdemà in person, solely to look after the sheep and to see that they were well attended to, and that the business was conducted upon a system. Whether it regards thousands of sheep or thousands of soldiers, an *administrative talent* is of importance. Riza, though taxed with many sins, is universally allowed to have had this talent in an extraordinary degree, for a Turk; and, under him, the merinos sheep thrived, and the soldiers of the regular army were better clothed, fed, and paid than (collectively) they had ever been before, or have ever been since. His rival and successor, Reshid, not only had no administrative talent whatever, but entertained a sovereign contempt for it, fancying that the high duties of Prime Minister of the Ottoman Empire consisted solely in diplomacy and political correspondence and

management; and so he and his dependant, Ali Effendi, Minister for Foreign Affairs, passed such portions of their time as they devoted to a show of business, in very idle speculations on the politics of Europe, and in devising what course Turkey should pursue in certain conjectural cases. *Ils filaient la politique haute et fine.* Poor men! They would not see that the politics of Turkey must be settled for her, not at Constantinople, but at London and Paris, at Vienna and Petersburgh, and they could not understand that what their country wanted was a supply of able, energetic, *honest administrators.*

Even if the hatred between Riza and Reshid had been far less intense than it was, there would have been no chance for the poor sheep under the new administration. From the day that Reshid became Grand Vizier the merinos were given up as dirt. He would know nothing of—

"The care of sheep, the labours of the loom."*

The enterprise was depopularized, and the innocent sheep rendered very odious in the eyes of many of the Turks, for they had come from Russia, and Riza had been accused of being a friend of the yellow-haired ghiaours, and of having taken bribes from them! Yet at no time had the enterprise been conducted in a large or proper spirit. The grand advantage to be derived by the importation of the new stock, was clearly by spreading it among the people, and improving the wool of the country. Riza Pasha only contemplated keeping and increasing the stock for the Sultan; Abdul Medjid

* Dyer's 'Fleece.'

was to be the great wool-merchant of his Empire, or the wool of his merinos flocks was to be worked up into fine cloths within his own diminions, at Nicomedia; and this would relieve Turkey from the hard necessity of buying fine cloths from England, France, and Belgium, and keep all that money at home. Nor has Reshid Pasha's *politique haute et fine* carried him a step higher in this particular than his rival. At the time of our visit to the mandra the sale of a merinos ewe was strictly prohibited, and they would not sell a young ram under 500 piastres—an enormous sum for the people of the country.

Sloping away a little to the westward, we got under, and then among, some pretty verdant hills, and, through their opening, perceived, among tall trees, the white minarets of Khirmasti. We passed a large patch of tobacco, a broken fountain, and a hamlet of seven or eight hovels. On approaching nearer to the town we saw some larger plantations of tobacco, and met a few rather smart Turks dressed in their holiday clothes. This was the last day of the Courban-Bairam. The immediate neighbourhood of Khirmasti on this side was exceedingly pretty, with mulberry plantations, planes, and other stately trees yet full of leaf, enclosed gardens, and a cemetery with cypresses. We rode through a little suburb of hovels, made chiefly of mud dried in the sun and strong *canne* or bulrushes, and inhabited by Tchinganei, or gipsies, of the more sedentary class, who sometimes go to the mosque and say their prayers, but who are considered very loose Mussulmans. They are rather numerous about this part of the country. These gipsies were all out by the road-side, in the warm,

sunny, afternoon air, engaged in the holiday revels. One fellow, with a Hindoo complexion and physiognomy, was sitting cross-legged and beating two little tom-toms on the ground with much vigour; another fellow, seated in the same manner, was blowing a shrill pipe; women were screaming to the wild but monotonous tune; young girls in dirty yellow cotton shalvars, and without any yashmacs, were jumping, and dancing, and posture-making in a very indecent manner; and the men were sitting with their backs to a low mud wall, smoking their pipes and looking on. Also a few Turkish grey-beards were there, gazing on the dance and the girls with a very goatish expression—and one of them was an ailema. Beyond this festive scene we entered into the cloaca maxima, and splashed through it until we came to the tcharshy. Here we found our friend the Athenian hekim-bashi, who had been anxiously looking out for us. He had prepared his best quarters.

I did not notice the time when we reached Khirmasti; I believe it was about 4.30 P.M.; but whatever the hour was, three muezzins, from the minarets of three mosques, began to call the faithful to prayer. Not a Turk in the cafè moved. The muezzins continued their summons for some minutes, repeating it from the four cardinal points of their elevated galleries; still nobody moved, either to go to the mosque or to perform his oraisons where he was. Outside the cafè, along the tcharshy, and at two other coffee-houses nearly opposite to ours, were many Mussulmans making keff and smoking their tchibouques; and of these not a few were men in years, and not to be suspected (by sight) of belonging to the new school; yet not one of them all did we see lay

down his pipe, or take the slightest notice of the voices from the minarets; they sat where they were, and smoked on.

Our hekim lived with his wife and father-in-law and mother-in-law in a strange old house, all out of the perpendicular, and having no glass to the windows, yet one of the best houses in all the town. The best room had a low divan and some cushions, and had been made exceedingly clean. The old father-in-law, who was one of the Greek tchorbajees, or head-men, had been in trouble, and was in a great passion when we arrived, for he had just then come from the mehkemeh. Yesterday a well-known rogue and vagabond of a Mussulman had stolen his mare and colt. This morning an Armenian and some Turks, coming from Brusa, recovered the animals and brought them in to the Aghà of the town, having first permitted the horsestealer to escape. The Armenian told the Aghà that he knew the mare and colt belonged to Hadji Stauvracki, the tchorbajee, and he sent to inform the old Greek where he might find his property. The Hadji went forthwith to recover his mare and colt; but the affair was now in the hands of the Kadi, and this strict, scrupulous, and upright judge must have evidence of the tchorbajee being the true, *bonâ fide* proprietor of the beasts. "But," says the Hadji, "every man and boy in Khirmasti knows the old brown mare and her filly, and to whom they belong!" "No matter," says the Kadi, "I must have witnesses." The old man went and fetched in two Greeks. The Kadi would not take their evidence *because* they were *Christians*, and a *Mussulman* was the party accused of the theft.—He must have Mussulman

witnesses. Well! The old Greek went and brought in three Turks, who had often borrowed the mare to carry their corn to the mill. The Kadi took his beard in his hand, and wondered how these three men could be so very sure that this mare was that mare, and this filly that filly! He went on to raise more difficulties and obstacles to a restitution of the stolen property; but a decent Mussulman—also a man of the law—sitting by, was struck with some sudden shame, and told the Kadi that he must really accept the evidence of the three Turks, and restore the mare and filly. "And so I will," quoth the Kadi, "but the tchorbajee must first pay me thirty piastres." The old Greek demurred. "Well then, twenty-five piastres?" "No," he could not. "Then twenty?" At last they settled for sixteen piastres; and having paid this money, Hadji Stauvracki took home his mare and filly.

But the Aghà or Mudir of Khirmasti was in some little trouble himself. He had been trying a "little go" in monopoly in sesame (as Latif Effendi had so successfully done in opium at Kara Hissar), and an influential Frank house, who had made contracts with the country people for their sesame, finding their operations impeded, and that the Aghà was the cause, referred to their commercial treaties, and to the imperial edicts against monopolies, set their consul to work, and made so great a stir that *Son Excellence* the Pasha of Brusa had been obliged to summon the Aghà to appear in his court; and the Aghà, not being powerfully supported at Constantinople, as Latif Effendi was, felt disquieted in the spirit, and was actually preparing to go to Brusa. We called at his house the day after

our arrival, but we could not see him; he was so very busy.

That day (being Sunday, the 21st of November) was warmer and more beautiful than yesterday. We employed it in walking about Khirmasti and the neighbourhood.

The town stands on the two sides of the rapid river which we had crossed lower down in our yesterday's journey. The people here called it the water of Khirmasti, and seemed to have no other name for it. They said that it joined the Kara-derè and all that multitudinous assemblage of waters a little above Mohalich and the crazy wooden bridge we had crossed on the 10th. Here, at Khirmasti, its course was very rapid, and the water was now about as broad as the Thames at Hampton Court; but, on either side broad, bare sandbanks, roughened by great stones, showed how much broader it was in the wet season. Being so close to the mountains it is much more rapid here than it is lower down. It fills suddenly and rushes along at a fearful rate, whirling with it rocks, trees, and houses. In the month of March the town is always exposed to danger from it. On both sides there are walls and mounds to oppose the invasion of the waters; but they are badly made and badly kept. The larger and better half of the town stands on the right bank, which is much higher than the left, and consequently much safer. The great flood (nine years ago) which destroyed the village of Sousourlukli, swept away the defences on the left bank, and rolled, fathoms deep, over all that part of the town which was and is chiefly inhabited by Greeks. The Greek church was in one of the lowest and most exposed situations; but it was the season of

Lent and extra devotion. Many were in the church when the roar of waters was first heard, and when the waters began to rise and spread many more ran wildly to it, hoping to find from the Virgin and the Saints that protection which they might easily have found for themselves by ascending the hills that were not a bow-shot from their houses. Our Khirmasti host, Hadji Stauvracki, was at home; but his wife and child were at the church. He mounted his brown mare—then young and vigorous—dashed across the wooden bridge just before the torrent washed it away, reached the church as it was filling with water, snatched up his wife and little girl, made for the hills behind one of the Turkish cemeteries; and was safe. The infatuated Greeks either remained as they were, expecting aid from their vain idols, or did not attempt to move until it was too late: the waters rose, the church was loosened from its foundations and fell with an awful crash; and those who were not drowned and whirled down to the Kara-derè were killed and buried in the ruins. The total number of victims was estimated at 160! Strange to say, the Greeks have built their new church close to the fatal spot, and have re-erected their houses on the same exposed situations. There are pleasant sloping hills close by, where they might have built, and might have dwelt in safety in the worst seasons; but they said that the Turks would not allow them to dwell there, as it was holy, Mussulman ground.

The long wooden bridge, which connects the two parts of the town, was constructed in much the same manner as the bridge at Lubat, being neither stronger nor safer: the piles were tall, thin poles, which indeed

offered little resistance to the water; but when the torrent reached the platform it always carried it clean off, and nothing was left standing except such of the tall, shaking poles as escaped being broken by the rocks and trees.

Having crossed the river, we walked inland from the left bank, and, at the distance of about half a mile beyond the new Greek church, we came to another gipsy suburb, where the women were dancing with unveiled faces, with some Turks looking on. The gipsy cemetery was close at hand by the road-side, the graves being marked only by rough stones picked out of the bed of the torrent. There are two great divisions of the gipsy family in Asia Minor: I. The wandering gipsies, or common Tchinganei; II. The Kara Tchinganei, who call themselves Kara Kurds, and who take offence if you call them Tchinganei. These latter are by far the more civilized of the two; they pass for Mussulmans, but do not yashmac their women; they practise no mechanical art; they are solely horse-dealers and breeders and sellers of asses: some of them are said to be rich. The common gipsies are subdivided into four trades and hereditary castes; one caste are all basket-makers, another are light blacksmiths, or makers of gridirons, tongs, small iron nails, &c., the third are all sieve-makers, and the fourth are forgers of pitchforks, axes, and very common knives: but all these four castes deal in donkeys and horses occasionally, and are very expert in stealing them—as indeed they are in purloining whatever falls in their way. They can so disguise a poor, innocent donkey that his own master or his own mother would not know him again. In the

summer they wander about the country, and live under tents; but in the winter they have generally a fixed residence in mud hovels in the outskirts of some town. According to current report their women are not quite such Lucretias as Mr. Borrow's female gipsies of Spain.

Being fête, we had quite a circle at the tchorbajee's this evening; and heard another repetition of the complaints about over and irregular taxation, and the enormous rate of interest. Vassilacki, our host, was very attentive and amusing. He had been a soldier before becoming a doctor: he had fought in the war of Greek independence, and had been twice wounded. Before the end of that war he quarrelled with his chief, withdrew from the service, and went to Constantinople, where he picked up some slight notions in medicine and surgery. He was now bleeder and vaccinator-in-chief of all these parts.* Owing to the poverty of the people, he was obliged to give long credits or to take his fees in kind. He was as lively as a linnet. I hope he was a better doctor than cook. He undertook the cooking department for us three or four times, and acquitted himself greatly to his own satisfaction; but he had the knack of giving one and the same flavour to

* We had inoculation from Turkey. (See Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters.) It had fallen into disuse among the Turks, and they were strongly prejudiced against vaccination. The small-pox frequently committed great ravages. Sultan Abdul Medjid, who yet bears the marks of it, suffered severely from the disease in his childhood. He has laudably exerted himself to uproot the prejudice. In one of his journeys he made his own surgeons vaccinate the children of the poor in his presence, giving liberal backshish to the parents. In the regions near to the capital the prejudice may be said to have departed. In the wild parts of the interior, where there are no doctors, the experiment has scarcely been tried. Even so near as Kutayah we saw young people with their faces ploughed up by small-pox.

everything he touched—turkey, goose, hare, boar, partridge, pheasant, woodcock, all eat alike when dressed by the hekim-bashi. Country cooks in general excel in this curious art, but Vassilacki carried it to absolute perfection. Having professional business at the Pistiko villages between the lake of Apollonia and Brusa, he agreed to accompany us to-morrow. Khirmasti contained about 800 houses, in the usual sad condition, that of the Aghà appearing to be not the least dilapidated of the lot. The Greeks and Armenians now seemed more numerous than the Turks.

On the 22nd of November, at 9 A.M., we started for the ancient city of Apollonia. We crossed a fine flat plain, very little cultivated, and only a little sprinkled with cattle. We crossed and recrossed the broad, deep, and sandy bed of a torrent, which runs towards the lake of Apollonia from the river. It was perfectly dry now, but in some seasons of the year a tremendous stream must rush through it. The sand was loose and very deep. If the Rhyndacus falls into the lake, it must be through this channel, and only at certain seasons of the year. We bore towards the mountains on our right, crossed a ridge of hills, and got into a charming solitary green defile, very much resembling some of our Highland glens. Near the end of this romantic pass—at a short distance from the Apollonian lake—and seated among lofty hills covered with trees and bare grey rocks and little tinkling cascades, was the Turkish village of Kara Oglan, famous for wild boars and pheasants. Here we dismounted at 11.30 A.M. The village had once been considerable, and, at no distant time, it had been far larger than it now is, for

we saw the ruins of many modern houses. Everything about the place was sadly dilapidated; a pretty fountain had been maltreated and broken; a substantial, well-paved road had been allowed to be washed away by the winter and spring torrents; the houses were all in a tumble-down state; but the situation of the place and the scenery all round it were enchanting.

We did not remount until 2 P.M. Emerging from the defile, we traversed a weedy, rushy flat, which would soon be under water. We then ascended a low ridge of hills, and at 3 P.M. came to a solitary cafe and guard-house, whence we obtained a glorious view of the lake. The atmosphere was wonderfully transparent, the sky was of a beautiful light blue, pale and silvered, without cloud, streak, or speck, except where it reflected the hills and mountains which formed the frame of the picture; the broad water of the lake was of the colour of the sky, and just as smooth, calm, and spotless—there was not a ripple on it. I have often seen more grandeur and majesty in other lake scenery, but never more calm beauty than in this.

Continuing our route, we sometimes rode along swampy flats, near the margin of the lake, which are twelve or fifteen feet under water when that great basin fills; and sometimes we rode across steep hills and rocky promontories, which jut far out into the lake, and form beautiful capes or headlands. The mountains above us, on our right, were covered to the summits with dwarf-oak and other trees, which were only now beginning to change the green of their leaves into warm brown and bright yellow and golden tints. The ridges we were crossing were almost covered with fragrant myrtle,

laurestina, Daphne laurel, and tamarisk; but here and there were open, shelving hill-sides, spread with emerald green grass, nibbled by a small flock of goats or some diminutive cows. Here, facing the sunny south, daisies were blossoming as in early summer, and beautiful crocusses and wild-tulips were blooming for the second time, and pretty pale roses were faintly blushing in the brake above the slopes, and other sweet wild-flowers were crushed by our horses' feet; and silvery white butterflies and golden-coloured moths were flying all about—

> Spiega la farfalletta
> Scherzosa i vanni aurati
> Succhiando gli umor grati
> Dei più leggiadri fior."*

Except the drowsy tinkling of the bells worn by the cows and goats, there was not a sound to be heard; the wind was as silent as when Dante paused to listen to the tale of Francesca, and the water was as still and voiceless as the wind. Four little boats, with white sails, now uselessly spread, were fishing in the centre of the lake, motionless as rocks.

At about 4 P.M., being again on elevated ground, we caught distinct and beautiful views of the town of Apollonia, entirely covering an eminence, which *looked* like an island, and *is* one when the lake fills. The famed Isola Bella, in the Lago Maggiore, is not so beautiful as Apollonia now appeared, with its white houses, and one tall white minaret, shining in the setting sun, and being flanked by a curving line of dark poplars. There was one flowery, odorous, open hill-side, from which the

* 'Pochi Versi d' Amalia Acquaviva D'Arragona De' Duchi d'Atri e Conti di Conversano,' Teramo, 1835.

views were entrancingly beautiful, as the sun set in the west behind the loftiest of the mountains at the end of the lake. The broad smooth waters were then like burnished gold inlaid with sapphire, emerald, and onyx, for such were colours of the sky which they reflected; the white buildings of the town, rising from the level of the lake like a stately pyramid, and the tall minaret, had now warm rosy tints upon them, and so bright became these hues that the place seemed on fire—glowing with some divine heat. I stopped on that ridge, and throwing all my disappointments and cares—a heavy load!—plump into the lake, I enjoyed for a few minutes an oblivion of this world and the ecstacy of a better.

A little after 5 P.M. we reached a solitary scala on the lake, and found a rude ferry-boat to carry us across to Apollonia. We could not carry our horses with us, but about a mile farther on, concealed from our view by fine planes and other tall trees, was a small Turkish village, where they might be left for the night. John and little Vassilacki took on the poor steeds, and we seated ourselves in the boat to await their return. The magical colouring was all gone; it had faded away most rapidly, and yet imperceptibly; but now it was here, glowing above us and around us, and now it was gone, and a mantle of cool, sober, dull grey had taken its place. We had not been many minutes in the boat before the bright moon rose from behind one of the boldest of the capes, and gave another colouring and character to the scene. All was hush; the only sounds we heard were the gentle splashing and blowing of some fish, which seemed to be of an immense size. There

was a long, broad, rushy recess close by, and into this many of the patriarchs of the flood were retiring. But the day, which had been so warm, was now succeeded by a very cool evening; our situation was both damp and cold, and being kept waiting for more than three quarters of an hour, I had another shivering fit. At last, however, the tchelebee and the hekim, with mud up to their knees (so bad had been the road), returned to the boat, and we glided across the lake. It is narrow at this part: we were rowed from shore to shore in about a quarter of an hour, and were landed at Apollonia a little after 6 P.M., in the midst of indescribable filth.

This is a place to be seen at a distance, at sunrise or sunset, and through some happy atmospheric medium; but it is a place never to be entered! What had appeared to us to be something almost too bright and beautiful for mortal earth, was a congeries of ruins, rotting, falling, wooden houses, and every imaginable abomination. The stench met us on the lake, but on landing it hit my aching head like a gunshot. Our Athenian, who had once made Apollonia his head-quarters for the space of two years, hurried us from the beach, and up a high, steep, tottering, wooden staircase, into the house of one of his many Greek friends and patients—a wretched house overhanging the lake, but one of the best in the town.

As usual a number of Greeks gathered round us after dinner. They told sad stories about the *chapkins*, or rakes, of the Turkish village of Ahchèlar, which stands three or four miles off, near the head of the lake. These fellows are notorious all over the country for their profligacy, debauchery, and brutality; they come down

here to Apollonia, armed to the teeth, and in troops; they force their way into the houses of the Greeks, they swill their wine and raki, they get mad drunk, and then they insult the women—and do worse. They threaten certain death to every Greek that dares lodge a complaint against them, or even to murmur at their proceedings. Not very long ago they surprised and carried off a Greek boy of the place, and followed up the most revolting of all crimes by the foulest murder. The perpetrators of these deeds were well known, but they had never been molested. I know not how to account for this exception to the general rule, for this peculiar viciousness of the men of Ahchèlar, unless it be by their frequenting the sea-ports. They carry timber and fire-wood down the lake, and through the Rhyndacus into the sea of Marmora; and I believe they occasionally extend the voyage, in awkward, crazy vessels, to Scutari and Constantinople. Their bad reputation and evil doings are of no recent date. They were well known to Mustapha Nouree Pasha, as they had been to his predecessors, but he had never made any attempt to stop or correct them. To an energetic remonstrance made by a Frank gentleman of Brusa, one of his predecessors had replied—"You tell me no new thing. I know that the men of Ahchèlar are chapkins, sad, wild fellows all; but they are all armed, there are many of them, and they all fight like devils. What would you have of me? Where is my force? Have I an army? My tufekjees do not like to go to Ahchèlar. The best thing I can do is to leave those *chapkins* to themselves."

We asked one of the complaining Greeks why they

did not unite and throw the villains into the lake when they came to their houses? The man said that they might do it, but scarcely any of the Greeks were allowed to possess arms; and then, if they killed a Mussulman, they would bring all the Turks of the country down upon them, and such of them as escaped being murdered would of a certainty be loaded with chains, marched off to Brusa, and thrown into the Pasha's prison. The evidence of Christians would go for nothing in such a case; no allowance would be made for the wrongs the Greeks had suffered; no plea would be admitted of their having acted in self-defence, or for the protection of their wives and children; the evidence of any two Mussulmans would convict them all, and they would all be inevitably ruined if a single Turk were killed. To a great personage at Constantinople—a mushroom of the day, but very potential for the time, and one of Reshid Pasha's brightest satellites—I subsequently made a gentle report of these Ahchèlar proceedings, referring him for full confirmation to the English and the French consul at Brusa, or to any respectable Turk resident in that city, and unconnected with the Pasha. This man, who, I believe, had never been farther into Asia than the edge of the great burying-ground at Scutari, had the face to tell me that the Mussulmans were *all disarmed*; that only the regular troops had arms; that the *Tanzimaut* gave equal privileges to Greeks and Turks, etc.

I passed a very bad night in the Greek house at Apollonia, and must have been very unwell and irritable on the following morning, for when I went out of the house, and saw by broad daylight the utterly indescribable filth of the place, I sat down on the fragment

of a fair, ancient, marble column by the margin of the lake, and cursed the lazy, dirty habits of the people of the town, both Greeks and Turks, who, with an overflowing abundance of water on all sides of them, never washed street or house, never made a drain, never did anything to remove the foul accumulation. The houses by the lake were all built on very tall wooden piles, for otherwise they would be inundated by the rising of the waters. As it is, the water sometimes intrudes into their first floor. I could not look upon that which so charmed me in the setting sun of yesterday! Picking our steps, as best we could, we walked along the strand to some old ruins and a rather long wooden bridge at the east end of the town. As the waters rise, this bridge becomes indispensable, and Apollonia is in fact an island, as it was seen and described by Tournefort, who was here at a later season than we, or in the month of December. The cone, which the town entirely covers, and which may be (at the base) about two and a half miles in circumference, is an island three or four months of the year, and all the rest of the year a jutting promontory. As yet the ground under the bridge was dry, and people walked and rode across it rather than trust the poles and planks. Beyond the east end of the bridge there rose another broad, flat cone, fringed by the dark poplars, and dotted all over with broken Turkish tombstones.

The ruins at this end of the town, as in other parts of it, where they are still less considerable, consisted merely of walls built for defence during the Lower Empire; but the massive blocks of marble, the large, well-squared stones, the cut-up columns, laid in horizontally, the

broken architraves, the disjointed pieces of inscriptions, friezes, capitals, etc., which composed almost the whole of the materials, had all been taken from the ancient city, and had been quarried and worked at flourishing periods of Greek art. The Lower Empire barbarians had added little but dark-coloured, rough bricks. The materials of the fair Temple of Apollo, which probably stood on the very top of the hill, where the Turkish minaret and mosque now totter, may be looked for in these walls, in the turbaned-stones of the neighbouring cemetery, and in the walls and towers of Lubat. Turning a corner near the bridge, we soon passed through a double gateway, arched, deep, dark, and of imposing dimensions: above the archway had stood a very strong tower built of brick, but it was now a ruin, and the resort of owls and bats. We ascended the hill and walked nearly all over the town. The Turks were allowing their best mosque to fall into ruins like the tower; the Greeks could not so much as keep clean and decent the vicinage of their church. A few degraded, unsightly fragments of antiquity were seen here and there, serving as stepping-stones, or built into the basements of walls. Near the hill-top, we entered a small coffee-house, where an old Turk, assisted by an old Greek tchorbajee, was receiving taxes in very small coins. Those who came to pay were all Greeks, and all ragged, looking miserably poor. The old Turk, who gave me his tchibouque to smoke, said that Apollonia was not a place for gentlemen to stay at. We had come to this opinion some hours before. Much refreshed by good coffee, I made a few inquiries about the place, and then, at about 10 A.M., we took our departure. We rowed across to the scala of

the village, where we had left our horses. The tchelebee and the hekim landed there to get the horses round to the head of the lake, to which *we* were to proceed by water. From this scala, Apollonia, though wearing very different colours from those of yesterday, again looked so beautiful that I stopped a quarter of an hour to trace a few outlines in my sketch-book. That town now contains about 300 Greek and 200 Turkish houses: it has no Armenians, and the Mussulman portion of the population had been decreasing year by year.

We judged the lake to be about sixteen miles long, with a breadth varying from one to five miles. The Greeks still give it its ancient name—Apolloniatis. It has seven islands, but we did not see them all. The largest is Kara Atch, which I have noticed in a preceding chapter. Between Kara Atch and the town there is a low island (with some pretty trees and a house or two upon it) called *Monastir*. When the waters are up, the lake is much broader, as well as deeper. At present it seemed rather shallow; in some parts it was not above three feet deep; it was deepest behind the island of Kara Atch, whither we did not go. In all classical maps, and in most others, the river Rhyndacus is made to play the part which the Rhone does in the lake of Geneva; it is laid down as a considerable river, running in at the head of the lake above Apollonia, and running out of it at Lubat. We saw no sign of the entrance of any such river into the lake, nor had our tchelebee ever seen it. Indeed it is a standing wonder in the country how the lake, having no river running into it and one constantly running out of it, does not become dry in summer-time; and the *inge-*

nious account for the phenomenon by saying that there are subaqueous fountains or springs behind Kara Atch, and in other deep parts of the Apolloniatis, and that this water added to a few perennial streams of small size, which flow down from the mountains on the south side of the lake, keeps up the supply and feeds the Rhyndacus at Lubat. The Rhyndacus, like Simois and Scamander and so many other rivers in these regions, may have altered its course and made itself new beds since the time of the ancient geographers. Mr. Hamilton looked for it, as we did, at the head or south-east end of the lake, and neither found it nor any other stream flowing into the lake. At the bottom of the lake, or at the west end, nearly opposite the town of Lubat, he perceived a stream flowing from the direction in which Khirmasti lies, and this he took for the Rhyndacus. He was here at the end of March, when the real river was swollen by the dissolving snows, and when that sandy bed we had traversed in coming from Khirmasti was serving as a passage to some of the water. If he had come a month or two later in the season, he would have found no Rhyndacus here, nor anything like a river running into the lake. I have not noticed their many errors; but all the maps of Asia Minor are jokes to laugh at. The lake of Magnass, though nearly as large as its neighbour Apollonia, is scarcely marked on any of them; they put down rivers where none exist, and where there are rivers they mark none; nearly all their plains are mountains, and nearly all their mountains plains. Yet a little study of Colonel Leake's admirable geographical sketch of these parts of Asia Minor would have set them right so far, and Mr.

Hamilton's map, illustrative of his own journeys, might now rectify *many* gross errors.

The lake swarms with fish: this morning, as last night, they were rolling about close to our boat. Carp are taken of an enormous size, as also eels, for the bottom of this lake, whose surface is so clear and shining, is for the most part soft and muddy. The best fish caught is the *glanis*, which exceeds in size the *glanis* of Dudakli. As we went from the scala up the lake, two strange, lumbering vessels got under weigh from the town, where there were three or four others lying at anchor, or rather moored to truncated marble columns sunk near the beach. These craft were all flat-bottomed and of the very queerest construction; their prows rose high above the deck, and their sterns still higher; the tiller was a long, crooked pole, which passed over the shoulder of the steersman. Some of the vessels were said to be capable of a cargo equal to fifty or sixty English tons.

It took us forty-five minutes to row from the scala to the head of the lake; but it was a heavy tub of a boat, and we had only two boatmen, who were not very expert. The grey overhead darkened, and it rained rather heavily before we landed near some slight ruins of the Byzantine or early Turkish period. The combined movements were so well managed that the tchelebee and the hekim, with the horses, arrived nearly at the same moment. We mounted, crossed some hillocks, and then came upon beautiful flat pastures, well dotted with the herds and flocks of the prosperous Pistikos.

Beyond this level we ascended a low, green hill, and came, at noon-day, to Bash-keui, the head village of the

Pistikos, just in time to avoid a very heavy shower. We went into the house of one who was a friend of John and a patient of our Athenian; and his wife and mother —who verily wore no shalvars or trowsers of any kind— furnished us with boiled eggs, bread, and milk. They offered us fowls, and they seemed to have plenty of poultry, and to be otherwise well stocked. The men were all out at their work in the fields: we could see only women and children, as at the Cossack village on Magnass; but the women, who were severely criticized all over the country for not wearing breeches, wore their petticoats much longer than the Don Cossack ladies. Generally they were not ill-favoured; they had the Greek countenance, without any of the Albanian or Sclavonic mixture. Several of the young children were very pretty.

We sent for the priest of the village, to question him about the origin of these settlements. Unluckily he was away at Apollonia, and his curate, or help, who came to us, was an ill-looking fellow, with little curiosity or capacity, and with an awful nasal twang. He talked as if he were singing in church. According to his version the ancestors of the Pistikos or *Pistoi* (the faithful, the true Christians) were Mainotes,—very *honest* people— but *only* unfortunate revolutionists; they came from the neighbourhood of Sparta, and their descendants, here in Asia Minor, still prided themselves on living with Spartan frugality: the nine families, from whom they all sprung, were relegated in this part of the country about one hundred and fifty years ago by Sultan Achmet; for a long time they were much oppressed, and they still felt the care of the descendants of the

sheep of the Sultana Validè to be very unsatisfactory and troublesome. Like everything else, these sheep had been farmed out to the ushurjees, who had no more conscience, with regard to the Pistikos, than towards other classes. They were always for taxing them for more lambs than were dropped, and for making them pay for each lamb a great deal more than it was worth in the market. It did not suit them to take the tax in kind. With the ushur on the corn they had not been very much troubled; for they were all united among themselves, and would measure the tithe for themselves. Their grand product was corn—they were essentially *tillers of the soil and growers of wheat*—to this they almost exclusively devoted themselves. Their wheat was always the best, and their crops the most abundant grown in these parts. It was even better than that of Emir Dagh. They produce some silk very little inferior to the finest Demirdesh. The nine original families have grown into nine villages. The other eight are all situated between this *Capo Luogo*, Bash-keui, and Mohalich; they are Pirnikìr, Seriàn, Kara Khodjà, Semerièn, Ekisca, Chatàlaghà, Karajolà, and another. Bash-keui, at this present, contained sixty-three houses. Collectively the villages counted about 550 houses. The families were generally numerous. They are not a very sociable people. They are a shade more cleanly than the other Greek villagers; but their houses have at all times an evil reputation for *fleas*. It is quite true that they intermarry only with their own people. They are said to preserve precisely the same character and habits their ancestors brought with them into the country. They are very different from the other Greeks, being

much less talkative, and far more sedate, serious, and thoughtful. They say that the word Pistiko means a man of the *true* faith, and that they are the best of Christians. Their Bash-keui priest was too ignorant to explain whether there was any difference between their belief and ritual, and those of the Greek church of the country. They are men of steady, plodding industry, capable of extraordinary exertions, and of a very lively excitement when their interests are concerned. At harvest time they employ the migratory Kurds to reap and get in their corn. But one year our tchelebee witnessed this curious scene—the Kurds would not begin without an extravagant increase of their usual pay; the Pistikos said they could not and would not give it; the Kurds were loud and insolent, saying that the corn might rot on the ground, for they would not reap it:—"Then we will," said the Pistikos; and, driving the Kurds away with their sticks, they turned out, men, women, and children, and within due time and season they got in their crops without any help from the Kurds. Their neighbours the Greeks taxed them all with a great greed for money, and a total want of charity and hospitality, except for their own clans. They were indisputably the most prosperous agricultural population we saw or heard of in this vast Pashalik. Though mean enough, all their houses were palaces compared with the hovels of the Turks.

Cossack, Mainote, or Albanian, oppressed Rayah—Greek or Armenian—there is no set of men but far surpass in prosperity the conquerors and nominal lords of the country!

At 1 P.M. we remounted and set off in a heavy shower

of rain. The women of the house had invited us to stay that day and night, and we had not gone far when we met the master of the house and another old Pistiko, who pressed us to return. We feared the *fleas*; and I was still very unwell. Our Hekim had remained, for he had to receive the sum of 40 piastres from the absent priest. We missed his company and that of his queer, tough little pony, from which he never dismounted, let the road be what it might. May health and prosperity attend both! They had but a hard life of it—harder than that of Mungo Park when he practised physic in the south of Scotland, and told Walter Scott that travelling in Africa was a pleasanter thing.

We did not perceive that the ploughs of the Pistikos were much better than their neighbours'; but their ploughing certainly was. We passed several of their corn-fields, which were unenclosed, but admirably turned up, and clean, and free from weeds. They seemed to prefer the broad gentle slopes of hills which had a south aspect, and which had some little stream running at their bases. They always speak cautiously of their farming; they will not allow that they are going to have a good harvest until they have got it in and trodden it out with their oxen; for who knows but that it may be destroyed or eaten up in the green by locusts:—

> "Non sien le genti ancor troppo sicure
> A giudicar, sì come quei che stima
> Le biade in campo pria che sien mature."*

When the crop was good they thanked the Panagia and Saints, and gave them all the credit. But they neg-

* Dante, 'Paradiso,' Canto xiii.

lected nothing to secure this desired end: unlike most of the poor, indolent Mussulman fatalists, who, when they have once thrown their seeds into the earth, trust to fortune or fate for all the rest.

At 5 P.M., as we were just under the village of Tchekgirghè, it began to grow dark and to rain still more heavily; so, instead of going to Brusa, we climbed up the hills to the baths, and took refuge in the new khan built by the Armenians.

The establishment offered nothing but hot water—heated in the bowels of Olympus—bare walls, and a few hard divans; and the Armenians in attendance were rough and uncivil. We could not even have the comfort of a fire to dry our wet clothes and our wet coverlets.

There was now plenty of room in the hot baths, but they had no towels, no cotton or linen of any sort, and they would not give themselves the trouble to borrow a supply for us. We sent for old Mustapha (the good-natured Turk on the staff of our friend R. T.), who lived outside the village, on the hill-road to Brusa. Mustapha came at once, and bustling about in slush and rain, he soon procured us all that we wanted, inclusive of dry coverlets, and materials for dinner.

The water of this bath was perfectly sweet; I could detect no mineral taste whatever; but the stewing did me great good; and having been well wrapt up in dry cotton coverlets, I rose the next morning a new man. Yet for a long while our sleep that night was disturbed by a company of fat, greasy Armenians (all men), who were making keff in the khan of some other baths opposite to ours. This jollity consisted in swilling raki,

listening to a noisy drum and squealing fiddle, and now and then dancing like Brusa brown bears. The quantity of raki some of these fellows will carry is scarcely credible! These keff-makers, who kept it up to the small hours, were seraffs and traders of Brusa, or the sons and nephews of seraffs. They were frequently making these parties, leaving their poor women, in their yashmacs, at home. They are a gross, ungallant race, and their pleasures are all coarse and rudely sensual. Say what you will of him, your Greek is a gentleman compared with these money-mongers, or with any class of Armenians: he will sometimes tipple over long and much in the raki-shop of his own village or town, but he has no notion of making a party of pleasure without taking his wife with him. It is thus everywhere. Go on some summer holiday to the slopes behind Olympus, or to the Valley of the Sweet Waters, behind Constantinople, and you will see the churlish he-Armenians carousing by themselves, and the Greeks sharing their merriment with their wives and daughters, and sweethearts, and giving increase and grace to the festivity by female society. The Greeks are the only people in the East who at all treat women as they ought to be treated; and were there not other considerations, I should consider this sufficient to establish the fact that of all the Sultan's subjects the Greeks are the only ones that are really open and prepared for our European civilization. In his wooing and his marrying, in his indoor life, in his *domesticity*, in his tastes and habits, in all his inward man, the Armenian is thoroughly an Oriental and an anti-European. Rough-hew him as you will, reshape him for a time, shake him about by foreign travel,

rub the outward rust off him in Viennese, or Parisian, or London society, still he remains a coarse Oriental! The exceptions to the general rule are remarkably few, and in most cases they are rather apparent than real. These exceptions are to be looked for almost exclusively among the classes who profess the Roman Catholic religion, and who are ashamed or angry at being called Armenians. I would not include the common people; and I would be understood to exclude among their superiors in fortune, many men of decent life and conduct; but, generally, I do believe that the rich or prosperous Armenians have all the vices of the Turkish effendis, without any of their good qualities.

END OF VOLUME I.

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